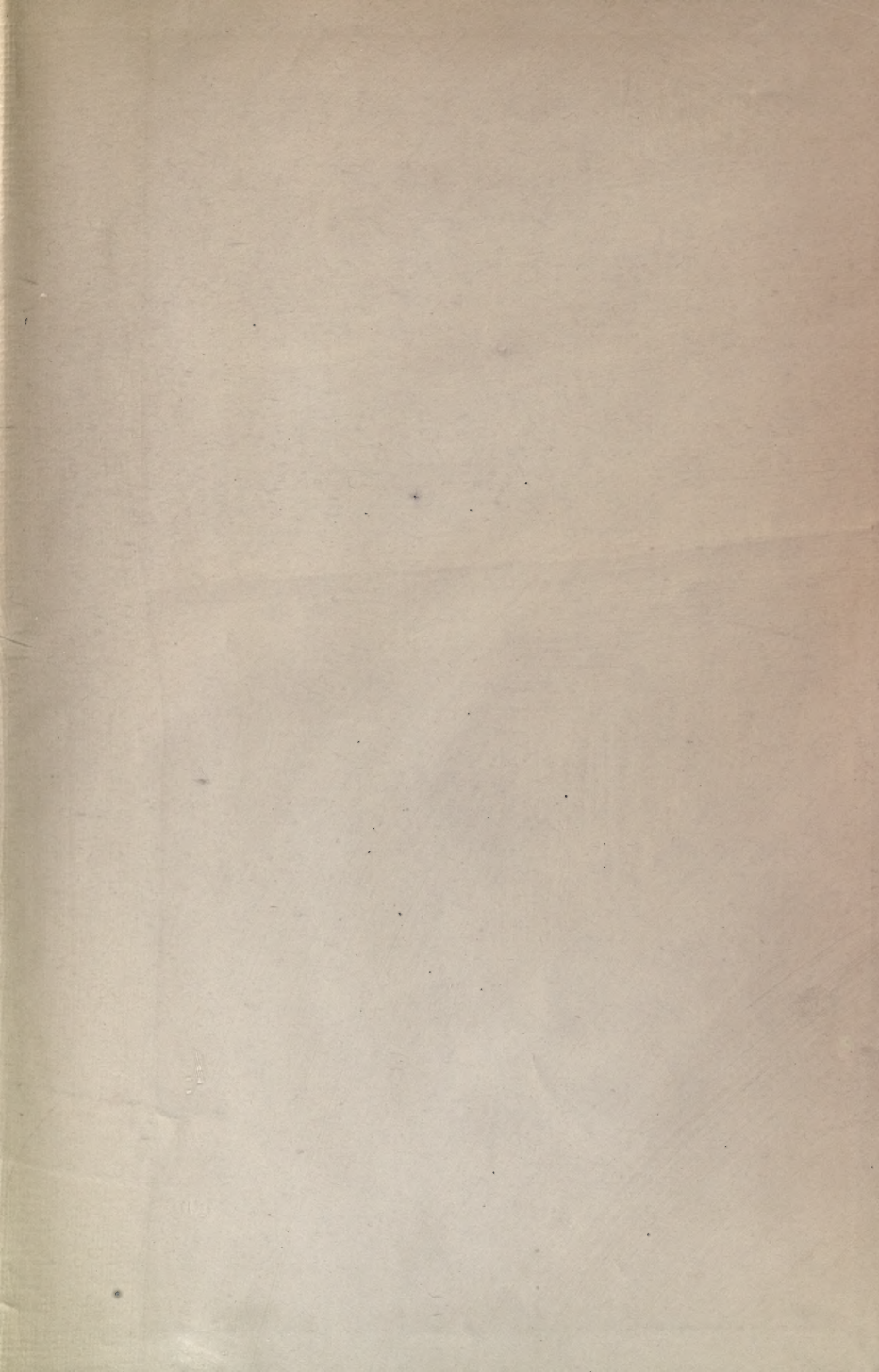


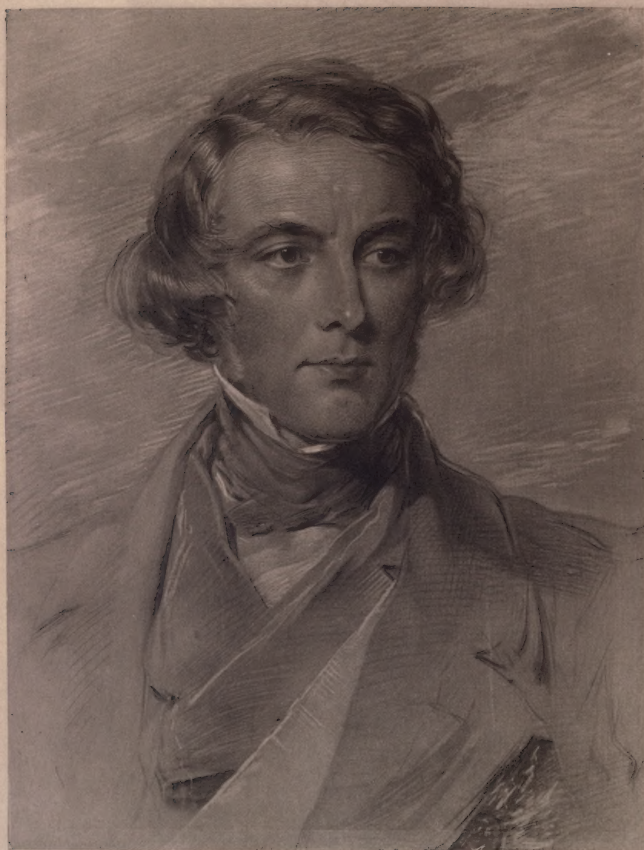
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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BY FRANCIS
FIRST EARL OF ELLESMERE



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON




Walker & Gocheroll, M. 56

Francis, First Earl of Ellesmere
from a drawing by G. Richmond, R. A.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
BY FRANCIS, THE FIRST EARL
OF ELLESMERE

EDITED
WITH A MEMOIR OF LORD ELLESMERE
BY HIS DAUGHTER
ALICE, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD



WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1903

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DEDICATED TO
MY SISTER-IN-LAW
MARY, COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE.

AS THE ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER OF MY FAMILY WHO HAS
A PERFECT RECOLLECTION OF MY FATHER, AND WHO
CAN THEREFORE FULLY APPRECIATE THE
BEAUTY OF HIS CHARACTER.

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LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MY FATHER

I HAVE been asked to append a brief Memoir of my father, the first Earl of Ellesmere, to the "Reminiscences" which follow, as there are very few left now who remember him.

Francis Sutherland Leveson Gower was born on the first day of the nineteenth century, January 1st, 1800. His father was then Marquis of Stafford, and his mother Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, the descendant of a long line of Earls of Sutherland, one of whom married the second daughter of Robert Bruce.

My grandmother's history was rather a peculiar one. When an infant of two years old, her father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Sutherland, died within a few days of each other at Bath of a fever, and Lady Alva, mother of the Countess, having heard of the illness, was on her way to join them, when a few miles out of Edinburgh she met the funeral *cortège* bringing their remains

to be buried in Scotland. They are buried in the precincts of Holyrood Palace. I believe Lady Alva, a very charming old Scotch lady, took charge of my grandmother, but a claimant disputed her title to the succession, and it took the Scottish Law Courts of that day nearly sixteen years to settle the matter. Her title in Gaelic is "The Chieftainess of the Clan Chat" (*Paniemorachat*), not *Chattan*, which means "the lesser or little Cat," and is an offshoot merely.

The following letter and statement are from the pen of "the learned Dr Joass of Golspie," as described to me by the present Duke of Sutherland, who adds that he is "a great authority on these matters."

"When the Norsemen in the ninth century settled in the North-Eastern corner of Scotland, they found the country from Duncansby Head to Ross, known as Cattuv from its occupants the Catti or (Gaelic) Cattaich. The new settlers named the northern corner Cattinez (the *Ness* or promontory of Catland, while the central and South Western parts they called *Sudrlandt*. Within this latter territory, the natives under their old chiefs, called (and still call) themselves *Cattaich*, and their Chiefs then and now Morfhear Chatt (Lord of the Catti or Cattaich), while Caithness is called Galluv (the land of the Strangers).

"Among some of the far Northern Cattaichs, who in course of time became partly incorporated with the Norsemen, there arose one who was known as *Cattan*, the *little Cat*. He was a zealous Missionary and unwearied traveller,

labouring chiefly along the Western Mainland and among the Isles.

“A devotee of his, known as Gillichattan o’ Ghalluv (St Cattan’s man from Caithness), seems to have settled in Southern Inverness-shire, and being of warlike mood, and valued therefor, he attracted and kept in employment a fairly large following. These included some known as the MacIntoshes, Macphersons, MacGillivrays, MacBeans, Davidsons, etc., etc., but of course, no Sutherlands. The mixed Clan came in time to be called the Clan Chattan, after its first leader, and the question of chieftainship has long been in dispute between the two first of the above named Septs, the MacIntoshes and the Macphersons.”

My father was named Francis after his great-uncle, the Duke of Bridgewater, from whom he inherited the Bridgewater Estates and property in Lancashire, and the far-famed Bridgewater Canal, though he did not come into possession of them until after his father’s death, to whom they were left for his life.

One of his earliest recollections was of a journey from Trentham to Dunrobin with his father, the Marquis of Stafford. He must then have been about nine years old, and he used to tell us how they travelled the whole distance with their own four black horses. The journey was tedious and occupied three weeks. My father beguiled the time with *The Lady of the Lake*, then just published. He already knew the first two of Walter Scott’s poems by heart.

He afterwards went to Eton, and to Christ

Church, Oxford, and subsequently received a Commission in the Life Guards, which however he resigned in 1822 on his marriage with Harriette Catherine, eldest daughter of Charles Greville, and sister of the writer of the famous diaries.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower's political career began in 1822 when he was returned for the small borough of Bletchingley in Surrey.

In the same year he made his first public appearance when at the state visit of George IV. to Edinburgh he carried the sceptre before His Majesty at Holyrood, as the representative of his mother, who claimed the right as Countess of Sutherland. My grandmother had raised a regiment of the clansmen in honour of the occasion.

In 1822 the disorders in Spain led to European intervention and to the summoning of a Congress at Verona to consider the question. The French claimed that any intervention in Spain must be entrusted to them, as the intervention in Naples had been entrusted to Austria. A French army under the Duc d'Angoulême was drawn up on the Spanish frontier, and in January 1823 the Duke of Wellington sent Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan) on a special mission to some of the leading Spanish politicians with a view to inducing them to listen to reason and take such measures as would avert a French occupation. Lord Fitzroy spent two months in Madrid, but his efforts were fruitless, and the French army occupied the country till

1827. My father accompanied him on this mission, and I give some extracts from the letters he then wrote to his wife, as affording an example of his brightness of style.

“PARIS, 10th January 1823.

“We arrived here at four this morning, that is to say, were six hours later than we had hoped. The carriages were the principal cause, they having been delayed so long at Calais. We are lodged at Stewart’s. I am just up, and sit down to begin this letter before I go about my numerous affairs. It froze most furiously on the journey, but as we travelled in Lord F.’s carriage, and were well defended, we did not suffer, and my travelling has done me more good than harm. . . . I have begun ‘Gil Blas’ in Spanish, and read it very fluently. We intend setting off this evening after dinner to make as long a pull towards the frontiers as we are able. We came here very slow, although out of affection for Worcester we took his favourite courier, Carlos Forte, who once belonged to our late revered queen (Queen Caroline), and who, out of regard for that excellent woman, is supposed to have with a dagger punched many deadly holes in the head and ribs of Captain Brown at Milan. As to the probable time of our journey, I can say nothing at present. Remember nothing will make me so happy as bales of letters at Madrid. I suppose George Bentinck,¹ deeply as he is now implicated in the government of his country, will indicate the means of sending them. From

¹ Lord George Bentinck.

what I hear, the only dangers of our journey will be breaks-down, and an occasional overturn. If you have any communication with Hobson the coachmaker, let it consist principally of the most violent abuse. I left my carriage with the villain for the express purpose of repairing it, and he has never looked at it. Do tell Charles¹ to have him waylaid in Long Acre or St Martin's Lane or wherever he haunts, and left for dead. I have walked round the Palais Royal, and observe that there are exactly the same things in the windows, and the same men in the same clothes in the *cafés* reading the same papers, which proves that nothing has been bought or sold in that time. I meant to call on Worcester but have not had time. . . . I shall tell you on my return some stories of Paul Lieven, which will not heighten your opinion of him, and which, if I told them in some other quarters, would get him horsewhipped or shot, unless the parties interested should take the more peaceable and legal method of prevailing on his lady mother to whip and put him to bed. Do not mention this, but if, as I believe, my accounts are correct, the coal-hole is too good a residence for such a little lump of affectation. . . . Yours, etc."

"BORDEAUX, 13th January 1823.

"We arrived here this morning at one o'clock after a rapid journey from Paris, having performed seventy-eight posts in about fifty-five hours. The frost has been and continues to be as severe as any I ever felt. The windows were all along completely *glacés*, and as we run

¹ His brother-in-law, Charles Greville.

the risk ourselves of being so if we put them down, the country through which we have passed has preserved day and night the strictest *incognito*. I have reason to believe that till this morning we have lost little by this blind way of travelling, except about Tours which we passed in the middle of the night; the glimpses which we had of it as far as Poitiers, which is strikingly situated, were hideous in the extreme. We had a beautiful frosty day for our arrival here, and Bordeaux with its new bridge seemed the finest town almost I ever saw. Our accidents hitherto have been confined to two or three tumbles of horses, in one of which the carriage went over the wheel-horses; I believe the postilion's leg was broken, but the horse got up better than ever, and while we were lifting his master into a diligence which opportunely arrived, in the midst of his cries over his *pauvre jambe* he exclaimed, 'Entendez donc le coquin qui hennisse.' All this was unpleasant enough in a dark night. We start early to-morrow for Bayonne, at which place we shall make our enquiries and arrangements for the rest of our journey. I have had no time to walk about the town, being long employed in purifying myself from the pollutions of my journey. . . . We expect to get to Bayonne in about thirty hours, and intend to get to sleep on the frontier at St Jean de Luz the day after to-morrow. . . . Yours, etc. . . F."

"MADRID, 21st January 1823.

". . . We arrived here yesterday at midnight, and I take the opportunity of an Englishman's intended journey to-morrow to give you the

earliest information in my power of our advent, which at many moments of my journey I thought rather doubtful. The frost and snow increased every moment till the last two stages. There is no obstacle, impediment, or misery which we did not meet with on the road, as far as weather has been concerned. The Russian Ambassador, who for weighty political reasons has quitted the country, met us on the way, and we were stopped against our will and forced to go to bed twice between Vittoria and Madrid for want of horses or rather mules, for the Facciosos, *i.e.* factions *i.e.* rebels, *i.e.* thieves, have taken every horse on the road. The day before we reached Vittoria some of the troops had been set upon by the insurgents 3 leagues off, and very despitely entreated, but Torrigos set out on a snowy morning, and revenged himself very thoroughly without loss, as out of fifteen hundred men only three fired their muskets, after which ceremony the whole ran away, which manœuvre did not prevent their being killed, taken, beat, and hung in great numbers. At the passage of the Somo Sierra, the postmaster refused to take us up on a clear moonlight night. The weather got bad, so we crossed in the morning in a *bourasque*. The ascent was bad, the descent was fifty times worse; the snow balled in the hoofs, and the wind drifted it into great heaps on the road, and the wheel mules rolled about like ninepins, but we got men to clear the road and arrived in safety. I cannot describe the dismalness of our journey. From near Vittoria to Madrid the country is quite bare of trees. But through the whole chain of the Somo Sierra it has a character of desolation which I cannot describe. It was in scenery of this description that Philip II.

chose deliberately to build the Escorial, and the country looks as if he and the whole Inquisition had breathed or spit upon it. Imagine after a journey of this description arriving late at night at the best hotel of a capital city, and finding it ten million times worse than the worst *posada* we had been condemned to on the road. The stench of the house was the only article unfrozen on the premises, and no fireplace. Thank heaven, the bugs and the thieves were alike congealed, for I have met with neither on our journey. I write this from a comfortable lodging to which we have transferred ourselves, and after a good dinner at Sir W. a'Court's, which was a consideration to two wretches who had dined three days running in the carriage, and upon biscuits and Perigord pye. . . . The state of the country is interesting in the extreme, and will, I think, fully make up for the want of amusement of any other sort at Madrid. . . . I have seen of course nothing in the way of business yet, so have no secrets to keep. Nothing is known of what the French will do; they are fighting in the provinces like wild cats, and it is all high fun. Burgos is a dreadful town which stopped the English army and broke my carriage, the streets having been built at a period when wheel-barrows were the only conveyances. . . . If you want a description of Spanish inns and peasants, which is all that I have seen of Spain, I recommend you to Doblados. I have found the former devoid of the necessaries of life, and the latter abundantly uncivil and disobliging. As to the appearance of the country it has exactly answered the ideas which I had in my mind before I saw it. I suppose I must have drawn them from pictures

but the accuracy of my conception is so extraordinary that I am led to think that I was here before I was born. . . . It is foolish to write politicks, and they are the only subject which remain to me."

"MADRID, 28th January 1823.

". . . I wrote you a letter two days ago, which I daresay will reach you after this, as it was to go by the French Ambassador's Courier, who has been delayed. I hope it may, as I then wrote under the impression that the enemy might shortly be in possession of Madrid. They cleared the Capital yesterday from such an apprehension by their retreat, not in consequence of any action, as the troops here had been worsted in all that had taken place, but probably owing to the junction of Velasco and Abisbal, the two constitutional Generals. The Gate of this town which looks towards the scene of action presented a very lively appearance the day before yesterday. No one was allowed to pass out, and as it is the Hyde Park corner of Madrid, and near the promenade, the whole male population was concentrated there, talking at the top of their voices. Every now and then, the Gates opened to admit wounded fugitives, or messengers from the army. They struggled in by twos and threes, with dirty clothes and conscious faces, and their whole appearance picturesque but discreditable. The enemy is now *en pleine retraite*. I do not think he ever meant to attack Madrid, as the population is constitutional, the Militia very strong, and being excessively committed, would have opposed too much resistance for any force which he could bring up. . . . It is impossible to

conceive a residence so wretched as this Capital. Placed in the centre of a country which since the departure of the Moors has been relapsing into a state of barbarism, it has now arrived at a pitch of which an inhabitant of Otaheite or New Guinea has no conception. Not a shrub or a blade of grass to be found within six days' journey, and devoid alike of luxuries and simple pleasures. I should not think existence worth having in such a place. The upper classes are utterly and totally without the resources resulting from education, and the consequence is a state of society which beggars description. In the best society here you find a dozen people sitting round a table playing at a sort of *roulette* for sixpences, saying, 'I lose always, I win never,' and other such witty apothegms. The peasantry are a magnificent race in stature and bodily strength. This circumstance, with their natural love for fighting, robbing, kicking, thumping, stabbing, giving the lie, and every kind of violence, makes them utterly unmanageable and unguidable by any form of government, and will keep them so to the end of time. If the spirit of the country were in favour of this government, which I doubt, the French might come here, and march with great ease to Madrid, Seville, or any other place they liked; but unless they made haste, I doubt if a drummer of them would get back, and as it is, I think it will depend much on their good behaviour. Come they assuredly will. . ."

"MADRID, 4th February 1823.

". . . . Fitzroy's prospects of departure are still uncertain, but a few days must throw some light

on the subject; and should there still be a probability of his staying here a longer time than he had expected, I shall avail myself of the means which Canning proposed, and part company, which, however, I am extremely unwilling to do, as long as any possibility remains of our performing the journey together within a reasonable time. Were I ever so unshackled, the rains had been so heavy that it would be difficult to travel for a few days. The weather looks better to-day, but till this morning it has rained torrents, to the destruction of shoe leather and the salvation of life, for the people who are fighting in the mountains cannot get at one another for the mud. . . . I have given up all attempts to go into society. My last act of folly was going to a masqued Ball, where I was bullied and screamed at till two in the morning without deigning to reply. As far as I can learn, public opinion is divided about me; some people think I have water in my head, or some other stupefying complaint, and others that I am in love in England. . . . We all received a tremendous invitation to dinner from the Duc de Frias for Sunday, which is the first symptom of food which has yet shown itself. I saw some very pretty Spanish costumes at the masqued Ball, both male and female, and think of getting one of the former to take to England. . . . Madrid in all respects is inferior to any market town in England, and in point of civilization and comfort inferior to most villages in the Highlands. All the accounts of officers who have served here should be received with allowances for their situation. They were here as friends. Nothing is so pleasant as to have a nation at one's feet, and the Spaniards are the

finest barbarians in the world. The virtues of barbarians, their bravery, their hospitality, *bon-homie*, etc., tend peculiarly to the comfort and convenience of visitors who come in the way we did, and our officers are accordingly delighted; but it is plain to every impartial traveller, that in everything which pertains to the comfort and enjoyment of life, the Nation has not advanced from the time of Philip II., and in power and consideration it is fallen. The moment that a Spaniard is in any way civilized he is lost for ever. If a Guerilla is made a regular soldier he runs away incontinently. If an Englishman were to wander about in this wild country, I am convinced he would find the full effects of the gratitude which the nation ought to entertain for us, but in Madrid one might imagine that England had never been heard of. On the contrary, everyone who is unfortunate enough to have learnt to read and write joins in decrying and abusing us. On the present occasion they do nothing but quote the late war, and they beat Buonaparte every morning from the Tagus to the Pyrenees without ever alluding to our assistance."

"11th Feb.

"I went to the play last night for the first time. It was very good fun. There was a political singing farce, in which Louis XVIII. was accused of having eaten six millions annually in ham and potatoes. The actors are very jocular, when they read a letter, marriage contract, or any other document on the stage, they invariably crumple it up and shy it in the prompter's eye, which he returns, sometimes with the cigar which he is smoking. Few actors appear without a paper tied to their skirts, or turkey's feather

stuck in their collar, or some such thing which has been fastened to them behind the scenes. . . . I sincerely hope that a week or ten days at furthest will witness my departure from this evil city. I see by the papers to-day that the factions have retired further from Madrid before Abisbal, which is pleasant for the shop-keepers. The Carnival is just over, to the infinite annoyance of the young ladies who will have no balls nor flesh for forty days. Lady a'Court gave a *bal costumé* on Monday, which was as pretty as possible, for the Spanish peasant dresses which abounded are the best in the world for such purposes. Two young ladies of very blemished reputation came uninvited, as did a lady with three daughters. I thought this very atrocious, and made it known as generally as possible that in England people were broken alive on the wheel for such practices, and my exposition of the common law was universally believed.—
Yours ever, F.”

“MADRID, 19th February 1823.

“Woe is me. I am still obliged to write to you in all the misery and disgust of uncertainty. The first fact I shall mention is, that I have made every arrangement to send off my carriage and Roy by the messenger immediately. I have long begun to find the want of you insupportable, and I went into Lord Fitzroy's room yesterday and explained to him that I thought of setting off immediately, but he put the matter to me in such a light as to convince me that he has no expectation of remaining much longer, more particularly as I know that his own wishes as to departing are exactly the same as my own, and

if he had thought it at all probable that we should not set off together in a few days he would not have pressed the matter. My liking for him on acquaintance is so great that I could not find in my heart to leave him to encounter the journey with his one arm, more especially as his strong wish that we should hold on together is a proof that he has taken no decided aversion to my society. If, however, he should still be obliged to stay, my powers of bolting will be increased in an infinite ratio, by the circumstance of my incumbrances being removed, as I can ride at a moment's notice, and in that case the Lord have mercy on the mules. Do not imagine I am amusing myself here : I am thrown entirely on my own resources, having played at *écarté* till I cannot bear the sight of a card, and I lie in bed all day and read and write all night. I have to warn you against believing one syllable of Spanish news as brought through the papers. All of it comes through France and the *Courier* copies it. I have been reading six of that valuable publication, and can aver from my own knowledge that there are not six words of truth in the whole, as far as Spain is concerned. The opening of Parliament has set us all in fermentation, and we none of us can guess what will happen. In the meantime I have been buying some works of art, which I hope and trust may in time adorn your room. I received a letter from you the other day which hoped it might find me at Paris. Alas! I wish it had. With such an accumulation of reasons for wishing to set off I hardly know anybody, except Lord Fitzroy, for whom I would have delayed my departure five seconds, but he has quite won my affections. Among other daring lies, the *Courier* has the im-

puddence to assert that his mission has failed, almost before it can have known that it has begun. All its accounts of the affairs here, of the King, the Factions, etc., are as false as stock-jobbing can make them. I had a fit of verse-grinding the other day, and nearly finished *Faust*, but my wish to get away has damped equally my powers of sleeping myself, and putting others to sleep by my compositions. I have no events to tell, unless it interests you to hear that Sir William a'Court has a swelled face, and that his Secretary's dog has had a severe action with a cat, and was obliged to retreat with the loss of his left eye, which has thrown a damp on the spirits of the embassy."

"20th.—I have been writing the whole day in consequence of numerous events occurring since I began my letter, which would have gone with my carriage two hours ago, had not the courier been delayed till to-morrow to carry the result of matters, which are to be transacted to-morrow morning, of no slight import. The consequence of them to myself, I trust and expect, will be departure sooner than I had dared to hope. Within four-and-twenty hours the ministry have been out and in; the last measure was effected by a mob which I attended. It was a despicable assemblage in numbers and quality, but effected its purposes of intimidation. These sort of things make the place rather more amusing, and reconcile me to my having waited a few days longer than I wished. The sight of the Palace by beautiful moonlight with the rabble, soldiers, etc., was the most picturesque spectacle I ever saw. It was not in the least a movement of the people, but a few hired ruffians and a good many spectators, but for the effect of light and

shade, as good as if their motives had been more pure and their blackguardism less atrocious. I am exhausted with writing. I hope we shall soon be in our carriage, with some assurance of having succeeded in our very laudable endeavours here. . . .”

In the June of 1823 my twin brothers were born in Albemarle Street; the elder, Francis, died at the age of eight months, and the younger, George, lived to become the second Earl of Ellesmere, his son being the present holder of the title.

The year 1826 was partly occupied by a voyage to Russia, as Member of a Mission sent by our Government to assist at the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas. The Duke of Devonshire was the special envoy on this occasion, and he selected Lord Francis and several others to accompany him. Great delays took place in consequence of the death of the Empress Dowager, which caused the ceremony to be indefinitely postponed, and my father utilised the interval by visiting Copenhagen and Stockholm. He eventually arrived with the mission at St Petersburg, and travelled as far as Moscow, but returned to England before the Coronation took place.

I again give extracts from his letters written to his wife, describing his experiences on this journey. These letters are occasionally illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, as he inherited his remarkable talent for drawing from his mother.

*Letters from Lord Francis Leveson Gower to his wife,
when accompanying the Duke of Devonshire's mission
to Russia.*

“COPENHAGEN (Charming place!),
“24th May 1826.

“. . . . As I have at last some prospect of being able to forward a letter at no distant period, I sit down as well as I can to an oblique table to begin some account of our proceedings. Our voyage has hitherto been prosperous in everything but the main point of speed. We have had little sickness (myself not a qualm), fine clear weather, splendid sunsets, moonlights and decorations. But alas! the wind has been continually in our teeth, occasionally coquetting for an hour or two, and then recurring to the everlasting N.E. We are now going along just after sunset with a brisk breeze at five knots, on, I trust, our last tack, previous to weathering the Skaw—the northern extremity of Jutland; if this wind lasts, we shall effect this before morning, and the wind will take us fast and fair to Elsinore, where I hope to forward this letter, and where the native pilots will decide whether there is water enough for us to go through the Sound, or whether we must take the longer and less interesting passage of the Belt. With regard to our existing state of society, to begin with the Duke, he has naturally been fidgetted to death with the extraordinary slowness of our passage. In this, as far as regards the Coronation, not being ambassador myself, I confess I do not join, to his infinite astonishment, but inasmuch as it tends to retard my return I do feel it most sensibly, for in the

monotony of a sea life I have little to do but to think of you, and my nights are one long dream on the same subject. The Captain is the most garrulous of his species—which is the old woman—the most timid also, always taking in reefs and sails and refusing to carry on, against the opinion of every human being on board. He has been seventeen years on shore, and thinks it necessary to show his nautical knowledge by screeching through a swearing trumpet whenever he comes on deck, throwing the minds of men and ropes into utter confusion, and meddling with everything. The ship is in itself a slug, as her name imports, covered below with mussels and seaweed, which the Captain refused to clean away in harbour, and the pilots have done everything which ignorance and obstinacy could suggest to assist the powers of vegetation and the N.E. wind in retarding her progress. *En revanche* the other officers are a very good set, and as they all adore me, I live a good deal with them. The master teaches me navigation, and the others give me descriptions of the habitable world from Archangel to Ava. I made myself the idol of the midshipmen by dining with them yesterday at 12 in the cockpit, a place which is below the main-deck, and below which is the centre of the earth; we sat down a numerous party round the amputation table by the light of a lanthorn, poetically called “the purser’s Moon,” and I never was better amused. Bob Grosvenor, who is the only one of us who, like me, enters into the spirit of the place, and makes the most of the peculiar advantages of his situation, emerged much elevated. Of the rest of us, Fane is the only one who entertains me by a queer sort

of originality. The others, that is Dundas and Townshend, are as dull as need be; the one may do mightily well with clerks of the Navy, and the other with young ladies beflounced and beflowered. They are both good-humoured and sensible. Young Cavendish shows no prospect of his ever emerging from his present profound state of imbecility; he is now relaxing his intellects by sleep; his only waking occupations are making out a wretched ivory puzzle of the Duke's, and reading a Russian grammar; the puzzle is much more difficult and quite as useful. I don't know whether an intense admiration for my poetry may come in for some share of my liking for W. Russell,¹ but I continue to think him an agreeable companion, and I no more profess to be proof against flattery than I do against gravitation, or any other law of our nature. The chaplain is a loquacious bigot, uniting the ignorance of men and things which exists in Cambridge and Lancashire, very harmless in other respects. The First Lieutenant is the best possible specimen of the Navy, and some of the midshipmen are particularly agreeable; one in particular, who made a journey over the Andes with Captain Spencer, from Chili to Buenos Ayres. Out of all this mess, which I am forced to describe, for want of better matter, I contrive to extract ample amusement and occupation. . . ."

"26th.—The obstinacy of the Captain alone has prevented my dating this letter from Copenhagen, but we are not yet at Elsinore by some leagues. The steamboat was sent on yesterday to the isle of Anholt, a desolate sand-bank, where two

¹ Lord Wriothlesley Russell.

pilots have been waiting for us three weeks. It was a pretty obvious measure to send her off so as to be there before dark, as nobody knew anything about the landing-places. Bob Grosvenor and myself determined to go with the second lieutenant for a lark. The Captain kept us till near evening. When we arrived, Grosvenor and the lieutenant had a narrow escape of being drowned in attempting to go on shore, failed, were forced to wait till the morning. In the meantime we miss sixteen hours of by far the finest breeze we have had, and bring the pilots on board just in time to see the wind, which would have given us a breakfast at Copenhagen, return in our teeth, and to hear the Captain's self-congratulations on having managed the thing so cleverly. I effected my landing however on the island. . . . There seems nothing remarkable in the coasts here on either side. . . . I think it very doubtful whether we can now be in time for the Coronation, and do not care whether we are or not for my own sake; we may perhaps have our doubts removed at Copenhagen. Anholt is merely a sand-bank in the sea, a sort of candlestick in a lighthouse, which is snuffed and trimmed by an elderly governor; the neighbourhood is dangerous, and I was glad to find myself on board the ship again, though condemned to the society of that mixture of the mule and the magpie, the Captain. He told the captain of marines the other day, "*Sir, you moll tonder me,*" meaning *mal entendre*, and his long stories have the effect of the wourali poison on everybody but himself. Pray communicate to my family the principal features of my case. . . ."

"27th.—It having been found necessary that

the steamer should take in coals at Copenhagen, I have taken with avidity the opportunity of running up, and sit down near Elsinour to finish my letter, having left the Seventy-four anchored ten miles below in a current which she cannot stem. I really don't know what the Duke will do—probably proceed in the steamboat. I shall get what intelligence I can and return to-night. The boat is under my orders at present; two officers of the ship and Grosvenor are all he (the Captain) has allowed to go with us. If I hear anything at Copenhagen I will insert it. . . . Elsinour has one of the loveliest old castles I ever saw." Etc., etc.

"Sunday, 28th May 1826.

“. . . Having just sent off my former letter, I think it as well to begin another without delay. We are now at anchor a few, *i.e.* eight, miles above Copenhagen. I passed yesterday much to my satisfaction at Copenhagen. I took a long walk with our Minister, Wynne. . . . It is a very clean good sort of town, with a horrid pavement. The people are very large and good-humoured, with round red cheeks, and talk much more German and English than Danish. . . . We could obtain no decisive intelligence respecting the time of the Coronation, but I feel convinced it will not take place till the 7th. A report also arrived that the Empress Dowager was dead, which would cause me at least to miss it altogether. We embarked again at eleven, and I slept comfortably, as the steamboat could not begin her horrid noise till eight in the morning. We reached the ship in time to see a fresh instance of brutality of the Captain, who

had not loosed his sails though a fair wind had been blowing for two hours. We have managed however to pass the point of Elsinour, which is something, as the current which delays us is strongest there. The wind now, however, has left us, and we are again at anchor. If I find occasion I shall send this from Copenhagen; if not, I shall continue it at my leisure. I do not despair of ultimately bringing the Captain to a court-martial, and the fate of Admiral Byng. At all events I have advised the Duke, who never rebels against me, to quarrel with him definitively, on the next occasion, which will soon arrive. If the Captain is impertinent upon this, I shall advise a statement to the Admiralty, and with the evidence of the whole ship's company I trust we shall extinguish him."

"COPENHAGEN, 11 *at night.*

"The wind this morning was again foul, and in talking over our matters with the Duke, I thought it would be much better for me to take my own suite by land, by Stockholm and Finland; a bright idea into which the Duke entered with the greatest good-nature. I have accordingly landed here with the intention of proceeding to-morrow, as soon as I can get carriage, passports, etc. I have also left orders at the ship, to despatch Wrio Russell forthwith. He was on shore when I left it, and I hope he will be able to get away before morning, as he will die of the steamboat, if the Duke should take the desperate measure of embarking in her as he intends. I am happy to say that as I hoped and anticipated, matters came to a crisis with the Captain just before I embarked. The

steamboat was alongside, and the Captain as usual turning a deaf ear and a torrent of nonsense on the master of her, respecting some details about cleaning her boilers. The first lieutenant, who was the person through whom the master's communications were made, applied to me to learn the Duke's wishes on the subject. The Captain immediately sprung upon both of us like a mad dog, and the concentrated spite of the voyage came down on the first lieutenant. The Duke then came into the mess, and as we were all three perfectly calm and good-humoured, we gave him his gruel in a way that must have delighted the ship's crew, who were all assembled to see Grosvenor and myself depart. I trust the result will endanger his commission and secure the promotion of the lieutenant. The whole ship gave us three cheers when we departed, which must have completed the phrensy of the Captain, but will, I fear, bring some annoyance to the crew, as long as he has them in his power. The present arrangement is the best possible for all parties, as the steamboat could not have taken us all, and I shall spend my time profitably in taking a hasty view of Sweden, and be at Petersburg within a few days of the Duke.

"30th.—I am afraid they have kept poor Wrio on board. The weather is still lovely, and I am in the midst of my arrangements for departure. . . . I trust my next will be from Stockholm. Yours, etc.

"P.S.—Wrio has just got off in a pilot boat. I hear once more that the Dowager Empress is dead; if this is true I shall be less hurried at Stockholm, but I will not allow it to delay my return. It is impossible to say how amiable the Duke has been throughout, and how considerate,

and how adored he is in the ship. The ship is off with a fair wind. I suppose I am Jonah, and must keep a good look out for whales in the Gulf of Bothnia."

"STOCKHOLM, 4th June 1826.

". . . We arrived here very safe at six this evening, after a very pleasant journey of four days and three nights from Helsingborg. I must before I describe it begin by stating that we have heard that the Empress Elizabeth is really dead, and that the Coronation is put off. This I consider as a blessing, as it leaves me time to look about me, and though I shall probably miss the Coronation at last, I shall see other things which I care about more, at my ease. Sweden differs from the rest of the Continent in manners quite as much as Spain. The travelling is the first singularity which strikes one. I shall best describe it by stating what we did ourselves. *Imprimis*, we bought at Copenhagen an English landaulet, which held two 'insides,' four out. To this we added at Helsingborg a long cart, with a seat on springs for two people, and harness for both. In these we embarked ourselves, two servants, and an Englishman well acquainted with Sweden, whom we had hired at Copenhagen, and who proved invaluable. We sent on an *avant-courier* called a *forbud*, with written papers, ordering horses, dinner, etc., along the whole route. This is absolutely necessary, as the horses are never stabled, wander over the country, and frequently take three hours to catch. When they are caught they are excellent; a little larger than ponies, with feet that never wear out, and in our

journey of 400 miles, with six horses nearly always at a gallop, I never *once* observed anything like a mistake or stumble. I am told that the Norwegian breed is still more wonderful. . . . It is necessary to provide one's own harness and coachman, as the peasants provide neither. In this way, one drives at one's own discretion. My servant put out a talent and relieved the courier with the four horses, and Grosvenor and myself often drove the pair. We had beautiful weather the whole journey, and excessive dust was our only annoyance. We had only one accident, which might have been severe. The horses swerved suddenly into a by-road, and took a strong post so exactly in the centre at full gallop that it shivered the pole like a tilting-spear, and brought us up like Brian de Boisguilbert and Ivanhoe, without further mischief; my courier mended it in a moment with a piece of rope and a huge pine-stick, and we proceeded several stages to the first town on the road, called Jungschöping, where we passed the second night, *i.e.* till three in the morning, for there are not above two hours of night now in these latitudes. Everyone had predicted starvation to us, but we found on the contrary that the fare at the inns was excellent. The people are very savage or '*sauvage*,' but extremely civil. Intoxication is like everything here, so cheap, that they seldom live to above forty. Our journey will have cost about one-sixth of what similar locomotion would have cost in England or France. The country is in most parts like those prettier parts of the Highlands where the birch abounds; this is the only relief to interminable forests of fir up to the very gates of Stockholm. There are lakes innumerable of all sizes, from a duck-pond to

80 and 200 miles long; one has 1300 islands, *bien comptés*. We only slept one night on the road, and averaged 7 miles an hour with our amiable ponies. The worst page of our history was our arrival here, as we came dusty and tired, and were long before we could arrange our lodging, as there is but one hotel in the town, and that is so small that Lord William Montagu, who is here, nearly filled it. He has, however, given up a room to W. Russell, his cousin, and here we are, and here I must for the present conclude, as my eyes fail me.

“5th.—I have been making the loveliest expedition with Lord Bloomfield to the camp, where the king has collected about 12,000 men. It is situated in a forest of oak and fir, springing out of granite knolls about a mile from the city, and makes a scene of most singular beauty. I think from what I hear that the Coronation will certainly be too late for my purposes, but am not quite sure whether I shall not be able to compass the Fair at Nishni on the Volga, which would be much better worth seeing. I shall stay here probably till the 12th at latest, and if I have good luck, arrive at Petersburg before the 19th; I am told the passage to Abo is as certain as any passage by sea can be, as the west wind has just set in. I have no reason to desire to reach Petersburg except one, which is all powerful, the expectation of letters. . . . This town is curiously and beautifully planted on a cluster of rocky islands, connected by floating bridges. The palace is prodigious, but in general there seems nothing remarkable about the buildings. The neighbourhood seems lovely. . . . I rode yesterday to visit the Russian Minister, a very nice old man, who has a clever

son, with a pretty, rich, and sick wife, and lives surrounded by eagles, gulls, parrots, owls, reindeer and bees. We had a party in the evening at the villa of Mad. de Wetterstetts, the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is the prettiest spot in the world, in the park and opposite the camp. We came away long before dark, though we stayed till midnight; there is in fact no night here now. I saw several Swedes whom I had known in various parts of the world. The women seem pretty, and everybody is full of ceremony; one could not have one's linen washed without taking off one's hat to the laundress, and among men, ignorance or omission of various little rules about drinking wine, etc., is matter for duelling. We go to Court to-night, so that I will speak to you of ruling powers to-morrow. Stockholm is fuller than it naturally would be, though the mass of society is in the country, on account of the birth of a son and heir to Prince Oscar. It was an event anxiously looked for, as he has been married three years, and it would be awkward for Sweden to hunt about once more for an heir to the throne. The Princess is a daughter of Beauharnais, and beautiful. I have spoken of the Fair of Nishni. It is said to be the most curious meeting between Asia and Europe that can possibly be seen, and takes place on the Volga, and I believe a small circuit might bring it into one's route to Moscow. I fear it is not at its height till August, but if it begins early in July, it may possibly come within my journey home, and I had rather see it than ten coronations. The wind now is not fair for Abo. I shall be very anxious to set off the moment it changes, but shall find it difficult,

as we are much entangled with the civilities of the natives, and my companions, not having anything at home to care about, are well amused. However, they are by no means refractory, and Monday is the latest I shall allow them. Bob behaved with decency till he unfortunately fell on a pianoforte at Lord Bloomfield's, which has made a purgatory of that distinguished diplomatist's house. He also uses my French, which is of no use to him, and unpleasant to me, as I have not sentences for two.

"8 $\frac{1}{2}$.—We were presented last night to the King, who is an agreeable, obliging old man, not unlike Farren the actor. The Queen is like an elderly housekeeper, and it was no bad fun to see her execute a country dance with Lord Bloomfield. The Prince Royal, Oscar, and his wife are a fine couple. She is rather like those pretty Bavarian princesses at Munich, but more regularly handsome in face and figure. There is an old devil here, sister to the late King, and consequently aunt to the boy who is driven from his inheritance. Imagine that this rouged old wretch was the first who hobbled to the King the other day to announce the birth of Oscar's son. . . . We are to go forty miles in a steamboat to-morrow to see the Castle of Gripsholm, a curious and historical sort of place." Etc., etc.

"STOCKHOLM, 12th June 1826.

". . . . I write a single line to say that I leave Stockholm to-night or early to-morrow. My head turns round in a sort of tourbillon, arising from the hospitality of the inhabitants. I was on a steamboat expedition two days since

to a very curious Château, which I will describe when I have time. We returned at half-past two. I get no sleep, and as soon as I am up, I am ordered to the Camp to dine, ride and sup with Princes and Generals. Sleep is out of the question, as there is no darkness and much heat. . . . I have met some curious people whom I will describe hereafter. The wind has given me no chance of departing sooner. It is now all right.—Yours, etc.

“P.S.—I have not been able to get away before this evening, and to do so I was obliged to refuse dining with the King on Wednesday. Our parting scene in consequence was touching, and he ended with imploring for me the ‘*bénédiction du ciel*.’ I am so hurried that I must put off my details till Petersburg. We have every prospect of a good passage, and I hope to be at Petersburg on the 19th.”

“THE ABO PACKET, 19th June 1826.

“I tore away my companions at one this morning and shipped them on board the Packet for Abo, where I now begin a letter which I hope to finish at Petersburg. . . . My week’s residence at Stockholm has been one of the most singular and amusing epochs of my life. One of its principal features was a large steamboat party consisting chiefly of the Corps Diplomatique to the Castle of Gripsholm, about 50 miles from Stockholm. We embarked at seven o’clock; I expected rather to be bored, and was ultimately amused beyond measure. In the first place, the eloquence of the *Morning Post* would be perfectly inadequate to describe

the magnificence of the *préparations de bouche*. The Marquis de Gabriac, French Minister, had sent his cook, and the King had contributed all kinds of delicacies and wine. The weather was splendid. It would be difficult to give you any idea of the society of so many nations. The women were few, but one of them was one of the most extraordinary human beings I ever met with. She is called Countess Montgomeri, is a widow with four children, married her second husband nine years since, and her face is covered with freckles, so you may read on with calmness and dignity. Her mother was an Italian, her father a Spaniard, and she married a Swede descended from an English family. She is the most complete coquette, and consequently the most agreeable inmate of a steamboat possible, talks all the languages of Babel, and sings songs to any given instrument in all of them for any number of hours. As for beauty she has none, but lightness of form and feature, and she is not unlike Lady Clanricarde. She had a contrast in Madame Suchtela, daughter-in-law to an old Russian Minister, who is very Asiatic, knows Lord Byron by heart, states herself to be dying of the *maladie du pays* (her's is near the Black Sea), is really very amiable, and has given me a Russian dress for George.¹ Her husband, a young General of cavalry, is one of the most agreeable specimens of the race of Mephistopheles, which abounds so in Russia, I ever saw, and has made me laugh incessantly for a week, and seconded all the civilities of his old father with so much good humour and trouble, showing me his enormous collections of drawings, etc.,

¹ His eldest son.

that he has as much of my heart as a Russian can ever obtain. When tired of all this, I was able to subside on Worgna, the Austrian Minister, a young, large, jolly, independent man, of Polish origin, who proves his adoration of the English by talking our language as well as I do. I extracted from him divers first-rate ghost stories. The Swedes present were all alike, without much *nuances* of character, merry and noisy. The Château itself is abundantly worth seeing. It was the prison of divers Kings of Sweden, shut up, I imagine, for ugliness, for such a set of horrors I never saw, as adorn the walls, in the shape of 1500 portraits of the rulers of all parts of Europe. Among the curious are, the portrait of Éric XIV., which was painted to be sent to Queen Elizabeth when he became her suitor, some fine bearded portraits of Gustavus Vasa, and a room containing portraits of all the contemporary sovereigns of about 1750. We dined in a long, long room hung with old Electors, Prince Bishops, Emperors, Kings, Landgraves, etc., and in this long room, I grieve to say, Count Piper, the Chairman of the feast, the Marquis de Gabriac, and the Governor of the Castle, set such an example, that two Russians and myself were the only people who had any pretensions to sobriety. We exerted ourselves with success to effect a re-embarkation, and assisted by the presence of the ladies we prevented any great *scandale*. However, Lord William Montagu and the old Count Piper had absconded, and I searched for them nearly an hour before I discovered them. We did not return to Stockholm till two in the morning. The next day I received an order to dine at

the Camp with the Prince; he gave us a most excellent dinner in a large tent. A Swedish dinner always begins with a salad of fish, and a supper with milk porridge, which they wash down with sour claret. However, I did the whole thing and never was better, though, as I said, I had no sleep all the time. The sun came so hot upon my head the other morning at five, that I got out of bed in despair, when the bright idea occurred of nailing my counterpane against the window, and putting an umbrella over my pillow, by which means I reduced the temperature of my brain to a dozing heat. We rode after dinner for three or four hours, among the cavalry, which amused me. I made acquaintance with two most remarkable young men, sons of Ney. They were refused permission to enter our service, and are in the Swedish. They are most remarkably handsome, particularly the eldest, who is little; his brother, who was born within seven months of him, is taller than I am. They are excessively accomplished, and seem adored by everyone, particularly by the English. . . . Nothing can be more monotonous than all that I have seen of Swedish scenery, rock and fir, fir and rock, to the end of the chapter. It is now eight in the evening, and we are still gliding among the same description of islands, with a light steady breeze. In a little while we shall reach the open sea, of which there is about 80 miles, which may possibly be rough, and we shall once more be landlocked among the Isles of Aland. The winter *trajét* over the ice is almost always very *pénible*, and frequently dangerous. Mr Holmes, an Attaché here, crossed it with despatches last winter, and slipped twice through the ice. You would find a curious,

though probably exaggerated, account of it in Clarke's 'Scandinavian Quarto.' Many lives were lost in effecting it last winter. . . ."

"PETERSBURG, 19th June, 9 o'clock.

"We arrived here to-day at half-past four. Our journey was dull and fatiguing—four days and three nights. We arrived at Abo soon after I had finished the above. I have nothing to say about the town, but must refer you to Clarke. I had an odd *rencontre* there. I found an officer in Russian uniform in the yard of the inn and entered into conversation. I found him lively and talking good French, so I invited him to drink tea with us. Robert Grosvenor mentioned some woman whom he had known in Italy, and he immediately told us her whole history. He appeared to be about eighteen or twenty, but he began to talk about Edinburgh in the year 1812, and we found that he was present when the Duchess of Bedford danced the first quadrille in London. He had seen my father's pictures; in short, no English or German name could be mentioned with which he was not acquainted. At last Wrio Russell asked him if he knew anything of a daughter of a Madame Oxenstierna, who had a château in Finland, and for whom he had a letter from his mother. He said: 'Vous pouvez me confier la lettre, c'est ma femme.' It turned out that he was a Count d'Ahlfeld, who had passed three or four years in England. He amused us much, and turned out of the greatest possible service to us about some money matters, directions as to the road, inns, etc. Was not this odd, lucky, and entertaining? and do you not give me some

credit for my discrimination in asking people whom I never saw in my life before, to tea? I was quite delighted with him. Our journey was a repetition of that in Sweden, except that the horses were not so good. We narrowly escaped two severe accidents. Once I was asleep with Russell in the carriage, the horses were just harnessed, and set off by themselves. I woke and found them going at a brisk canter four abreast. It was too rapid for me to jump out, and as Wrio was stupid from sleep, I merely let down the glasses, and told him to sit still. They at length after about a mile relaxed into a trot up a hill and I jumped out, cleared the wheel with the loss of the skin of my instep and stopped them. Another time I was following in the Carratella and came up with the other carriage. Two of the horses had swerved and managed to clear the rail of a low bridge. We soon righted it and found, to my astonishment, that nothing was broken. The country was all along like Sweden, in some parts bolder and much more picturesque, in general flatter and more dull. The inhabitants are savage in their appearance, to the last degree, with enormous quantities of white hair. I have never seen anything so wild. About Wiborg, a day's journey from here, they begin to look Russian. Long beards, *droskis*, copper roofs to the churches, cossack guards at the gates, people with long beards driving about in *calèches*, etc., but the same eternal forest up to the gates of Petersburg. We arrived here, I read your letters up to the 30th, which I opened with the conviction that they would contain something dreadful, and finding that they did not, I dined merrily, and while the rest are gone on some

party of pleasure, I sit down to write to you, and shall afterwards go to a party at the French Minister's. This is the best proof that I am not tired with my journey. . . .

"20th.—Well, I have been to the French Minister's, and a more formidable idea of the existing dullness of Petersburg it is impossible to conceive than that which I draw. Russian society is of course destroyed by the death of the Empress, superadded to the melancholy state of the families implicated in the conspiracy. There are four hundred young men now in the *château*. Their trials are supposed to be nearly over, and the result will soon be known. It is probable that twelve will be shot and the rest go to the mines. The party last night consisted merely of the French Embassy, which Lord Strangford¹ has baptised most admirably by the name of the *Cirque Franconi*. There is nothing like a *bon-mot* to reduce to ashes a French corporation of the sort. They were civil enough, particularly the Minister, and I was presented to Marmont and came away. I am happy in the possession of the best travelling-bed and travelling servant in Europe. The former is of importance here, where everything teems with life. Goldsmith might have come here with advantage to write his treatise on animated nature. As to the latter, I put not my faith in treasures; I know how soon the courier treasure is found to be drunk, etc., but up to the present time at least, my servant has surpassed all I have yet seen. Untired, undaunted, ex-

¹ Percy Smythe, sixth Viscount Strangford, Ambassador Extraordinary at Petersburg, 1825, succeeded by his son George, seventh Viscount, father of Percy, eighth and last Viscount Strangford, the famous Oriental scholar.—ED.

tracting from the pockets of the carriage, like the grey man in Peter Schlemihl, everything that is asked for, the driver of horses, the persuader of postmasters, the rebuker of publicans and extortioners,—such is Adrien Stoll, and if you have an opportunity you may '*rendre grâces*' to Dr Hume for having recommended him to me. The Coronation is not to be fixed till after the funeral of the Empress; this is expected in about three weeks, therefore all I know is, that I shall not see it. I do not exactly know yet what I shall do. My wish would be to stay a few days, and then start for Moscow, but the Duke has been so kind on all occasions that I should be sorry to treat him ungentlely, and if he wishes me much to stay here a little longer, I shall make him the sacrifice of Moscow and go home straight from hence. He is ill off here, lodged in a house destitute of furniture, and with his cook and much of his establishment at Moscow, but will nevertheless, I believe, stay here six weeks longer. My first occupation has been hiring a carriage with four horses to go about the streets, and I am looking out for another for my journey.¹ On one occasion the dicky behind came down with the two peasants who were clinging to it. They were not hurt, and were enchanted when I made them a present of it. They will probably sell it to some *grand seigneur* who will fit it up and drive it for the rest of his life as an English gig. . . . The magnificence of the river view of Petersburg fully came up to all I had ever heard of it, but I have had as yet

¹ Here follow minute pen-and-ink sketches by my father of the two carriages, one a kind of open *britska* drawn by four horses with interminably long traces, the other a kind of post-chaise with a dicky behind.—ED.

nothing but a glimpse of it. I came just too late to be presented to the Emperor, which I regret. The Duke came, after all, in the steamboat for two days. He gave a sort of *fête* the other day on board the *Gloucester*, which was said to be beautiful. . . . I have been driving out with the Duke, paying visits. We only found one party at home, of Potocki's, brother of the fat Stanislaus who made the *délices* of Paris lately. She is a beautiful person, but they have only been married a week, so you have no cause for alarm. The Emperor rode by with the Empress while we were drinking tea in the garden. Nothing can exceed the personal gallantry and conduct which he showed during the late troubles, and his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, behaved equally well. There seems much to see here in the way of palaces, and little else. I informed the Duke this morning that I could not stay for the Coronation, and he seemed much affected. Pahlen is at Mittau, Paul Lieven starts for England shortly. I have not seen him yet. I might have much to write from hence, which would not be uninteresting, but do not like to trust it to a letter. After you receive this you had better write to Berlin the mass of your information, always sending me also a line here to say how you are. I think Mr Canning was right to make Lord Clanricarde a peer. No news of Clifford¹ yet; a merchant-ship is arrived which sailed after he started. Bless you. F."

In 1826 Lord Francis became Member for

¹ Clifford commanded the line-of-battle ship *Gloucester*, which conveyed the Duke and his suite. He was afterwards Sir Augustus Clifford.

Sutherland. The traditions of his family were Whig, but later on he changed his political views, and adopted those of Sir Robert Peel and Canning.

In those days, the great political parties were divided into Whigs, Tories, and Radicals; now, it is difficult to say what they call themselves.

In January 1828, when the Duke of Wellington was called upon to take office as Prime Minister, on the failure of Lord Goderich to carry on the Canning administration, Huskisson took office as Secretary at War and for the Colonies, and Lord Francis Leveson Gower became his Under Secretary.

In May, measures were brought forward in the House of Commons for the disfranchisement of the rotten boroughs of Penryn and East Retford, and the transference of these two seats to Manchester and Birmingham. On 19th May Mr Huskisson voted in favour of the East Retford Bill, which was opposed by the Government, and in consequence he felt compelled to write at once to the Duke of Wellington, "that he owed it to the Duke and to Mr Peel to lose no time in affording them an opportunity of placing his office in other hands." Whether this message was intended as a final and definite resignation or not may be doubtful, but at any rate it was accepted in that sense by the Duke, who at once appointed his successor.

This led to the secession of Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, Charles Grant,¹ Wm. Lamb, and

¹ Afterwards Lord Glenelg.

other Canningites, and to a breach between Huskisson and the Duke, concerning which Charles Greville writes in his Journals :—

“But when upon the East Retford affair Huskisson resigned, and in such an extraordinary manner, the Duke felt that there was a disposition to embarrass him by these perpetual tenders of resignation, which he believed they thought he would not venture to accept. Upon receiving Huskisson’s letter he went to Lord Bathurst and consulted him, and Lord Bathurst advised him to take him at his word. I believe that Huskisson had no intention of embarrassing the Duke, and none of resigning ; but for a cool and sensible man his conduct is most extraordinary, for he acted with the precipitation of a school-boy, and showed a complete want of all those qualities of prudence and calm deliberation for which he has the greatest credit. But though this breach might have been avoided, from the sentiments which have been expressed by both parties, it is evident other differences would have arisen which must have dissolved the Government before long. After putting aside the violent opinions on both sides, the opinion is that Huskisson acted very hastily and imprudently, and that his letter (say what he will) was a complete resignation, and that the Duke had a right so to consider it ; that in the Duke’s conduct there appeared a want of courtesy and an anxiety to get rid of him, which it would have been more fair to avow and defend than to deny ; that on both sides there was a mixture of obstinacy and angry feeling, and a disposition to treat the question rather as a personal matter than one in which the public interests were deeply concerned.

“But the charge which is made on one side that Huskisson wanted to embarrass the Duke’s Government and enhance his own importance, and that on the other of the Duke’s insincerity, are both unfounded.”

Lord Francis resigned office along with his chief, and in a letter to his mother, the Duchess Countess of Sutherland, written on 28th May 1828, he explains his position as follows:—

“. . . . As the late unfortunate transactions in the Cabinet have now reached what I consider a very disastrous termination, I think that I can explain better on paper than I possibly could in conversation my own view of the subject. I think it very probable, natural and just, that my father should consider my retirement from office as the immediate and necessary consequence of Mr Huskisson ceasing to be a Member of the Government. I had nothing to object to that decision, and am prepared to act upon it. I am sure, however, that he would think it unfair in me to withhold any unreserved opinion of my own position and my consideration of it under the hypothesis that I was an entirely free agent. I own that if I were in that situation I should not take any step until I had given mature consideration to the question, and should consider it as one full of difficulty. It would then appear to me to involve a consideration of all the particulars of the late transactions, and possibly after that of the nature and extent of the change which the Government was about to undergo. I must here acquaint you that of the former part of the question I am in some respects better qualified to judge than most others—I

mean as far as information goes, for it happens that my confidential habits with both parties have compelled me unwillingly to step far out of my own province, and to become a party to nearly all the communication which has taken place between them indirectly. . . . I am, as you may imagine, deeply annoyed at what has occurred, and have only the consolation of knowing that I laboured incessantly for three days to set matters right. In this my success has been more proportionate to my competence than to my zeal, but I have at least some reason to think that my interference has had a mollifying influence on feelings, on both sides, and has perhaps prevented intemperance where it could not prevent mischief.—Ever yours affectly.,

“F. L. G.”

Before quitting this subject, I may be permitted to quote a letter from Mr Huskisson to my grandmother.

“DOWNING STREET, *Friday morning*, 2 A.M.

“(June 1828.)

“DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—I cannot go to bed without telling you with what delight I (in common with a very full House) listened to Francis’s speech, which has just closed the debate (adjourned) of this evening. It was beautifully wrought, but without any glitter or superfluous ornament. Some parts as fine as anything I have ever heard in the House, and his delivery very good.—Yours very truly,

“W. HUSKISSON.”

I may here remark that my father was a delightful speaker, always carrying away his

audience with him, for he added to purity of language a charming voice and delivery, so that it was always a pleasure to hear him read aloud. He used to tell me that he owed this to his father, who used to make him read aloud to him when a boy, and was a most severe critic.

In June 1828 he was appointed a Privy Councillor, and became Chief Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, the Duke of Northumberland. It certainly was not a position to be envied at that time, and never has been one up to the present moment, I imagine.

The following passages are from an amusing letter to his mother, dated from Dublin, 24th July 1829:—

“ . . . I am under no apprehension as to the state of the country, but the Assizes are coming on, and the late disturbances will make my presence at that period desirable. It would be ridiculous to say that one was satisfied with the state of things here at present, but I think that recent events in the North will have the effect of a thunderstorm and clear the weather. If that is the case, I am quite sure the R.C. Relief Bill will have its full effect yet, in spite of those whose object it is to mar its natural consequences. In the meantime, be its natural consequences what they may, the present consequence is a world of trouble and anxiety to me. There are plenty of atrocities of all sorts, but they are nobly magnified in quantity and quality in all the newspapers. The simple rule by which I have treated all numerical reports since I came to this country is more applicable than ever. I divide everything by ten. If 10,000 people are

reported to have done any one thing, it always turns out that 1000 did it, and the like if a man's skull be reported as fractured in ten places," etc., etc.

Lord Francis resigned the Chief Secretaryship early in 1830. It is well known that he took the independent line of thinking the priests ought to have been paid. This course would have tended to make them self-supporting, instead of being dependent upon the alms of the people.

In 1831 Lord Francis gave up his seat in Parliament, and in 1833, on the death of his father, the first Duke of Sutherland, he inherited (as his second son) the greater part of the large estate and wealth of his great-uncle, the last and celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, in consequence of which he assumed the surname and Arms of Egerton.

My father entered into possession of Bridgewater House in 1833, and resided there till 1840, when it had to be pulled down. Its original name was Cleveland House, as it had been given by Charles II. to the Duchess of Cleveland. Restoration was found impossible, as the dry-rot had penetrated the structure. The present house, the architect of which was Charles Barry, was built very nearly on the same site. There was a saying that Stafford House, which has no pretensions to architectural beauty, looked like the packing-case out of which Bridgewater House was taken.

In 1834, when the Duke of Wellington, amid scenes of historical enthusiastic applause, was

installed as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Lord Francis Egerton was also given an honorary D.C.L. Degree.

“CHRISTCHURCH, 9th June 1834. *Midnight.*

“. . . To-morrow we are to be made doctors, *i.e.* some dozen of Dukes and Privy Councillors, Earls, foreigners, etc.; the others are to be made the day after. The bad part of the arrangement is that we do not go into the theatre with the procession, which, independent of the interest of the first entry, will be additionally interesting from the circumstance that the undergraduates are determined, as it is said, to make an uproar till they shall have carried the point of bullying the offensive senior proctor out of the theatre. The poor man is a subject for pity, and the case is unfortunate, but we shall see. . . .

“*Tuesday, 2 o'clock.*—Just returned from taking my degree. A long affair of heat and standing, but I cannot yet find that I am the worse for it, and if I should be, I daresay a dose of aconite will set all straight. I could not for the reasons above stated see the entry of the Duke, but we could hear the applause was tremendous. The proctor walked in procession like a man going to execution. I really don't know how they dealt with him. The applause on the taking the degrees was prodigious, for the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Winchilsea, but more so for Lord Fitzroy Somerset, for whom Phillimore, the Professor of Civil Law, and Orator on the occasion, made a most admirable Latin speech. . . .”

In a letter to his wife, written 11th June, my father adds :

“ . . . The proceeding to-day in the theatre I saw better, going in with the procession and getting a good place. There were some lines in the English Prize Poem (which was one of the best I ever heard) which had probably been inserted late for the Duke. The subject was the Hospice of St Bernard, and the Duke was ingeniously brought in by the mention of Buonaparte and his passage of the Alps :¹

‘Till on that plain where last the eagle soared,
War’s mightier Master wielded Britain’s sword,
And the dark soul the world could scarce subdue,
Bowed to thy Genius, *Chief of Waterloo.*’

“The whole theatre *rose up*, and the cheering lasted about half an hour. . . .”

The contested election of 1837 returned Lord Francis as the Conservative Member for South Lancashire, he heading the poll, his colleague being Mr Wilbraham, a Liberal, and Lord Stanley and Mr Townley being the defeated candidates. He retained this seat until his elevation to the peerage in 1846.

In 1837 he also took up his residence at Worsley with his family. His letters at this period give a singularly interesting account of his taking up his abode on his new property, and the conditions under which he did so, and which in many ways were curiously unique.

He writes to Mr Arbuthnot directly after the

¹ I fancy the above is the correct version.—ED.

severely contested election of this year. The date is—

“WORSLEY, 8th August.

“. . . . I am off for Scotland to-morrow, and shall not be sorry to get out of the Election fumes which hang about the country like the smell of a melon in the dining-room. I am living in a curious place, near everything that is most smoky and populous, but neither in itself. If you could imagine living at Portsmouth with an entire command, and fee simple in the arsenal, you would still fall short of any accurate conception of my odd position.

“I have, as you would have at Portsmouth, every sort of solid handicraft work at my own disposal. Everything in which timber and iron is concerned, my people, whom I pay and can remove at pleasure, fashion and provide. We burn lime, supply all railroads with coke, make bricks, make boats, etc., etc., all this under my own immediate nose. All this, perhaps, would be more economical if done by contract, etc., but I should lose much of the amusement, and all the influence which it now gives me over the immediate destinies of between three and four thousand people, not to mention mules and horses, which influence I find after all very agreeable to have. I have just got in 700 acres of hay.

“All this makes me anxious to give more time to it than Parliament will allow me, but one's destiny must be accomplished.”

This letter is signed “F. Egerton.”

My father's first impressions of his new property were not highly favourable, and he

doubted whether it would be possible for my mother to reside there permanently. But all difficulties succumbed to a sense of duty, and in a letter to his wife, dated 15th June 1834, my father goes on to say: "The first thing I am going to do is to build a church. The parish is enormous, and, like most of the manufacturing districts which have grown up suddenly to wealth, wretchedly provided. . . ."

Besides the parish church of Eccles, a suburb of Manchester, four miles off, there was only a small chapel at the other end of the estate. My father adds in his letter: "There is nothing now but a Sunday School. . . . There are 40,000 people in this neighbourhood who cannot go to church; no wonder they dissent or believe nothing."

There was an old and picturesque manor-house on the estate which was prepared for residence, known by the name of the "Old Hall," and a bright red commonplace house, the "New Hall," built by the Duke of Bridgewater for his own use. This was pulled down when the present house was built.

The canal was sold to the North-Western Railway in 1857, and the "timber-yard," where the boat-building works, etc., were carried on, had their labours reduced; but for many reasons the activity there is nearly as great as ever, and, to those who care for machinery, it is a most interesting sight to a visitor.¹

¹ Since writing the last sentence I am informed that the "Plant" has been removed to Walkden Moor.—ED.

The work inaugurated by my father and mother, and which bears fruit to the present day, would occupy far more space in the telling than this brief Memoir would admit of. The people were very friendly and kindly disposed, and they were glad to welcome any landlord who was ready to live amongst them; for since the Duke of Bridgewater's death, the agent, Bradshaw, had reigned, and I do not think any of the family had taken any interest in the property beyond receiving the revenues. The management was in the hands of the Trustees, and was left to them.

The extreme badness of the roads, mostly paved or quagmires, must have made the goods traffic very difficult until the canal was made, which nearly ruined the Duke of Bridgewater at the time, but brought wealth to his successors.

The House Barge, which was greatly used by the family, still exists, and was a very attractive mode of locomotion, enjoying as it did, and does, the privilege of making all other boats and barges drop the tow-line to allow it to glide smoothly along without let or hindrance.

Our present King will probably remember his experiences in that line, in his various visits to Worsley Hall. His three companions are all gone now—the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred.

In my time the canal was used to a certain degree for passenger as well as goods traffic; the "Passenger Boat" plied daily between Manchester and Runcorn, and we used the

private barge ourselves to reach the station at Patricroft, where the trains originally stopped between Manchester and London. This place has acquired a certain fame from the circumstance that James Nasmyth had his foundry there, where he constructed the famous steam-hammer, and many of his great telescopes.

A Memoir of my father would be very incomplete without some reference to his love of literature and facility in languages, of which he gave proof by his translations from Schiller and Goëthe into English verse.

His knowledge of the Fine Arts is also well known, and he added many fine pictures to the Bridgewater Collection, which he inherited. His sketches also fill many albums.

All this did not prevent his being a keen sportsman, especially in deer-stalking, as he was a good shot and an indefatigable walker when free from attacks of gout. His love of foreign travel was also very great, and he has left amusing records of travels in Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Russia,¹ and, later on, France, Germany, Italy, the Holy Land and Greece, ending with the United States and Canada.

This last journey was undertaken at the instance of the Government of the day, who wished to send a representative of this country to the opening of the New York Exhibition in 1853, Mr Pierce being President at the time. The Exhibition not being ready at the appointed date, the interval was utilised by a visit to

¹ Refer back to the Letters transcribed on a former page.

Philadelphia, and subsequently Niagara, Montreal, and Quebec, and, after the ceremonies of the opening were over, to Boston. Much hospitality was shown us during the whole of that tour, chiefly and notably by Lord Elgin, then Governor-General, and Mr Prescott, the delightful historian, whose works are as charming as he was himself. Among those who accompanied my father and his family were the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, then a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, and the late Lord Acton.

To the latter, his American experiences were a source of unfailling interest and amusement, especially upon the more humorous side of his impressions.

Lord Francis Egerton was raised to the Upper House in 1846, under the title of Earl of Ellesmere, as objections were made to his taking that of Bridgewater, and he was created a Knight of the Garter in 1855. I find an entry in his Diary Book which says: "To Windsor for Investiture with the Garter, Lords Carlisle, self, and Aberdeen. The august Ceremony moved Lady E. to mirth." On 18th April of the same year he was summoned to assist at the Investiture of the Emperor Napoleon III., and on 6th December that of the King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel. My father's description of him is as follows:—

"6th December.—Returned to Bath from Windsor, where I attended the King of Sardinia's investiture with the Garter. A most curious specimen of humanity. A Herculean figure of

low stature, conveying the impression of a professional gymnast, or of some Barbarian King, such as Germans love to paint in fresco. Many piquant particulars of his intercourse at Windsor reached me through the Duchess.¹ He has evidently pleased the Queen, and amused her by a sort of soldatesque honesty and blunt speak-the-mind character of his conversation, raising a gentle interest not free from anxiety as to what might come next. . . . He spoke of his deceased wife and brother² with intense affection and regret, but called the latter '*ce pauvre diable*.' He loves the chase, shoots by moonlight, and rides like a centaur.

"He alarmed the Queen, at Woolwich, by caracoling near her carriage. She remonstrated with him, telling him that English horses would not bear so much excitement of hand and spur. He told her that he had once jumped on horse-back into a carriage full of ladies, '*qui jetaient des cris épouvantables*.' . . . The Queen asked him if he was like his father (Charles Albert). 'Non,' he said, '*du tout, mais celui-là*,' pointing to one of his suite, '*qui est mon frère, lui ressemble beaucoup*.' He told the Duchess '*La Reine m'a joué un tour pendable*.' This was because she had left him alone with some ladies."

The following is from the diary:—

"Being summoned to a Chapter of the Garter at Windsor for the King of Sardinia, and rather uncertain whether I can go or not, I have written to the Duchess of Sutherland as follows:—

¹ His sister-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.

² The Duke of Genoa, a very handsome and accomplished man.

"AN IMITATION.

"Should you ask if I am coming
 From this place of tepid waters,¹
 To the wigwam of our Mistress,
 To the Royal wigwam, Windsor.
 Should you ask me, 'Are you coming?'
 I should answer, 'I *am* coming,
 If the west wind, Mudjekeewis,
 Blow away the plague which haunts me,²
 If my limbs have strength to bear me,
 If the north, Kabinobokka,
 Do not smite me with lumbago.'
 If I do come, shall I find you
 Dressed in war-paint, dressed in feathers,
 Coloured quills, and strings of wampum?
 Shall I see you smoke the peace-pipe
 With the Chief of many Nations,
 Who has come so far to meet us?
 Should I fail you, put this letter
 In the red stone of the peace-pipe,
 In the red stone put and smoke it,
 Thinking that my best intentions
 Rise in smoke and end in ashes,
 Which the Medicine men, the Medas,
 Cannot light to any purpose.
 If I fail, should any tell you,
 Speaking of your humble Servant,
 'He was slow to greet our brother—
 Who has come so far to meet us
 From the lake of inner waters,
 Would not come, though he was able.'
 Then say, 'Kaw! what lies you tell us.'"

The Crimean war brought forth my father's best powers of oratory for about the last time, when he rose to defend Lord Raglan in the

¹ Bath.² The Gout.

House of Lords. A letter from him to myself, dated London, 4th July 1855, says :—

“Galloway made a true but not well-timed or judicious speech on the Raglan case yesterday, which afforded me a good opportunity, and I made more of it than you will be able to conjecture from the newspaper reports. The thing had begun to degenerate into usual dullness, and I had despaired of screwing myself up, but as it was, I nearly succeeded in making their Lordships yell and screech after the fashion of the Commons, and never was more satisfied with myself. About the first hit I ever made, in the House of Commons, was in defence of Lord Fitzroy’s Mission to Spain in 1823, and I do not care if my last should have been made in defence of his memory.”

My father did not live to hear of the Indian Mutiny, which would have agitated him profoundly, as he died in the February of that year, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, to the inexpressible grief of all related to him, or connected with him in any capacity whatever.

Memorials have been erected to him at Worsley and in its neighbourhood, but the chief memorials are the churches, schools, and institutions which he built or endowed, and his constant exertions in behalf of the people committed to his care. By these latter and their descendants, neither he nor my mother, his unwearied co-adjutor in all these labours, will soon be forgotten.

And yet the following lines from a beautiful

poem by Alford, Dean of Canterbury, are very appropriate though sad :—

“The deed lasts in Memory, the doer is not,
The word liveth on, but the voice is forgot.

Be we content then to pass into shade,
Vision and voice in oblivion laid,
And live in the light that our actions have made.”

It is what he would have wished for himself.

A. H. F. S.

August 1903.

PROLOGUE

“15th September 1852.—A gloomy day, suited to the news it brings—the death of the Duke of Wellington.”

AMONG the first effects of a blow such as that inflicted by the above intelligence, is that of making the memory travel back to the various scenes, stages, and incidents of such personal intercourse as one has enjoyed with such a man. For at least twenty-five years mine has been frequent and intimate. I owe this source of so many recollections to a concurrence of accidents which for many years past have afforded me not only opportunity for personal communication in London whensoever I had special reason to desire such, but also produced many casual occasions of intercourse. The two principal of these accidents were my close intimacy with Mr Arbuthnot, and the long occupation of the post of Private Secretary by my brother-in-law, Algernon Greville.

While Mr Arbuthnot was alive, few mornings passed during the London season on which I did not pass an hour in his room at Apsley House, and in the course of the visits it was seldom that the Duke did not walk into that room, to discuss freely and at leisure some topic

of the day, or with some fresh-drawn paper in his hand; nor do I remember an instance in which, though on the watch for the slightest hint to that effect, I could find reason to consider myself a check upon the conversation. After the irreparable private loss of Mr Arbuthnot I intruded less frequently, but if I wished to see the Duke I could always do so through my brother-in-law at convenient hours, without formally announcing myself through a servant. I always thought it a sort of duty to myself to use, without, I hope, abusing these enormous privileges. Hence, with two exceptions, I do not believe that there is any one living who, apart from public grounds, has so much reason to feel his loss as I have. These exceptions are Lord Clanwilliam and Lady Westmoreland. The former was also a friend of Mr Arbuthnot's, and his residence at Deal Castle gave him occasion for intercourse with the Duke for some months of the year, during which few others saw him at all. Of all his relatives, Lady Westmoreland was certainly the one most devoted to him, and most in his confidence. In matters of personal favour and kindness I am steeped in obligations.

Among a thousand instances, small and great, I recur at random to the following. I passed my honeymoon in 1822 at Strathfieldsaye; I spent two winter months of 1851 (November and December) at Walmer, and I know that he was about to urge upon me the same arrangement for the approaching winter. As Commander-in-

Chief he has done everything to promote the establishment and advancement of my son Arthur in the Army. His intercession procured the promotion of my other son in the Navy. I never wrote him a letter which he did not answer; I never made him a request which he did not exert himself to meet. In many matters, even of a professional nature, he honoured me with his confidence. When I returned from Germany, in 1845, he requested from me a report on the Austrian system of fortification at Lintz. It was with his approbation and assistance that I drew up for the *Quarterly* the refutation of Alison's nonsense on the subject of Waterloo.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

WHEN, where, and how did we first meet?

I cannot fix the date, but I think it must have been in 1820.¹ It was in a small ballroom attached to the French Theatre, in the old Argyll Rooms, to which the fine world of London then resorted in great numbers, making it a kind of subsidiary and restricted Almack's. Many of my first acquaintances of my dancing days were made in this room, since, I think, burnt down. I had brought up in waltzing, and come to an anchor close to my aunt, Lady Harrowby,² and at her arm was a gentleman, unknown, and whose features I did not, strange to say, at all recognise as those so often to be observed in shop-windows. I was, I remember, struck with the good-humoured and joyous expression of his smile, but more with the unusual length and size of his watch-chain and appendages, which seemed to me to present undue attractions to

¹ In reference to Memoranda I find it must have been earlier, probably 1818.

² Parentage of Lady Harrowby—Lady Susan Leveson Gower, daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford.—ED.

a pickpocket. Lady Harrowby did not fail to present me.

I met him in the following year on a visit of some days to Wherstead in Suffolk, then occupied by my uncle, Lord Granville.¹ I found him there, the life and soul of a large shooting-party. The only lady besides Lady Granville, I think, was Madame de Lieven. Among the men were Edward Montagu, since Lord Rokeby, Agar Ellis, F. Lambe, the present Lord Melbourne, Clanwilliam, and, I think, Luttrell. His spirits were those of a boy. My marriage in the course of the following summer brought me at once into closer and more frequent relations with him, for with all my new connexions he had been intimate since 1815. It also shortly afterwards threw me into the society of Mr Arbuthnot, and a friendship was formed with him which had much influence on my political life, and was only interrupted by his decease. My acquaintance with him began, I think, in 1824, at Cowes. He was then Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and, in the course of a tour of official inspection, came with Mrs Arbuthnot to the Isle of Wight, and lived with us during his stay, as far as dinner was concerned.

The house we then occupied was a miserable lodging called "Trafalgar House," still existing. In this my son Frank was born, on which occasion, I remember, Alava was also my guest.

¹ Parentage of Lord Granville—Lord Granville Leveson Gower, brother of the above. He was created Lord Granville, and subsequently raised to an earldom.—ED.

I next met the Duke at Woodford, Mr Arbuthnot's residence in Northamptonshire, in a very limited circle. We drove, shot, and rode together without cessation. I well remember a day's partridge-shooting, in the course of which during a heavy shower we sat down under his umbrella, which he always took with him, and he told me the history of his Danish campaign of 1807.

There was, I believe, little or no fighting in the field at that time. The Duke mentioned with much approbation the skill with which the Danes, when forced to retreat, concealed the direction of their march, and evaded pursuit.

I have visited the Duke at Strathfieldsaye, both at times when large parties were collected there, and when he was alone or nearly so. I have coursed with him, shot with him, hunted, and, once only, I played a set of tennis with him, the only time I ever saw him use the tennis-court there, which has been turned to good account by his sons and myself.

It was some time after 1830 that he took a great fancy for hunting with his neighbour, Sir J. Cope of Bramshill, and more frequently with Mr Newton Fellows, Lord Portsmouth's brother, an excellent sportsman, who kept the Vine hounds. The Duke rode good and safe horses, and I have seen him take good fences when needful.

In 1830, I met him at Heaton and at Lord Salisbury's, on the occasion of the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad. It was

an evil time.¹ I was Secretary at War, and in intercourse with him as such. He sent for me to his room and showed me a letter he had just received denouncing the name and address of an individual in Manchester who intended to assassinate him. He said, "I never neglect and never believe these things." After some discussion it was agreed between us that instead of going direct to Lord Salisbury's, I should take Manchester in my way, and investigate the matter. The (name of the) Borough Reeve, I forget, but Lavender, of Bow Street notoriety, was head of the police, and with some difficulty I ferreted out him, R. Sharpe, whose establishment we had visited the day before, and who had much to do with local arrangements at that time, and the Borough Reeve.

The enquiry led to no result, and I made my way on with difficulty through pitchy darkness and bad cross-roads to Lord Salisbury's, which I reached late at night.

I was present, and but too near the horrible Huskisson catastrophe of the following day. I had previously disliked the whole concern. We had information that there was a scheme for placing a loom across the road at a point which, I think, must have been somewhere near Patricroft. Tricolor flags were displayed at some parts of the line. The spirit of the district was detestable. It lacked no encouragement from the Whigs. It was known that Brougham

¹ He was to leave Heaton the day before the opening, in order to reach Lord Salisbury's by dinner-time.

meant mischief at the intended Liverpool dinner, which Mr Huskisson's death prevented from coming off.

The day after the catastrophe the Duke, with a party from Lord Salisbury's, drove to the Rainhill Station, and met old Stephenson the engineer, who showed us the Newton Viaduct, and then rashly took us all by a train, not to Liverpool, but to the bowels of the Liverpool tunnel, where, from some accident, we were kept for an hour or more in total darkness, during which Wm. Bankes convulsed us with anecdotes which must have given one or two strangers who shared our fortunes an odd idea of the conversation of the first circles. I may mention, as a trifling indication of the Duke's invariable kindness to myself, that he wished, and endeavoured to include in his arrangements, the compliment of a trip along the Canal to Runcorn. I remember that poor Captain Bradshaw, who afterwards committed suicide, was sent over by his father to Heaton on this subject, but the difficulties were found insurmountable. I was myself, on the whole, glad to get the Duke well out of the county, and to avoid any unnecessary exposure of his person to insult or risk. My father had been reconciled by Roman Catholic relief to the Duke's Government, and had given him a cordial invitation to Trentham, which was accepted.

I accompanied him there, and very nearly lost my life by being run away with on an over-fed, hard-mouthed hack in his company and that of

the Solicitor-General, afterwards Chief-Justice Doherty, in the park.

Soon after this followed the Guildhall affair,¹ to which, as Secretary at War, with all its anxieties, I was a party. I remember calling on Sir Robert Peel, and asking him what he thought of it. "As badly as possible," was the reply, with a cheerful smile.

Mutatis mutandis, the contemplated military arrangements were much the same as those since adopted for the 10th of April 1848. About 5000 troops and Marines were disposable, but I apprehend the police were scarcely equal in numbers or perfection to what they have since become, and the Whigs were well on the look-out for any mistake.

I called on the Duke the morning before the dinner was abandoned, on some business of my

¹ A friend furnishes me with the following interesting note on the Guildhall affair:—"Forgive me for telling you that when I was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, I heard from Alexander Ronald Grant, a nephew of Lord Glenelg, that on one occasion his uncle was dining with the Duke, in company with several young officers, whom after dinner the Duke invited to ask him any questions they pleased as to his old campaigns. When they had finished, he said, 'Now, you have asked me a great many questions; let me ask you one. What crisis in my military or political life cost me, do you think, the most anxious consideration?' One said 'Assaye,' another 'Salamanca,' another 'Waterloo,' etc., etc. 'No, gentlemen, it was when at a Cabinet Council I had to consider the question of the safety of the King (William IV.) in going to the dinner in the City, and I felt compelled to say No.

"We were very much abused at the time, but when our successors came into office they found abundant evidence to justify us. There was a plot to cut the traces of the King's carriage at the foot of Ludgate Hill, and seize his person as a hostage until the Reform Bill should be carried!"

own, and found his anteroom full of the military authorities. What occurred was very curious, as showing the extent to which his old subordinates carried the dread of obtruding opinions and advice. There were present Lord Hill, Sir G. Murray, Lord Fitzroy (Somerset), Lord Frederick FitzClarence, I think Hardinge, but am not sure, and some others. They were discussing a programme under the Duke's hand of the military arrangements. Fred FitzClarence, who had ripened from the rattling boy I once knew him into an excellent officer, delivered himself of some suggestion, which met with unanimous approval. Unanimous as they were, there was not one among them who would go into the lion's den to propose it. I think it was either Lord Hill or Lord Fitzroy who at last suggested to me that as I was to see the Duke on other matters, I might as well do so. If I had felt any difficulty, I should have positively declined, but my own experience of the Duke's patience and indulgence was such that I positively felt none. It turned out as I expected, and the Duke heard and approved the proposal. This was not the first or last occasion on which I have acted as an intermediary with him, not always with success, but without the slightest reason to suppose that I had burnt my own fingers in the process.

At the time of the famous rupture with Huskisson,¹ I was Under Secretary for the

¹ To those who would desire to refresh their memories on this subject, I would refer them to my Uncle Charles Greville's

Colonies under Mr Huskisson. I had been in the House of Commons the evening before when Huskisson gave his fatal vote on East Retford. My father was, I knew, very eager on this case, and I confided to Mr Huskisson my own difficulty as to supporting the Government proposal, without any suspicion that he himself contemplated the course he took. Nor did he, as I believe, then contemplate it; it was later in the evening that he was suddenly driven to it by an ill-timed and pinching appeal from Sandon,¹ who little dreamed of the consequences. Huskisson's reply to me was, "Go away, and do not say I told you." We had both, I must say, attended a meeting at the Treasury, in which Peel had explained the course he meant to pursue, and at which we might and ought to have stated any doubts we felt. The shell burst the next day in Huskisson's forced resignation. My father, who had with great difficulty, and after a serious quarrel, allowed me to take office at all under the Duke and Peel, insisted on my instant resignation, and I had nothing for it but to walk down with it to the Colonial Office, where I was instantly sent for by my late chief. I had hitherto had nothing but the interests and pleasures which an interesting department of the State presents to a young man in my position; I liked Huskisson and worshipped the Duke, and it was with sincere regret that I submitted Journals, First Series, vol. i. p. 120 and onwards, and vol. ii. pp. 46-51. They will find all these transactions exhaustively discussed.—ED.

¹ Lord Sandon, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby.—ED.

to my fate. Huskisson, who was a kind-hearted man, expressed, and I am convinced, felt, the same regret on my account. "Well, I am *very* sorry," were the first words he addressed to me.

He then rushed into his own case, with the most passionate expressions of regret at what had happened, disavowals of his own intention to resign, and complaints of the harsh construction put upon his letter by the Duke. His desire to patch the thing up was undisguised. He told me that Lord Dudley had refused to approach the King on the subject, that the King himself had referred everything to the Duke. He seemed to consider himself as deserted by his friends and Lord Dudley, of whose apathy he complained in particular. He said to me at last, "I think you may do me a service with Peel. Will you go to him?" I replied to the effect that I was hardly acquainted with Sir Robert, and that I did not believe that I had ever spoken to him out of the House, and that he could not have a worse advocate.

"No," he said, "you are not aware that you stand particularly well with Peel at this moment, and that he considers you as the only person who stood by him on a late occasion in the House of Commons."

The fact was so. At the close of the debate in the famous motion of Lord John Russell on the Test and Corporation Acts, a rather violent attack on Peel by Lord Milton had been followed up by Sir George Warrender, to whom I had

replied with some spirit and success, in answer specially to an accusation of Warrender's that our Leader had lost his temper. I had reminded him that our former Leader, Mr Canning, had not been famous for meeting such attacks with the Christian patience which he now chose to exact from his successor, etc., etc. As a skirmishing tirade this had told with the House, and Peel, who said nothing to me, had talked of it to Huskisson.

I remember meeting Warrender, with whom I was always on intimate terms, afterwards at Crockford's, where Lord Sefton made great fun of the incident, and baited Warrender most pertinaciously, *more suo*.

Well, what Mr Huskisson desired was, that I would procure Peel's mediation with the Duke. I stepped over, for the first time I believe, to Priory Gardens. Sir Robert was very gracious and rather nervous, jingled his watch-chain a good deal, but was not to be moved to interfere in the way requested. He however assented to my assumption that a reversal of the Duke's decree was a thing in itself which for the sake of public interests was to be desired, and advised and encouraged me to go at once to the Duke and do my best. I returned to Downing Street and made my report, and Huskisson fully concurring in Peel's suggestion, I did go at once to the Duke. He was a little surprised, I think, and not the least offended. He made certainly a face which I have known him to assume only on rare occasions, one of rather droll elongation.

He said if Mr Huskisson did not mean resignation, he knew as well as any man what to do, meaning that he might withdraw his letter. Beyond this, which I knew was the one thing Mr Huskisson would not do, I saw in a moment that I could effect nothing.

The real history of the transaction is that the Duke was anxious and glad to get rid of the Canning element, and this feeling was founded on what had occurred on the question of the corn duties.

Charles Grant's (Lord Glenelg) refusal to move as President of the Board of Trade the Resolutions adopted by a majority of the Cabinet on that question had all but dissolved the Government. Huskisson had then avowed to the Duke that he did not approve Charles Grant's refusal, but that if he persevered in it, he should be compelled to follow him out of office. The Duke, I know, complained bitterly of this. He said, "I have no party in my Cabinet which is prepared to follow me when they don't agree with me. Any man who takes a fair objection to my policy has a right to withhold his own support to it, and, if it is a vital question, to resign, but no man has a right to blow up my Government because somebody else takes such objection."

My father and many others, being unacquainted with the real facts, considered the Duke's conduct as a trick to get rid of the advocates of Roman Catholic Emancipation. I knew better, for I suspected at the time what

I shortly after knew for certain, that the Duke contemplated a measure of relief to the Roman Catholics. I was appointed soon after to Ireland, and I went there with a conviction, for which I had solid grounds, of the Duke's intentions in this respect. He knew that I was strongly convinced of the urgency of the case, and I told him that my tenure of office must be temporary if nothing was to be done, for that I thought, otherwise, no man of my opinions could be long useful in Ireland.

Lord Anglesea, who remained Lord Lieutenant, and who had recently become zealous for emancipation, made difficulties for himself and others by thinking it part of his duty, *as Lord Lieutenant*, to press the change of the law. He would have done better to do as I did, to give the Duke fair play, knowing his difficulties as he did, and to content himself with his proper office of administering the law as he found it, till the moment when he might feel he could do so no longer with credit to himself and with effect.

I could not tell him that I knew more than he did of the Duke's intention. If I could have done so I should have been able to keep him from the vagaries which ultimately lost him his office. I did my best, but the Jesuit Blake, and flattery, got the better of me and Doherty. The Duke and Lord Anglesea at this time were on bad terms, and disliked and distrusted each other. The fine qualities of each have since and long been mutually recognized, and among

the testimonies of veneration which are attending the Duke to the grave, I well know that there will be none more unqualified and sincere than that of Lord Anglesea. At the time I speak of he was in bad hands.

I remember another circumstance which forcibly illustrated the reluctance, which I thought, and still consider, most unfounded, of the Duke's political associates to approach him. The nomination of Irish representative peers in vacancies was one of those matters which I always considered rather beyond the functions of the Irish Secretary to meddle with. Hearing, however, that an appointment had been settled which I thought most objectionable, I went to Peel to state what appeared to me the ill consequences to be expected. Peel, being at the Home Office, was my proper chief. He entertained my views, but instead of undertaking the matter himself, he said, "I am now going to the Duke; you had better come in while I and Goulburn are with him, and broach the subject."

I did so rather reluctantly, but found no difficulty whatever with the Duke, and the result was that Lord Glengall was substituted, much to his satisfaction; and I must say no Irishman afterwards gave more assiduous and honest support to those to whom he owed his elevation.

I can easily understand why the Duke's old military subordinates were shy of him; I must say that in civil matters the reserve of his colleagues was misplaced. I have combated his

views and maintained my own with him over and over again, and never could detect in him the slightest trace of obstinacy of conviction or impatience of discussion. In any professional matter, once settled according to rule, he was adamant, and neither Arbuthnot, nor I through Arbuthnot, could have made the slightest impression on him. I never tried this but once, in a case in which I knew that a decoration well deserved had been withheld by an accident. Arbuthnot felt his ground, but found reason to back out immediately. In another, a purely professional matter in which no departure from any rule or reversal of any decision was concerned, I succeeded better. When the 33rd Regiment was encamped near Manchester, in 1848, I became acquainted with a Major Galloway. He was about to suffer one of the very usual penalties of poverty in seeing the second Major, a rich man and excellent officer, step over his head by purchase. The poor Major and his brother officers were soon afterwards agreeably surprised by his being gazetted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of a regiment in India, or under orders to go there. They could none of them account for the circumstance, and some attributed it to the accident that the Duchess of Cambridge had attended a review of the Regiment at Heaton Park. It was in fact done on a statement of mine, which I forwarded to Arbuthnot. My son Frank has since met the Colonel and his cheerful little Irish wife in India.

I have always dated the Duke's downfall as Prime Minister, not from the turning-point of the Reform Bill, but from the barricades of July. I think it was the day before that news reached London that a great review was transacted in Hyde Park by William IV. The day was glorious, and the crowd immense and satisfied, the whole ending in a breakfast at Apsley House. I remember sitting there by the French Minister, old Laval, whom I had well known in Rome, and I remember the deep sigh with which he received some banalities of mine, hoping that he had good accounts of friends and things at Paris. For years afterwards, and before we had recovered the shock of the Reform Bill, the Duke used to say that this review was the last exhibition of English loyalty and good humour. It certainly at one time, and for some time, seemed as if little of these qualities would ever float upward from the wreck. It was shortly after his resignation, and when he was at the height of his unpopularity, that, calling one morning at Apsley House, I found him dressed for a *levée*. Lord Cowley, looking ill and dismal, was in the Secretary's room with my brother-in-law. Lord Cowley asked, "Is my brother going alone?" "Yes." "I am sorry for it; I wish somebody would go with him." I volunteered for this service, but it was necessary to pretend that I was intending to go, and only wanted a conveyance, for my attendance as an escort would have been promptly refused. As a favour, a seat in his carriage was instantly granted, and

I sent for a uniform to Bridgewater House and accompanied him. We took no other precaution than that of driving straight out of the stable entrance instead of having his state carriage brought round. He was treated with perfect respect by the crowd, which was not numerous, and included not much rabble.¹

The next remarkable occasion on which I met him, the Oxford Installation, was one from which I think the rally of Conservatism may be dated. I walked about Oxford with the Duke and Mrs Arbuthnot the evening, a very fine one, before the Installation. I remember his wishing to see a set of rooms as we were passing through the modern part of Magdalen. We knocked at the first door we found open, and invaded a small party of elderly Fellows, sitting, as if for their pictures of Oxford life, over their wine.

The ceremony was very stirring. As I had

¹ It is to be remembered that early in the struggle for the Reform Bill the Duke had distinct information that a man, not of the lower class, intended to attempt his life with an air-gun. When the Guildhall Scheme was in agitation, Joseph Hume gave private information to Peel that he, Joseph, had been invited to take part in an attempt on Buckingham Palace. The Duke placed 100 of the Foot Guards there, and made some preparations for the defence of Apsley House, of which my brother-in-law Algernon Greville took charge.

On these occasions, his coachman, Turnham, was a sight to see. His pride of place and contempt for the rabble were sublime. He returned once, radiant and excited from strife in a public-house.

The circumstances as he related them were simple, but pregnant. A politician of the society had called the Duke a knave.

"I had my two shillings' worth of brandy and water before me, scalding hot it was, 'cos I had the heartburn, and I slapped it in his face."

to be made a Doctor, I could not see the entry into the theatre, because I had to wait for my turn of execution, like the rebel lords on Tower Hill. I heard, however, afterwards the recitation of the Prizes, and the English verse, which was generally good of its kind, produced a very fine moment. The subject was the Great St Bernard, and the author, after due introduction of Napoleon, rolled out the following with much unction :—

“Till on that plain, where last the Eagle soared,
War’s mightier master wielded Briton’s sword,
And the dark soul the world could scarce subdue,
Bowed to thy genius, Chief of Waterloo.”¹

The whole audience rose up, and the applause was endless. It was impossible not to contrast the spirit of the rising generation here with that which existed among University Students on the Continent. Here they would have turned out to an undergraduate to support the Crown and the Church; in France and elsewhere they would scale a wall to man a barricade, and sacrifice their young lives for anything, no matter what, which was not law or order or religion.

While I resided at Oatlands, between 1830 and 1840, the Duke paid us several visits. In these days he was often to be had at a short notice. Strathfieldsaye was within riding distance, and I was never more thoroughly drenched than once between Cobham and Bagshot on my way

¹ This incident has already been alluded to in his letter to my mother, quoted in my introductory Memoir.—ED.

thither with Lady Ellesmere. I remember, on our return ride, two or three days later, we saw a messenger urging a jaded horse towards Strathfieldsaye; we guessed him to be carrying the intelligence of the death (or danger) of the poor Duchess, which was the case.

I at once posted over to Basingstoke, from which he drove me in his curricle some miles more or less to the cover side, and, after hunting, by the same conveyance to Strathfieldsaye. The process was not without its risks. When it was cold or rainy he used to close a glass window in front and drive, or make his companion drive, with the reins passed through a small hole. Luckily his horses were tractable. On this occasion¹ I obtained from him a most minute account, recorded elsewhere, of the whole Burgos transaction.

I remember one sunny morning riding with him to meet the hounds at that splendid old mansion, Bramshill. Sir John Cope, the owner, received us with all honours. The accessories were very Elizabethan, except the figures. Sir J. Cope was an old Radical, his country bad, and his field usually composed of an inferior class of people.

The Duke, when Queen Adelaide visited him, invited his Radical neighbour, and amused himself with making him kiss the Queen's hand. In these hunting days, one of the oddest incidents of his system of doing his duty to everyone was his annually dining with Lord Portsmouth, who

¹ 2nd February 1836.

was mad and under surveillance. Lord Portsmouth was allowed two decanters of weak wine and water, from which he drank bumper toasts, the first, always proposed in a short speech by himself, being the Master of the Vine Hounds, meaning himself.

The Duke, when I first knew him, was a quick and tolerably sure shot. The game was plentiful at Strathfieldsaye, till a poaching affray occurred which cost, I think, the life of one of his keepers, and he then left off strictly preserving. He had the propensity of cheerful minds to be satisfied with his own possessions and acquisitions. He thought Strathfieldsaye perfect as a residence. His horse and his gun were in his opinion better than anybody's. His guns were Moore's manufacture, and when he made a long shot, which, firing at everything, he sometimes did, he would laud and extol the maker. I remember at Woodford he invented a very neat bandage for a sore finger, and did nothing but exhibit how he could tie and untie it for himself. He hated all assistance,¹ though he loved to give it, and I am sure, though I

¹ *À propos* of this trait of the Duke's, I remember a little incident on the occasion of the Queen's first visit to Worsley Hall, in 1851. Her Majesty alighted from the train at Patricroft, and was conveyed by the canal in the private barge, the suite in another. The barge which conveyed the Duke and others had to be drawn up a little beyond the landing-place, and we had to alight on the bank, which was steep and grassy. My mother had to hasten to the carriages, so as to arrive at the house to be in time to receive the Royal party on the doorstep.

I was alarmed to see the Duke struggling up the bank, he being past eighty, and I saw the moment when he would slip into the canal, so I seized hold of his hand and hauled him up.

never witnessed his toilet, that no man's valet had less to do in the way of personal attendance. His dress was scrupulously neat, and he was quick in adopting any invention against cold or wet, boas, capes, overalls of strange construction and material, etc., etc.

He was an early purchaser of a patent razor for safe shaving, and when he paid for the purchase with a cheque in his own hand, the inventor, instead of cashing it, framed and glazed it. He was no neglecter of his own person, and his ablutions were not of the partial and scanty old school. He not only looked clean, but was so. I do not remember that in his society I ever heard from any one, still less from him, anything which might not have been repeated before ladies. On religious topics I never heard him speak, but I knew from Arbuthnot he professed implicit and uncompromising belief in the doctrines of the Church of which, as all men know, he attended the observances.

He did not say a word, but when we got up to the top, solemnly shook hands with me, which was funny.

It was on that occasion also that following in the royal progress to Manchester, where the Queen was to open the Royal Exchange, amid prolonged cheering, a renewed burst always took place as soon as the carriage conveying the Duke appeared. He sat quite immovable, taking none of it to himself. At last, sitting opposite as I was, I got so excited that I leant forward and said, "Duke, that's for *you!*" Whereupon he solemnly put the two fingers to his hat, as was his usual mode of salutation, and the people cheered louder than ever.

Once when we came to a momentary standstill a working-man came to the carriage and held out his hand; the Duke shook hands with him with the same immovability.—ED.

His attention to music was notorious. It was shown in his regular attendance at the "Ancient Musics," his listening to Lady Douro's harp, Mrs Dyce Sombre, and other amateur singing, and his punctual appearance at the Opera when Jenny Lind was the *prima donna*.

He was a great admirer of Mrs Butler (Fanny Kemble), and constantly took a stall when she acted. When she acted in *The Hunchback*, in Belgrave Square, he told us he was engaged to the Beauforts to meet the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and that he would keep that engagement, provided they kept theirs, and that there were signs of dinner at the time specified in the invitation. He went, but finding no sign of dinner at a quarter to eight, very deliberately drove off to us, leaving them in the lurch, Royalties and all. (2nd June 1842.)

Whether this (love of music) was the pleasure which men like myself, destitute of the musical faculty, are still capable of receiving from music, or whether he inherited an organ for sound from his father, Lord Mornington, I am not sure. Croker told me that he had ascertained that the Duke, while a subaltern, played the violin, that he left it off when on becoming a field-officer he for the first time began to pay serious attention to his profession, and that he disliked any mention of the circumstance.

Since this was written, the following letter from an old friend of my family, Mrs Stuart MacKenzie, has reached me through my brother.

She writes, after alluding to my Worsley discourse :

“15th November 1852.

“Lord Ellesmere spoke of the great hero's first victory at Eton School. I know of a second, more characteristic, which I have never seen mentioned, and which, if you will allow me, I will relate to you. Everyone knows that to the last the Duke was fond of and a fine judge of music; in youth he was a performer on the violin, of which he grew so fond that, giving up a great deal of time to it, he began to fear lest the hereditary taste should get the better of him, and in one day he broke the spell, laid aside his violin, and never afterwards touched it. This circumstance occurred during the time of his early attachment to, as you know, my dear friend the Duchess, who has often repeated it to me with pride as an omen of what was to be expected from his great self-command and firmness of decision. So many of his contemporaries are dead that perhaps no one remains to bear witness to the truth of my story, but I think it were a pity that it were quite lost, and I could mention it to no one who could more feelingly appreciate it than yourself, or be less inclined to doubt the testimony (even though single) of your Grace's (etc., etc.).—

“MARY STUART MACKENZIE.

“To the Duke of Sutherland.”

I remember at Wherstead he got hold of a triangle and used to accompany with it some waltzes which Madame de Lieven had imported from Hanover and played with her exquisite

execution on the piano. This instrument had been sent for to Ipswich to enable Madame de Lieven to reproduce the effect of a particular waltz which had been the only agreeable feature of George IV.'s unpleasant visit to Hanover.

The Duke's recollections of Eton appeared to me not to be vivid. He has spoken to others of boyish escapades there, such as getting out of his dame's house at night, etc.

The only two men I have met who were his contemporaries there were Lord Skelmersdale and Bobus Smith. Lord Skelmersdale, I think, recollects him only as a healthy and jovial boy. Bobus Smith told me that the Duke's first victory was over him, Smith; that they had fought a regular battle, and that he, Smith, had succumbed.

I mentioned this to the Duke, who said he could not recollect it.

The last remarkable occasion on which I met the Duke was one which has been fully adverted to in preceding pages of this volume,¹ the Queen's visit to Worsley. I thank her for having procured me the pleasure of this recollection. I see him now on his arrival. I was laid up as I am now, in the room where I write this, and he spent an hour there before dressing time, with Lady Ellesmere, Lady Wilton,² and myself, in the highest force and spirits.

I wrote in successive years two elaborate

¹ A sort of Diary and Book of Reminiscences, extracts, etc., etc., from which these Memoranda are copied by the Editor.

² Mary, daughter of the Earl of Derby, first Countess of Wilton.

articles in the *Quarterly*, for the purpose of showing up some follies of the historian Alison which, coming from a professed admirer of the Duke, and a Conservative, carried with them more weight than they deserved. The history of these compositions is worth relating. The Duke had made it a rule never to read any work whatever bearing on his military career.¹ He said that they would merely tempt and provoke him to comments which he could not make without offence to living men. Before I knew this I once asked him for his opinion on a passage in Napier, with whose work I took for granted he was familiar. He positively refused to read even an extract.

While he was out of office he read everything else that came out, and I had been in the habit of sending him everything I had picked up, on the Continent especially, in the way of new works which I thought worth his notice, and generally ascertained, by his remarks, that he had digested them. One only of these, a clever history of the last Polish insurrection, I never got back. How then did he come across that pompous compiler from gazettes, Alison? It was thus. Arbuthnot had asked me to recommend him a readable Sunday paper. I suggested the *Spectator*, because I thought it very clever, and that its Liberalism would be qualified to Arbuthnot's taste by its lavish weekly abuse of

¹ He did, however, although very rarely, make an exception to this rule, as when he wrote his famous memorandum in reply to Clausewitz' "History of the Campaign."

the Whigs. That the Duke would read it did not enter into my speculations, and if it had I should not have been deterred, for there was much sense and ability in many of its articles. One number, however, contained a criticism on Alison, which brought under the Duke's notice the mis-statements of that writer and his foolish inferences from such authority as the *soi-disant* "Mémoires" of Fouché. The Duke made a nearer approach to being ruffled than I ever witnessed in him, and in the first instance took the wrong sow by the ear. He knew nothing of Mr Alison, and rushed, at first, to the conclusion that the Conservative Sheriff—who, poor man, thinks to this hour that the Duke owes half his fame to his writings—was a Whig, hired by that party to depreciate and defame him. I had much difficulty in convincing him of the real state of the case, namely, that Mr Alison sincerely admired the Duke, but only admired himself a good deal more. When, however, I undertook, with Gurwood's assistance, to deal with this nonsense in the *Quarterly*, the Duke not only gave his *imprimatur* and sanction to all I wrote, but in the second instance furnished me with a memorandum in his own hand, which I was able to a great extent to incorporate into the article. Blockheads, who thought that they were commenting on me, or some one of as little weight and authority, little knew whose language they were criticising and whose statements of fact they were disputing. Alison's first offence was venial, but his perseverance was inexcusable.

The Duke was fond of talking of his "*rapports*" with George IV., and of his mode of managing the particular temperament and caprices of that strange character. The task had not been easy, for the private society in which His Majesty chose to indulge did not refrain from political machinations which required attention to watch and dexterity to defeat.

I remember one instance of a sudden ebullition of independence which would have been amusing in its details if the subject had been less distressing, for it related to the carrying out a capital sentence. During the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Duke of Northumberland, and while I was his Secretary, an Irish gentleman of family, and a magistrate, was convicted of an aggravated case of arson. The evidence was conclusive, the malice unquestioned; mercy to a man in such a position and class of life would have been an insult to justice and public opinion. The wretched man, however, had an advocate in the higher quarter, and one fine day a letter reached the Phoenix Park commanding the Lord-Lieutenant to reprieve the convict.

I was staying at Hatfield, when I received a letter from my dear friend Archdeacon Singleton, Private Secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, announcing that the Lord-Lieutenant had sent in his resignation. I ordered post horses and drove straight up to Apsley House. As I entered the Duke's room, and before I was well over the threshold, he exclaimed, "I know what

you are come about. I have been to Windsor and settled it all." I need not add that the wretched man was punctually executed.

In trifles, as well as matters of importance, these explosions of autocracy were sometimes very embarrassing. The privilege of the *entrée* at Court, and of driving through the Park, were matters of which George IV. was not unreasonably jealous. I never ventured as Irish Secretary to ask for either, neither did they accrue in virtue of his office to the Lord-Lieutenant. One day His Majesty took it into his head to reform the list, and the first name he struck out was that of the Duke of Northumberland, who had lately accepted the Irish Office, and had long enjoyed the privilege. This was the sort of difficulty the Duke had frequently to settle.

On one occasion when the Duke visited the cottage, it pleased His Majesty to go out shooting. Unfortunately he missed every shot. The subject of the morning's occupation was not once mentioned at dinner.

Knighton knew more than was convenient, and George IV., who felt his power but did not like to break with him, used to take every opportunity of small revenge. Knighton did not know French, and the King, addressing Sir Henry Halford, expatiated on the charm of French Memoirs, adding his regret that Knighton could not profit by it. "Sir, I can write Memoirs of my own, if I am at a loss," was the reply, and a settler.

There was nothing George IV. liked better than to assert his social independence by surrounding himself with notorious and active enemies of his Ministers, male and female, the latter especially. The Duke, however, knew most of what passed, was prepared for all devices, and ready to brush away the flies when they buzzed too palpably. Except the bitterness of the Whigs at one time against Canning and the Grenville party, I never knew acrimony and under-valuation carried further than it was against the Duke by the surviving friends of Mr Canning.

Till the Despatches were published I do not think that either they or the Whigs conceded to him any Civil talent, and many Whigs are known to have believed that even his military successes had been due to such subordinates as Picton. Brougham was one of the first to do him justice, and Lord Grey, in private, did so very handsomely when the Despatches appeared.

It was certainly an extraordinary freak of nature which produced from the same stock two such men as Lord Wellesley and his brother Arthur, so eminent and so antipodean in their eminence. If Virgil and Cæsar, Pope and Cromwell, had been brothers, the contrast could hardly have been more striking.

In addition to the instances above related in which my interference has been requested with the Duke, I may mention that Lord John Russell one morning requested me to pay him

a visit. I went over accordingly to Chesham Place. I found that his object, which I had been unable to conjecture, as I was in no political relations with the Prime Minister, was to request me to make the Duke acquainted with the fact that the Government, expecting to be hard pressed on the subject of the Navigation Laws in the Lords, had made up their minds, in case of their being out-voted, to resign. They were of opinion that in the existing state of parties, the Duke would see in this contingency danger and prejudice to public interests, and they therefore wished him to shape a course by which many others would probably be guided on a full knowledge of the circumstances. As it happened, I had no reluctance, for I had had a conversation with Sir Robert Peel which had left myself no doubts as to my own vote, and I was well content that the Duke should hear what might possibly influence him in the same direction.

One of the last and kindest personal favours I received at the Duke's hands was the loan of Walmer Castle as a residence for last year's (1851) winter months. Any service of this description to a friend was what he most delighted in, and he thought Walmer, as he thought most places where his own lot was cast, charming, and that its dry soil and sea air would suit my health. I occupied as my study the room which he lived in, where, alas! he has breathed his last and now lies. His eighty-three years, and all the obvious reflections on the

common lot of sinful, and therefore mortal, man, cannot reconcile me to the thought. I have seen him in that room, in his litter of papers, with its deep embrasures, its cross-lights, and its curtainless camp-bed with its faded green silk cover. I knew every book in the shelves over the bed. One of his last acts was to send a message through Clanwilliam to renew the offer for the approaching winter, and I daily expected a letter to that effect. The last letter we did receive here from him was one to Lady Ellesmere, acknowledging the receipts of some extracts from Sir Robert Gardiner's Orders at Gibraltar, very creditable to my son Arthur, in which he promised to bring him forward in his profession. It was a kind one, on a pleasant subject, and I thank God it was so.

In the purchase of pictures the Duke always consulted Séguier till the death of that very worthy counsellor. There is a picture now at Apsley House, a very good head by Velasquez, said to be a portrait of Quesado. This had been sold at Lady Stuart's sale (mother to Lord Stuart de Rothesay), and was re-purchased at my suggestion from Smith of Bond Street, as a fitting addition to his Spanish pictures, but not without Séguier's advice. Lady Westmoreland, herself an artist, had, however, more influence than I had with him in matters of art, and, in the case of the statue by Wyatt, I think it was her influence which led him to insist on its being placed where it is, or at least to express his feeling in that disputed

question in a manner which made resistance impossible. It is, I think, a bad thing in a bad place.¹

He was much pleased with d'Orsay's statuette of himself, and was eager to take me to Gore House to see it. I forget what prevented us. The best sculpture of and concerning him, in my opinion, is Steele's statue at Edinburgh, and the bas-reliefs on Marochetti's pedestal at Glasgow. The best portraits, Arbuthnot's half-length by Lawrence, and Sir Robert Peel's whole-length, standing with the telescope, also by Lawrence; one of the worst, Lord Bathurst's equestrian full-length, which is a libel on poor Copenhagen, who was not made of wood. I have often visited the old horse in his paddock with the Duke. When he died, Mrs Arbuthnot and, I think, other ladies had bracelets made of his hair.

After the Battle of Talavera he sat to a Portuguese artist for a whole-length, of which there is an elaborate line-engraving. He is represented, I think, in Portuguese uniform, in Hessians, and it is remarkable for the size and strength of the legs, in which I believe the artist was accurate. This print I have seen in the dining-room at Walmer, and I think there is another in a bed-room at Apsley House. I never saw one except that at Walmer, and I conclude it to be rare. The engraver inscribed

¹ Removed when the alterations were made at Constitution Hill, and a much better one occupies its place. Wyatt's was on the top of the Arch, and was far too big for its position, besides all its other faults.—ED.

under it the Latin word *invicto*. Croker tells me that the Duke wrote under this in pencil, "Don't cry till you are out of the wood"—a modest commentary which fortunately never became applicable.

The second article which I wrote for the *Quarterly* on Waterloo was partly a commentary on the work of the Prussian Clausewitz. A translation in MS. of this had been furnished to him by a friend—I believe the late Lord Liverpool. The Duke had some doubt of the competence of the translator, and would not look at it till I had gone over it and certified its accuracy, which I did. He then read it, and made on it comments, some of which appear verbatim in the article in question. I forwarded to him last year some passages which I translated for him from Müffling's autobiography. I received in return several sheets of observations on the Belgian campaign which cost me much pains to decipher. His handwriting of late had become the despair of his friends, and also of himself, when he had to recur to it. The reason of this was that he would persevere in writing without spectacles. His sight, like my own, had remained perfect for distant objects. He was rather proud of this, and was slow to admit that it had become defective for near inspection.

He read at my request my preface to Clausewitz on the Russian campaign, and wrote me a commentary, concurring with my observations.

His private life of latter years was very

lonely. His increasing deafness made conversation laborious to him, and the intercourse of the dinner-table what it always must be to the deaf, tantalising. I am convinced that but for the misfortune of that deafness which deprived the Duke for some of his last years of social intercourse, the unclouded state of his faculties would have been recognised by all. A week before he died, he paid a long visit to Croker. The latter informed me that he adverted in his conversation to the remote period when he was Irish Secretary. When he left England, still holding that office, he committed some of its business, Irish bills, to the care of Croker, and he now adverted to details of them which Croker himself had long forgotten.

While Arbuthnot remained to him, it was easier for him to entertain common friends of both than it afterwards became, and though to the last I could depend upon the same cheerful and cordial reception by him at Apsley House, I would not on any account have suggested myself as a guest at dinner, as I sometimes did when Arbuthnot was at hand.

At Walmer he may be said to have been alone sometimes for weeks. His sound sleep by night never left him, though latterly he slept a good deal by day. I have often looked into his room at Apsley House, and found him fast in his chair, in a chaos of papers, which I might have read without a chance of rousing him. Still, to the last, I never found in him apparent reluctance to discuss and enter into any subject,

public or private, which I had occasion to start, and if it were one which he had been considering, his voice would rise, and the old fire blaze up with as much energy as in the House of Lords.

The only time I ever was at Burleigh, he was one of a large party. It was at the crisis of the Canada insurrection, and he came to my room to read me a paper of military suggestions, which he was about to send off to the Whig Government. The walls of Burleigh are thick, or I question whether his voice would not have reached the drawing-room.

One of his compositions which struck me as most extraordinary of its class, was a paper of this kind upon India, having reference to the Afghan War, but which involved military geographical details relating to the whole extent of the three Presidencies. He had drawn it up entirely from memory, and without looking at a map. On the difficulties of the Afghanistan operation, the clash of the Bombay and Bengal armies on the river, the necessity of dealing with the Ameers, etc., he was absolutely prophetic.

This happened 28th January 1836. On this occasion the Duke told us the history of the *Portfolio*. The papers were obtained in Constantinople by the clever adventurer and creature of Palmerston, Urquhart, who was made Secretary of Legation, and had at the time complete possession of Lord Ponsonby. They were published in order to get up a feeling in favour of war with Russia, were a good deal garbled, but true in the main. I

remember his laughing much at an incident of this time and subject. There was a fire in Downing Street at the Foreign Office, and Urquhart, who was supposed to be at Constantinople, suddenly rose like a phantom in the ruins.¹

I was anxious once to ask his advice and that of Lord Lyndhurst on some matters of legal concern to myself. They both came down to Oatlands at a day's notice. His habit of late years of coming among the earliest to evening parties, and staying for a few complimentary minutes, was well known. I think he stayed longer than usual at the ball this year (1852) which was given by Lady Ellesmere in the Gallery of Bridgewater House. He spoke to many in high appreciation of all our proceedings for and during the reception of the Queen (at Worsley Hall), seemed to consider no expense wasted on such a purpose.

He called on Lady Clanwilliam the morning after his return to Walmer, to tell her all the

¹ I am tempted to quote here a foot-note from my uncle Charles Greville's Journals on the subject of the *Portfolio*.

The text has: "I was desirous of seeing the Duke to hear what he says to the *Portfolio*, which makes so much noise here." (Then comes the note.) "A collection of diplomatic papers and correspondence between the Russian Government and its agents published about this time by Mr Urquhart, was supposed to throw light on the secret policy of the Cabinet of St Petersburg. They were, in fact, copies of the original documents which had been sent to Warsaw for the information of the Grand Duke Constantine when Viceroy of Poland, and they fell into the hands of the insurgents at the time of the Polish revolution of 1830. Prince Adam Czartorsky brought them to England, where the publication of them excited great attention."—"Journal of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV.," vol. iii. p. 327, A.D. 1836.—ED.

particulars, and described it as the best arranged festivity he had assisted at—praise which leaves nothing to be desired.

In his diet the Duke was temperate and very careless. He was fond of telling of the uniform good health which he enjoyed in India, where for three years he lived under canvas, eating little but rice, and drinking little or no wine. His Indian habits as to rice continued through life; he ate it with meat, and almost everything, and those who knew his habits had it in readiness where he dined out. Of late years, an ordinary observer would have considered him a very indiscriminate feeder; in the flow of conversation at dinner he often, without thinking or caring about it, accepted everything that was carried round, and I have seen his plate filled with the most incongruous articles, which, however, he scarcely tasted, but sent away almost untouched.

I have often seen him do the honours of a large tea-table on returning from a shooting party at Strathfieldsaye. I believe him to have been the inventor of the commixture of ale with soda water, which I, first at least, tasted under his auspices. He scarcely knew one wine from another, and was quite unconscious of such minor gastronomic evils as bad butter at breakfast.

When he reached Dover in 1814, after six years' absence from England, the first order he gave at the Ship Inn was for an unlimited supply of buttered toast. Alava, who was present, made

some conversation with the landlady, who told him that it was a remarkably fine season for *apples*, which the Spaniard treasured up as a standing joke upon the climate and productions of England.

His health, till that period of his mission to Russia when he first suffered from deafness, had been nearly uninterrupted. I think he was once laid up in Spain for a few hours with lumbago. In India he contracted a rather obstinate and troublesome cutaneous disease from sleeping in the captain's berth in a Portuguese vessel. He cured it with nitric acid baths, then in vogue, under a Dr Scott.

In 1821, soon after my Wherstead visit, I was, for reasons best known to George IV., a frequent guest at the Pavilion, where among many guests I again met the Duke. I remember one dinner at which George IV. related the entire history of the assassination of the Emperor Paul, subject to constant correction by the Duke, who knew the details more accurately.

I have said that he was a somewhat careless driver. At one time he was in the habit of driving himself about the streets at night in a cabriolet, in a most daring and reckless fashion. I remember a great dinner given by Lord Salisbury to the Duke, Peel, and others, to exhibit his house, lately enlarged and repaired. The walls were still damp, and Lady Salisbury I believe to have caught the illness off them of which she died. It was the longest and latest dinner of my experience, and would have

been longer if the Duke had not at last risen to go to the Ancient Music. He took me in his cab through a fog, with a high-trotting horse and a slack rein, talking all the while.

He grew latterly very impatient of any request to sit for bust or picture. I scarcely know a subject on which I should have so much feared to approach him. The Minister of a foreign Sovereign was not long since obliged to do so, and my brother-in-law was equally obliged to break the message to him. "I won't sit," he said; "why can't they take some of the existing busts and copy that?" After a pause he said, "D——n him!" His use of this expletive was rare. I do not remember ever hearing him swear.

He was commonly supposed to have held cavalry in general, and our cavalry in particular, in comparatively low esteem. I do not, however, think that I ever heard him speak so highly of the performance of any troops as he did to me of the conduct of the —th Light Dragoons at Bristol. He said that no foreign troops in the world could have dealt as they did with the difficulties of the case.

"When," he said, "they were ordered to walk, they walked—to trot, they trotted—to strike with the flat of the sword, they did it. When they were ordered out of the town, they went, and when told to return and quell the riot, they did it with a single troop."

I do not remember to have seen any favourite about the Duke of the canine species. I have

heard him speak of one in India, a terrier, which, being left behind when he took the field, made his way for 400 miles across the country to his quarters.

He told Mr Arbuthnot that he read Cæsar's "Commentaries" through and through in India. He considered Hannibal, by many degrees, the greatest soldier on record. He had certainly little respect for the professional writers of our time on strategy, such as Jomini, but spoke of the Archduke Charles as a man who "could show the best of us the way," meaning as an author.

He had also a high opinion of the Archduke as a commander in the field, and considered his campaign against Jourdain and Moreau, in 1798, as the greatest strategic display of science of our time.

Of his own antagonists, the Duke invariably spoke of Masséna as the most dangerous and difficult to deal with; of Sault as the best strategist, but as very defective and irresolute in actual collision.

He mentioned as his beau-ideal of a cavalry regiment one of Saxon Hussars, which formed part of the army of occupation in France.

On the subject of the relative merits of the Austrian and Prussian armies, he preferred the old soldiers of the Austrian rank-and-file to the short service and almost militia material of the Prussian system. The latter, however, he considered as having a great advantage in having its gentry among the infantry officers — in

Austria, men of family usually entering only into the cavalry. He considered that the excellence of our own army mainly derived itself from the circumstance that its officers were gentlemen in the true sense of the word. A French officer, he said, will cut your throat if you tell him he is not a gentleman, but that does not make him one. He believed the Austrian artillery to be the best instructed in Europe.

The Duke was always slow to speak in disparagement of foreign troops and their commanders. From many conversations, however, I ascertained that his opinion was not high of the systems pursued to the last by the Allies in their operations against Napoleon. He opined that they had throughout indulged in distant and ineffective cannonades, and that they laid too much account by the relative proportions of artillery in the field. He was satisfied that in a little time he would have made their soldiers as good as his own for carrying out a more summary and practical system of bringing on collision. Napoleon's system he believed to be very simple and effective—that of bullying with much noise and smoke, puzzling his cautious adversaries as to his point of attack, and massing under cover of light troops and guns his own people on one or two points. His cavalry he used with skill and effect in masses which moved forward, not fast, and occupied a position till the infantry could follow and secure it. "He tried this," he said, "with me at Waterloo, and when he had placed his men on the ground he

probably concluded that, according to precedent, I should retire ; but I moved up thirteen regiments of infantry, and destroyed or disorganized the cavalry before he could follow up the rush.”¹

29th October 1853. — Flahault gave Lord Rutherford an account of a curious and impressive scene at which he assisted as Aide-de-camp to Napoleon during the Hundred Days. A regiment, recruited from La Vendée, had fired upon a body of the troops which had come over to Napoleon in the south of France. When the latter was reinstated in the Tuileries he ordered this regiment to Paris, and one morning formed it into a hollow square, and, attended only by Flahault, rode into it to address them—

¹ It was the practice of the French cavalry to receive attacks standing still with a volley of carbines. The instances of this in York's Life, by Droysen, a valuable book, are frequent. It appears often to have answered, and notoriously did so at Ligny, where the heavy cavalry received Blücher's last attack in this manner, but in many instances it signally failed against the Prussians. I collect from Prussian works that this mode of receiving attack was almost invariable with the French *heavy* cavalry. In our service, and, I apprehend, in most others, it is a rule that cavalry should never wait to receive an attack.

He considered Napoleon as the greatest master on record in the art of handling large masses, and deriving the greatest possible advantage from superiority of numbers and resources ; further, as the most dangerous of all commanders in front of whom to make a false movement. He assented to the popular French dictum, that his presence with his army was to be valued at 40,000 men. As to his policy, “that was all bullying.”

[I heard an anecdote in a sermon this morning : “After one of the peaces which we made with Napoleon, the latter was much displeas'd with the arrangements, and said to our Ambassador, ‘I will make war upon England!’ The Ambassador bowed and replied, ‘*That*, Sir, is your own affair.’ Still more angry Napoleon rejoined, ‘I will annihilate England!’ ‘*That*, Sir, is *our* affair.’”—ED.]

Flahault, from his knowledge of the disposition of officers and men, being persuaded that the life of neither was worth two minutes' purchase.

The address was to the effect: "You are steeped in disgrace and infamy. You have fired on these glorious colours which have led you from victory to victory, from capital to capital. I should be justified in decimating and disbanding you, but I will yet give you the opportunity of expiating your guilt. You shall wash away its traces with your own blood and with that of the enemies of France."

The effect was indescribable. The regiment left the ground the most attached to his person and his dynasty of those which a few days later sacrificed themselves at Waterloo.

I find the following memorandum of a conversation. I mentioned Mitchell's (author of "Life of Wallenstein") low opinion of Napoleon's *military* talents and exploits. The Duke said: "He is certainly wrong. Napoleon was the first man of his day on a field of battle, and with French troops. I confine myself to that. His policy was mere bullying, and, military matters apart, he was a Jonathan Wild."

I quoted some passages from Fielding's Memoir of that great man, which made the Duke laugh for half an hour. He is fully worthy of Fielding, and has a keen enjoyment of wit.

The Duke had some singular opinions about Charles I. and James II. He considered the

former as remarkable for military talent—"the best officer of his day" was the expression. James II., he said, "showed great administrative talent at the Admiralty, and the best regulations now existing in that department date from his tenure of office."

The Duke and Croker, travelling in a carriage together, played, to pass the time, a game which consists in guessing at the description of the objects to be first met with after crowning a hill or turning a corner. The Duke had greatly the advantage, and when Croker observed upon his success, said: "You don't consider that I have been passing my life in guessing what I might meet with beyond the next hill, or round the next corner? . . ."

The Duke mentioned, as one of the most remarkable phenomena of sudden and total rout of a disciplined army he had ever seen, the fact that when the French position at Waterloo was finally carried, he saw in more than one instance the arms of entire regiments piled, as they had been during the day, in rear of the corps engaged, and deserted by their owners.

Ouvrard, who as Chief Commissary and contractor to the French army had attended Napoleon through the action, told me that Napoleon was suffering from a complaint which made riding painful and nearly impossible. He sat through nearly the whole of the day on a rush-bottomed chair. I could not collect from Ouvrard that he was ever what would be considered fairly under fire, but he, Ouvrard, said

that a led horse was hit by a stray shot among the suite in his immediate attendance.

Lord Hatherton heard from Bobus Smith the particulars of his Eton encounter with the Duke. Smith was bathing, and was pelted from the bank by young Wellesley. He threatened to get out and thrash him, which the other dared him to do. He got out and fought without dressing, and was defeated in three or four rounds.¹

The Duke frequently spoke of his adventures at sea. He had a quarrel with the officer in command of the ship which conveyed him to Ceylon. The band of one of the regiments was on board. The men complained of the provisions, and deputed the band-master to make a

¹ BATH, 6th October 1853.

General Sir Alexander MacKenzie of Fairbairn was with the Duke at the Angers Military Academy. He now resides at Bath. He was called "le beau MacKenzie," a favourite of the Duke of York, and full of recollections. The Duke at Angers was ailing and sickly, too much so to take much part in the bodily exercises, riding, fencing, etc., which, I believe, were the principal part of the instruction at this school. He passed most of the time on a sofa, playing with a white terrier. They left the Academy together, and travelled to Paris. Some miles short of that city their carriage broke down, and they had to walk the remainder of the way, and had some difficulty in finding a lodging. They did not meet again till after Waterloo, when the General found the Duke at Paris, not having this time broken down by the way. He reminded the Duke of their adventure. "Recollect it?" said the Duke, "to be sure I do, and I have been doing nothing but try to find out the place where we lodged."

The General observed that, in following the Duke's subsequent career, nothing had surprised him more than his physical strength and endurance, remembering, as he did, his condition at Angers.

"Ah," said the Duke, "that is all India. India effected a total change in my constitution."

representation to the Captain, who immediately ordered him to be flogged. General Wellesley, being informed of this, asked the Captain whether it was so, and the latter coolly replied it was, that he was master on board, accountable to nobody, etc., etc. The Duke said, certainly the man must be flogged, but added, "I shall make my report on shore, and you will abide the consequences." The outrage was not committed.

A ten-gun brig conveyed him to Germany to join Lord Cathcart. The Captain had his wife on board, and the main cabin was divided by a flag, the couple on one side, the Duke on the other. The lady did not leave her berth during the voyage, but when the vessel was coming to an anchor at Cuxhaven, the Duke heard her order the cabin-boy, who acted as lady's-maid, to bring her the Captain's *comb* and *toothbrush*, and a *pair of silk stockings*, as she was going ashore.

The splendid lines of Tickell¹ (on Addison) have probably been often applied to the obsequies

¹ An Extract from Thomas Tickell's lines, "To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Addison."

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
 How silent did his old companions tread
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague."

of eminent men. They were, in my opinion, much misapplied by Sir James Mackintosh to those of Grattan. I remember the Duke saying that he had always repented the having attended Grattan's funeral; that Lord Castlereagh and himself had been wrong in doing so, for that, in their view of the subject, Grattan had been little else or better than a rebel.

I think the last occasion on which I attended the Duke on horseback was that of the Queen's visit to Arundel. The roads were like iron, and very slippery with a black frost, but he insisted on riding out to meet Her Majesty. We went about four miles towards Chichester, and then dismounted to warm our feet till the cortège should appear. The Duke drew up to let the carriages pass and to salute the Queen, and then put his horse to a gallop, in order to pass her and be at the Castle gate to receive her.

*3rd September 1845.*¹— "I landed at Dover from a tour abroad, and finding Lord Fitzroy on the pier, learned that the Duke, Arbuthnot, and Lord Cowley were at Walmer. I therefore went over and stayed the night.

"The French had not the ghost of a chance till they carried La Haye. It was their only success, and came too late to be of consequence. The Duke had not only carefully examined the position of Waterloo, but also one formerly occupied by Marlborough in front of Hal. The reason why he kept a strong force there under General Colville and Prince Frederick was

¹ I think it was October.

because he thought that Napoleon ought to have manœuvred after his success at Ligny in that direction in order to drag away the Duke from his communication with Blücher. For this purpose he should have marched from Quatre Bras, not on Genappes, but by the Nivelles road, along which our people had come up from our right on the 15th.¹ Prince Frederick was therefore made strong enough to hold Hal till the Duke could march to his support from Waterloo. It is curious that this corps did not hear the firing at Waterloo.

“If Müffling is well informed, it was not till the Duke received an answer from Blücher, promising to join with his *whole force*, instead of a corps for which the Duke had asked, that the Duke resolved to keep Prince Frederick in force at Hal.

“The present Lord Rokeby was close to the gun, one of Captain Bull’s howitzers, from which the first shot of the battle was fired. The Duke, for the special defence of Hougomont, had put a number of howitzers together on ground which commanded that position and a wood and the French line of defence beyond. When the French column under Jerome showed itself within range or near it, a blind shell was thrown to try the distance. It fell a little short, the word was passed down the battery for the requisite elevation. The officers of the Guards’ battalion stationed near, approached to watch the effect, but were soon sent back by the Duke, who told them to go to their men, for that they would have the d—l’s own fire upon them

¹ The 16th is probably meant, as none of “our people” came up on the 15th except the Nassau troops, who arrived from Genappes (not Nivelles), and the Dutch Belgians.

immediately. He himself watched the effect for some time, and told me that after a while he saw a heavy column of men retiring from the wood towards the French rear. He was puzzled for some time by their appearance, but at length made out distinctly that it was a column of wounded. He said they could not have lost less than 1000 men in the first three-quarters of an hour about Hougoumont. The Duke said the King of Würtemberg was the cleverest man and ablest officer of all existing German sovereigns.

“Talking of French invasion, he said: ‘Talk of their not subsisting themselves here. I have seen them in Spain, with every communication cut off, live on their own horses. I knew what they would do in this country, eat everything, burn the towns, and carry off the women.’”

The above is copied from a memorandum made at the time.

He always said that if he had had his army of the South of France with him, he would have attacked Napoleon at Waterloo, more probably I imagine at Quatre Bras. I well remember some one asking whether the French could have stood long. “But three minutes,” was the answer, striking the table.

I think it was Lord Fitzroy (Somerset) who told me that we had a notion that the French glasses in Spain were not so good as those used by the Duke. This was founded on some occurrences of our retreat from Burgos. Lord Fitzroy told me that in the affair of Toulouse, so much vaunted by French writers, it was our

opinion that Soult's defence was by no means remarkable for him, or what it might have been with such a position.

After hostilities were over, Soult and the Duke met, travelling post in different directions, somewhere on the Bordeaux road. The postilions as usual changed horses, and while this was going on, Soult, learning who he was, got out and approached the Duke's britska. The Duke was fast asleep, and Soult, after looking him well over, returned to his own carriage without waking him.

The Duke had a high opinion of, and regard for, Lord Beresford, but not any confidence in his moral nerve.¹ In the case of Albuera, the Duke arrived just in time to point out to Lord Beresford that he had gained a victory, and to prevent him from writing a despatch of a different tenor. The Duke told me that at Albuera he saw one of our regiments literally lying dead in their ranks as they had stood, which he said he never saw elsewhere. At Salamanca, when the famous

¹ At Salamanca Lord Beresford was much opposed to the Duke's attacking. He prevented him from doing so at an earlier period of the day, about twelve o'clock, much to the vexation of the Staff. He was, however, probably right, and certainly, as it turned out, fortunate in his advice. He had seen large masses of the enemy collected behind the intended point of attack. The French position was strong, and the affair, whatever its termination would have been, more bloody to us than the great exploit, subsequently with better opportunity achieved. Lord Downes, then Sir Ulysses de Burgh, riding with the order to Pakenham to attack, met Lord Beresford and said, "Well, we are going to attack at last, and you can't prevent it." Lord Beresford was still uneasy and opposed to it. The Duke, however, had a high opinion of him, which was fully justified at Toulouse.

attack was ordered, Lord Beresford could not conceal his apprehensions. Napier tells an anecdote, pretty and true, of Pakenham at Salamanca, before riding away to lead the attack, requesting a shake of the Duke's hand. The Duke gave it, but with no relaxation from his usual rigidity. Even under such circumstances anything like display of sentiment was uncongenial to him. On the occasion when the 40th regiment behaved so well (mentioned elsewhere), some of the Staff could not resist taking off their hats and cheering. The Duke instantly and peremptorily called them to order.

Before Vimiera, a cavalry vedette, I think, a German, rode up to the Duke in a state of fear, which the Duke said literally lifted the helmet from his head.

"*Bei Gott*, they are coming on, Sir."

"How many, do you think?" said the Duke.

"One hundred thousand."

The Duke told me that the only man of superior ability he ever had to do with in the Peninsula was Forjas the Portuguese, for some time a member of the regency. He spoke favourably of the manner in which Longa carried out some specific instructions of his to Lord Lynedoch in the movement on Vittoria. He directed Lord Lynedoch to keep advancing so as to outflank the French right and seize ultimately their most direct line of retreat on France, but if possible to keep the Spaniards

constantly in front, so as to persuade the French as long as possible that it was nothing but a movement of some independent partisan corps unsupported by English troops. Longa, the Duke told me, understood his meaning, and did it very well. The Duke always spoke with affection and respect of Romana, but had no great opinion of his abilities.

The Duke used to say that "Gil Blas" never could have been written, as some maintain it was, by a Spaniard, because it constantly describes dinners which are unknown in Spain. The only dinner given to him by an individual in Spain was by the Duchess d'*Ossuna* (this is incorrect; he dined once with Madame Sta. Cruz, and once with the King), and *that*, he said, was exactly like the Bodas di Camacho in "Don Quixote," whole sheep, etc.

He (the Duke) often talked of the strange history, well related in Napier, of the proposal made to him in Portugal by the agent of a conspiracy of Soult's officers¹ to carry Soult off and surrender him, dead or alive, to the English. The Duke neither trusted nor encouraged such an emissary, but he said that the facility with which the man, who was ultimately arrested and after once escaping, retaken and shot, passed to and fro between the armies, convinced him, at the time, that his scheme was not without foundation, and that a conspiracy really to some extent existed of so strange a nature.

One of our commissaries complained formally

¹ See also page 173.

to the Duke that Picton¹ had threatened to hang him. "Did he?" said the Duke; "then I advise you to take care, for he is quite the man to do it."

The late Lord Clinton was on the Duke's Staff in Spain. He told me that he was with him during the storm of Badajoz. The main breach was still holding out, when a note was brought in. It was necessary to procure a candle to read it, and there was some delay in finding one. Lord Clinton said that in this interval the Duke betrayed more anxiety than any one about him had ever witnessed in him. The note was from Kempt to say that he was *in the Castle*.

I have heard others say that they never saw him so thoroughly angry as late in the evening of the 17th at Waterloo. As the troops were taking up their ground, the French pressing rather closely, an officer of our artillery took upon himself to open a fire upon them. The Duke was *very* angry, thinking it might lead to a useless and ineffectual waste of life and ammunition. He had just returned from retracing his steps towards Genappes, to which he had hurried on receiving a report from Lord Anglesea of the cavalry affair at Genappes, which he had found happily concluded by the attack of the 1st Life Guards. As he rode back to his quarters after his interview with Blücher on the evening of the 18th, he was

¹ Fitchett in his book "How England saved Europe" says it was not Picton but General Crawford who thus threatened the Commissary. Cf. Lord Stanhope's "Conversations with the Duke of Wellington," pp. 187-299.—ED.

recognised in the moonlight by the wounded on the road. Many of them cheered him as he passed. He found his quarters at Waterloo full of French superior officers, prisoners, who expected to be invited to dinner. He refused to admit them, telling them that they must make their peace with Louis XVIII., before he could have anything to say to them. French writers generally treat the defection of General Bourmont as an important event, and suppose that he communicated information of consequence to the Duke.¹ The Duke was, in fact, scarcely aware of the circumstance. It was communicated to him in the heat of the action. He paid it no attention, and did not see the General.

I remember when Bourmont, strange to say, became War Minister under Charles X., the Duke said: "It will never do; he can never get over an act of desertion in the field."²

The above Memoranda have been written off generally from recollection. I find on returning to Hatchford some scattered Memoranda which now assume a melancholy value and interest.

¹ Bourmont deserted on the 15th, not to the English but the Prussians.

² Colonel Waters made a most remarkable escape from imprisonment in Spain. He had refused to give his parole, and was therefore guarded by a strong escort. During a halt a Spanish farmer approached him and asked, *sotto voce*, whether he could do anything for him. He replied "Nothing," unless he could get him a new pair of rowels to his spurs. This the man contrived, and the Colonel made good use of them the

*Extract of Letter from the Duke of Wellington to
Lady Charlotte Greville.*

“ August 1818.

“ I went yesterday to Bramshill, as well as Strathfieldsaye. The house at the former is of the date and in the style of Hatfield, but neither so large nor so magnificent, nor are the proportions of the rooms good. They are all too low. The walls are all tottering, and out of the perpendicular, and would fall if the roof were taken off. I am certain it would cost more to make anything of this house than to build a new one. The house is well situated, but not remarkably, nor is there anything remarkable in the place, which is on the borders of Bagshot Heath, and so near, as that the house is only a quarter of a mile from it. Indeed, the place on that side is remarkably ugly, and the soil of that kind of heathy

next day on the march, dashing down a steep bank, and gaining a cork-wood. He made his appearance shortly after at the Duke's dinner-table. The Duke's first impression was that he had broken his parole, and I have heard those present say that the expression of his countenance was one which they could never forget, till explanation cleared his brow. The Duke was slow to anger, but when occasion required, the effect was awful.

When the army was about to enter France, Abisbal, who then commanded the Spaniards, made a formal representation that they were not in condition to join in the operation, and the Duke consented to their remaining in Spain occupied with the blockade of Pampeluna. The Duke afterwards detected a despatch of Abisbal to his Government to the effect that he and his army would never forget the insult which had been put on them.

When the Duke visited Madrid after the Peace of Paris, a visit from Abisbal was one morning announced. The Duke said, “ Let him come up,” and sent all others away. Those who saw Abisbal retire from that interview have described him as pale, nearly fainting, and clinging to the banisters of the stair for support.

sand which could never grow anything to render it handsome. I may buy the estate therefore, but shall never live on that spot. . . . The truth is that there is an old porch, and a kind of *fraised* balustrade, of which people have made drawings which have struck the fancy of Lord Grenville and others, but I am certain that a visit to the place will dissipate the illusion."

My father has a note on this letter :—

"The Duke was doubtless right about the difficulty and expense of restoring Bramshill. In other respects, I think, he undervalues it. The situation is very fine, and in as strong contrast to the swampy flat of Strathfieldsaye, as its Hatfield style of architecture is to that miserable specimen of a French Château. The only consolation for the neglect of the opportunity to purchase it, is that at that time the restoration would probably have been ill done, possibly by *Soane* or *Nash*. The lowness of rooms which hits the Duke's eye is, I suspect, confined to the hall, out of which an upper room has been manufactured by a ceiling half-way up the wall. The heath behind is rather desolate of its kind, but not unsuited in character to such a mansion."

From a Letter of the Duke of Wellington.

"5th September 1818.

"Have you read La Baume's history of the Campaign of Russia? If you have not, pray do. It contains, in my opinion, next to the account of the wreck of the *Medusa*, the best picture of your friends, the *modern* French, that I have yet seen. The military part is not worth your attention, but the rest is capital."

Sept. 1818.—“ I have just heard a good story of a travelling Bull family, who were passing the road during our review on Thursday. The enemy, consisting of the Cavalry, Infantry, Staff Corps, etc., English troops, were to be beaten out of the village of D'Ouchy, on the high road to Valenciennes, by the Saxon troops, according to the plan, and this part of it was carried into execution just as Mr and Mrs Bull were passing, and there was a good deal of firing, and the light troops were running away and the Saxons following, hooting and holloing as if all had been real. Mrs Bull took fright and fainted away, which did not prevent Mr Bull from getting out of the carriage and running with his flying countrymen, and he seriously thought the whole was in earnest, that war had been declared, and that this was the first action; and as he could not understand, or make himself understood by, the Saxons, some time elapsed before the matter was set right by an English doctor who happened to be standing by. In the meantime Mrs Bull fell into the hands of the Saxons, and was recovered from her faint by their surgeons! ”

*Extract of a Letter of 25th Dec. 1818, to
Lady Charlotte Greville.*

“ I believe I shall be appointed Master-General (of the Ordnance) in the beginning of the week. I hear that the Department in London, as well as the Officers at Woolwich, are very much alarmed at my appointment. I understand that some wag stuck up a bulletin in a sort of coffee-house they have there, the morning after they heard of it, stating, ‘ The Field-Officers and Captains, after passing a very restless and uncomfort-

able night, are as well as could be expected this morning!'"

From Fragments of a Letter of 1818.

" If I recollect right I promoted him, and I know that I always showed him every attention and kindness in my power. But there are some people in the world upon whom even a sense of gratitude cannot prevail to refrain from detracting from the character of a person in eminent station and of great success in the world. I believe Sir G. W——¹ was the one of those who discovered that I was no captain,² a circumstance which it is fortunate for them and me, and unfortunate for the French, that they did not discover twelve years ago. But not satisfied with that, it has been found out that I am a gambler, and that I have lost all the money which the Nation has lavished upon me to the Regent and Lord Yarmouth. No sensible, well-informed person will believe the contrary, and the report is so generally circulated that some of the Jews have sent to me to offer to lend me money, '*en secret*'!! . . . had an acceptance of mine, which he was willing to take up, and that there were others in circulation which he would likewise take up if I wished it, and that the utmost secrecy should be observed. Now it so happens that in the whole course of my life, whether in poverty or otherwise, I have never had occasion to accept a bill."

¹ Not Sir G. Walker.—(E. E.)

² This reminds me of one of Herbert Cornewall's American stories :—

"*Am.* You think your Wellington a great man?—Yes, Sir."

"*Eng.* Why, we have a notion of that sort."

"*Am.* Well, there is an Aide of General Brown's here, who says he is no *Ginneral*."

From a Letter of 12th January 1819, containing remarks on the fall of the Duc de Richelieu's Ministry in France.

“I preached this opinion frequently to them at Paris, but it was like the voice in the desert!! Kings will get worse and worse in France, till at last some fine day this family will be overthrown as by a blast of wind. God send that it may not be a storm!”

15th January 1819.—“Castlereagh has the gout very badly. . . . Your old acquaintance has infinitely more of what is called ability; but he wants sense and conduct, and above all in cases in which we all want these qualifications where self is concerned. Lord H—— F—— is in town, and has already had a headache. I think he is the most curious composition of a man that I have ever met with.”

19th January 1819.—“I am just returned from Hatfield where I was hunting yesterday. Lady Salisbury rode just as she did thirty years ago, and it occurred to me, as I was waiting for breakfast, that everything at the place is now exactly in the same state in which it was at that period. Among other circumstances, there is a little daughter of Lady Westmeath's there, as like her as she can be, who sat upon my knee at breakfast, as little Emily used formerly.”

26th January 1819.—(*On the subject of the King of the Netherlands towards the Prince Auguste d'Arenberg.*)

“However, between ourselves, I am afraid it is true that, although we are all a little annoyed by the little troubles and duties of office, we are none of us comfortable without the occupation which they give us, and we none of us like to be passed

over. I am afraid that the King is too much of a Republican to appreciate the value of the services of a gentleman!"

19th February 1819.—“I went to Brighton on Tuesday, as I told you I should, and was remarkably well received. I arrived early, and gave or rather had an audience immediately, which lasted for three hours, and we were throughout the day *couleur de rose*. The Regent looks remarkably well, and old Cholmondeley twenty years younger than he did. But the Regent says that this is because he has not lately been obliged to eat his own dinners and drink his own wine.”

23rd February 1819.—“On Friday I was seized with a headache, which more resembled the breaking of the head than any other pain of which I can form an idea, which, however, went off when I went into the air.”¹

London, 5th March 1819.—“It is certainly true, as you say, that there are many persons in London who are very agreeable society, and one might collect more here than elsewhere; I don't know how it is, but it always appears to me as if London was an immense *petite ville*, of which the inhabitants knew each other too well, indeed so well as to be completely tired of each other. The truth is that during the long war they were confined to their island, and so jumbled up together, that it is impossible that that effect should not have been produced. For this reason every stranger and everything new is a curiosity, and run after for a moment, till it is found that strangers are like those of the *petite ville*, and the disposition to be bored prevails in respect to them

¹ That is from a Committee of the Lords of which he complains much. This was probably one of the first attacks which ended in producing his deafness.

as in respect to others. I wish the dinners were not quite so long, and that we had more society to go to in an evening. I passed yesterday delightfully! In the Committee of the House of Lords from 12 to $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 5. Went to dine at the Mansion-House at 6, and sat at table with the Duke of York, listening to the stupidity of the Lord Mayor and Citizens till 12, when I returned home."

9th March 1819.—"I always thought that Lowe was the most unfit person to be charged with the care of Buonaparte's person. But I don't believe your Cook's stories. On the contrary, I believe that Buonaparte is in very good health, and as well provided for as a man can be at St Helena."

16th March 1819.—"The Duchess of Richmond is in great style. She has been to the Pavilion, and she is now commanded to attend a Committee of the House of Commons and give evidence of Lady Madelina's marriage. I advised her to take care that they did not question her about her own. We made her believe that she could not attend the Committee without leave of the House of Lords. If we had managed the matter well, we should have made her believe that she ought to have the leave of the Peers of France, and a *Tabouret* to sit upon."

"The whole *petite ville* are occupied by an event which occurred the night before last, which appears to have driven even the game law from our thoughts. The Cabinet had dined at Lord Castlereagh's, and we sat rather later than usual, till near twelve, and then Lord Westmoreland, Lord Castlereagh, and I went to Almack's. The latter with me. We arrived about five minutes

after the hour fixed for closing the doors, and were sent away, notwithstanding that Lord Castlereagh twice sent the pages up to the Lady Patronesses, and used my name as the Cheval de Bataille. The answer to the last message was that her Ladyship begged his Lordship would go home, and to bed. This decision was very good for him but not necessary for me, who had not had the gout! After, as I understood, hundreds of others were shut out, and at last those inside were so bored that they wished to be outside, and the ball ended at about one o'clock. I do believe there never was so tyrannical a Government as that of Almack's! I wish the Lady Patronesses would infuse some of their vigour into those of their husbands who are in the Government."

19th March 1819.—"I went last night for the first time to what I think the best amusement in London, the French Play, but nobody goes to these places till after Easter, although all complain of the dulness of their Homes! We are a very extraordinary nation. . . . These (charity) dinners are the strangest fancy; a few people take it into their heads to be charitable, and then in order to obtain charity they have an anniversary dinner, which is very bad and costs each individual who goes there about as much as the charity, and Alava will tell you that all we get for our money is, *Non nobis Domine*. In any other country one would suppose a sermon would be the best mode of getting money for a charity, but here it is a dinner. They wanted me to be president of another Society for the cure of diseases of the skin, but I proposed the use of soap and water, and refused."

30th March 1819.—"I met your friends Lady Bath and Lady Granville at Madme de Lieven's

at dinner on Sunday, where we had very good society. Indeed, I must say that, excepting now and then that I am obliged to dine in the City, I don't spend my time amiss in this way; and I agree with you in thinking that there is in England more gentleman-like and better society than elsewhere. But after all, I am not astonished at the inclination of people in general to escape from this *petite ville*, and go abroad. Everybody occupies himself with his neighbours' affairs, and as there are more people in England who have nothing to do than in other countries, there is more vigilance and activity employed in this pursuit."

6th April 1819.—Lord Londonderry's (then Sir Charles Stewart) marriage.

"The wedding went off very well on Saturday. We had a dinner of the Pratts, Lady Castlereagh, etc., of the Stewart side, and Sir Thomas Liddell of the lady's. The Bishop of Exeter performed the ceremony, and read it better than I had ever heard it read before. There were about sixty people present, including my family, who are only a connection, not relatives. Duncannon was asked to be present, which is curious enough, considering the piece of work the opposition have made to prevent the marriage."

Here follow some remarks on French politics of the moment.

"What do you think of the murder of Kotzebue? This is the effect of the new light upon Germany! I am afraid, however, that we have not seen the worst yet. All the youth are corrupted, and as the Court and judicial offices

must be filled by persons who have studied and taken their degrees in the Universities, we may live to see a revolution planned and encouraged by those whose duty it is to prevent and put it down."

30th April 1819.—"I have had much occasion lately to observe your friend Lord ——. He is certainly a man of extraordinary talents, but I believe his health and his temper are in a *cercle vicieux*, and that the one affects the other, and his mind is so acute that he perceives difficulties in everything which don't occur to a more blunt understanding, and in my opinion he would be a more useful man, if he possessed only half the talents he has. I really believe that he would throw into the fire the report which he has drawn with so much labour, notwithstanding that, as you will see, it is very bare of opinions."

4th May 1819.—"The truth is that Charles has a very clear, good head and understands the matter better than most of them, and attends to it, and I entertain no doubt that he is more certain of winning than a man is who plays in the Funds. But I wish he would pull up and marry Miss ——, who is come up to be seen, and is very good-looking, and, as they say, has *lots of tin*. But he will have to quit Newmarket entirely, and to attend sermons, Bible Societies, etc., instead."

7th October 1819.—"I enclose the print of the Gateway¹ at Trèves, which I mentioned to you, and which, I think would suit the stables

¹ The Roman ruined archway and building.

I cannot imagine it to be applicable to the purpose mentioned. The Duke had visited Trèves on one of his tours to inspect German fortresses, and had been struck with this ruin. I remember his recognising it instantly in a bad coloured sketch of mine.

at Longleat. . . .¹ I have proposed to take the youngest boy now, and to educate him, and send him in time to the academy at Woolwich. If any care had been taken of the education of the boys there would now be no difficulty, but it is not easy to employ Lords of high rank and family, who scarcely know how to read."

January 1820.—"I have seen Standish's account of the ghost; and I believe in it, unless Horace Seymour, Mrs Fitzherbert, and Arthur Hill were *confrères*. If Standish is accurate, H. Seymour could have had no communication of the name of the person who was to appear. Either then, the whole were *confrères*, or there is such a thing as selling one's self to the Devil, and Lady Catherine Stewart has so disposed of herself."²

24th February 1820.—"You will have seen in the papers the plot to destroy the Ministers at Lord Harrowby's, and will be anxious to know how far you can give credit to it. The truth is that we have long known of this plot. It was to have been carried into execution at Lord Westmoreland's before Christmas, and the

¹ This alludes to the death of the Duke of Richmond.

² This letter alludes to a strange story of the proceeding of the parties mentioned at Brighton, which was probably a device for frightening and mystifying Standish, in which particular it completely succeeded. I never could obtain from Mrs Dawson Damer, then Miss Seymour, who was present, any true account of the transaction. The story ran that Lady Catherine Stewart possessed the power of raising the dead, and undertook to exercise it. That she uttered an incantation of a frightful and somewhat blasphemous description, and that H. Seymour, who had undertaken to face the result alone in a dark room adjacent, came out in a state of terror real, or well acted, and avowed that he had seen the ghost of a deceased friend, a comrade, I think, of the 10th Hussars, a Mr Robarts. Standish was undoubtedly frightened.

assassins were deterred from it then, only because, in my opinion, it was not sufficiently matured; but they matured it yesterday. We had intelligence of it not only from three different spies, all unknown to each other, but their intelligence was confirmed by circumstances known to some of us; and in the last two days before the intended dinner, two different persons implicated, but shocked by the base turpitude of the scheme, came forward to give us intelligence of it. We therefore took our measures so well that we have seized nearly all the principals of those who were assembled to put us to death. I am delighted that we have got the better of this gang, which is one of the most desperate that ever existed in any country, as I am certain that some misfortune would have happened if they had continued to be. They intended to assassinate us individually, particularly Lords Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and myself, if they could not effect the general purpose by any accident, and they were the leaders of the mob who were nearly breaking into the Spanish Ambassador's ball two months ago; and I think it probable they would have tried something of the same kind at some of the dressed Assemblies in London this spring. I think they will all be hanged."

28th October (date of year wanting, but probably 1820).—"The Government stand very high in consequence of their successful stand against the King. . . . The question I cannot solve is this: Is the British Government never to be out of a crisis? I have been in Office about a year, and I know that we have been three different times in such a crisis that we might have been out of Office any fine morning. I believe there

is something in the character of our master which occasions these difficulties. I understand that during his whole life he has scarcely passed a tranquil day, and that even when he was a boy he was in constant difficulties, and that his getting into them appeared a sort of fatality, for that notwithstanding his fear of the late King and the effect his Jobations had upon him at the moment, he was sure to get into the same scrape over and over again, with the positive certainty of being discovered, lectured, and even punished! This is very like our state for the last year. We travel on from difficulty to difficulty, each one occasioned by the same person, to say nothing of the numberless propositions which are smothered almost as soon as uttered, which would lead to still greater difficulties than those in which we habitually find ourselves."

LONDON, 25th October 1821.

"The King has the gout, and certainly returns direct. He is *on the Wings*,¹ and will be here by the 7th or 8th of November, so that all the preparations at Paris will be disappointed. He is in very good humour with Lord Londonderry, and I hope we shall find him so with everybody when he returns here. At all events our foolish Whigs have done everything in their power to destroy their own hopes again. Never was there anything like their shabbiness in the first instance, and then the folly of their sub-

¹ "Of Love." His stay at Hanover had been made insupportable to him, and his journey home hurried by the separation from the object. He had an attack of gout in the knee, in consequence of riding from Herrenhausen into the capital, the last ride I think he ever took.

scription for Sir Robert.¹ They first concealed their names, expecting that the world was interested about him and would subscribe, and then when he found that the example was not followed, he and his friends had their names published, and thus the subscription has gone on regularly, but with scarcely any names to it excepting those of the great Whig leaders; and thus they trust to obtain the power of the country in their hands! They are, begging your pardon, only silly intriguers.”

21st August 1822.—“Algy will have informed you that our journey was very prosperous and unattended by any accident or interruption of the kind reported.² But I think that these reports will at last induce young Mr Ney to think that he ought to do something of the kind suggested. Indeed, I believe that is the object of the report. But I say, as my Porter did to the curious *badands* who came to enquire here whether the report was true, ‘Damn the report,’ and shut the door in their faces.”

9th September 1826.—“Met the Duke in a small and intimate circle, at Woodford, Arbuthnot’s (house), Northamptonshire. A small new house and place in an agricultural and very wet clay country. The immediate neighbourhood is ugly, but extensive grass-fields illustrious for exploits of the Pytchley Hunt, and a swarm of old Elizabethan houses of historic interest,

¹ Sir Robert Wilson, who for his conduct in abetting the mob against the military at the Queen’s funeral, had been deprived of his military rank, decorations, etc. He lived to quarrel with the Whigs and to reinstate himself in good and friendly relations with the Duke.

² It had, I presume, been reported that the Duke had been waylaid on one of his tours of inspection by a son of Marshal Ney.

and a good deal of forest with green glades, afforded us means and objects for long rides, and it was impossible to see and hear the Duke to greater advantage. He gave us a most interesting chapter on Waterloo. I put him on the subject of Grouchy's defence, lately published. He confirmed the truth of it in all particulars of which he had knowledge, and said that in others it agreed with his belief and opinion; among others in his strictures on the delay of Napoleon in attacking on the 17th. He said that after having drawn off his infantry in the face of day, he remained with the cavalry on the ground of Quatre Bras unattacked till 4 p.m. The next morning Napoleon asked those about him whether they thought the English were still in their front. Foy answered that it was impossible to say, for that it was the system of the English under the Duke to show nothing but their vedettes. A squadron of horse would soon find out, but if they were in position the affair would be serious, '*Car l'infanterie Anglaise en duel est le diable.*' This was confirmed by Reille, and disregarded by Napoleon. Blücher had pushed one corps through the defile of St Lambert by one o'clock. The Duke thinks that he delayed attacking till the other had come up, on the ground that the Duke's army was so bad that he dared not risk a small body in its support. As to the means of retreat through Soignies, the wood on both sides of the road was clear enough for the movement of forces sufficient to clear the road itself of all obstructions. The wood itself might have been maintained, and at all events it was far easier for us to retreat through it than for Napoleon if worsted to retire across the Dyle. The Prussians

at Ligny persisted contrary to the Duke's advice, in exposing their whole line to cannon-shot. The consequence was that they were not only beat, but beaten in less time than any army of similar strength and quality almost ever was, a circumstance of great importance to Napoleon, who attacked late in the day.

Soult never would talk of past occurrences with the Duke. Marmont asked him at what moment he ordered the attack at Salamanca. The Duke said, "As soon as I perceived the extension of your left." "Ah," said Marmont, "that was after I was wounded." This was certainly a subterfuge, the fatal movement was unquestionably Marmont's own.¹

14th.—"Rode with the Duke to Boughton.

¹A note here says:—"From Lord Combermere. Towards 9 P.M. on the evening of the battle of Salamanca, and during the pursuit of the French army, the Duke and Lord Combermere were riding on together in the direction of the Tormes. Lord Combermere, having been much with the outposts, knew the country and the roads.

"George III. sent the Duke to Portugal on an express stipulation with his Ministers that he was to be superseded by one of what he called his own Generals. George IV. in one of his after-dinner glorifications asserted that it was himself who insisted on sending out a reinforcement of 12,000 men to the Duke in Spain. 'I sent for the Duke of York, and said, This will not do,' etc., etc. He appealed to the Duke for the truth of this enormous allusion. 'Sir, I was in Spain at the time.' He consulted the Duke on the important question of buff or white belts for the Blues. The Duke replied, 'Sir, I have no taste.' George IV. said the Duke knew nothing about cavalry.

"Before the return of Ferdinand VII., the Duke had much discussion with Arquelles. He advised him to let the Inquisition die a natural death, rather than to put it down by a formal vituperative decree, which would array the vast power of the Church against him. Arquelles could not however resist the allurements of temporary popularity. 'What is the result?' said the Duke. 'The Inquisition in Portugal, equally established once in the habits of the people, is defunct, that of Spain is revived.'"

He described to me the manner in which he had been 'surveilléd' on his late mission to Russia. His principal enquiries had been directed to the subject of how the army was paid and supported. Lord Strangford recommended to him a man conversant with these details, who referred the Duke to certain books which were kept at the Etat Major. When the Duke visited that establishment, these particular books were the only articles called for which somehow could not be produced. The French during their operations in Portugal were cut off from all communication with France and the rest of the world. General Foy had established an intercourse with our outposts through Baron Tripp, and was constantly sending flags of truce, to borrow English newspapers. The Duke got wind of this and desired the Baron on the next occasion, instead of sending the papers, to enquire why Foy wanted them. Foy, with much readiness, replied that he had been speculating in the English Funds, and was very anxious about the price of Consols,

"In the Pyrenees, Soult was pointed out to the Duke by a French spy. The Duke saw him distinctly write an order and give it to an aide-de-camp, who galloped off in a particular direction. The Duke moved a regiment in consequence, and in 10 minutes an attack took place just where this incident had given him reason to expect one, and was repulsed.

"I imagine that this incident was of a character very rare with respect to operations of such magnitude. Commanders-in-Chief, I apprehend, seldom see each other distinctly, and still seldomer can draw conclusions from a gesture. The warfare of mountains, however, makes casual approximations

less infrequent than in an open country. In the Pyrenees the Duke had once or twice to ride for it. It is known that the cheer which rose from the British lines when the Duke suddenly arrived among them, after hard riding from St Sebastian, deterred the French from an intended attack. It was on this occasion that, as he rode along the line, a corporal broke out of the ranks and shouted, 'There goes the little blackguard what whops the French!'

"He spoke with much indignation of the wanton sortie from Bayonne, and said he had some doubts whether he should not have been justified in hanging its author, Colonel Taupin. It cost the French more lives than it did us. If the war had continued, the citadel would soon have fallen before the tremendous artillery he could have brought against it. It was strong, but very small. He would then have put a few English into it, and blockaded the town with Spaniards, after which the advance on Paris would have been conducted, as noticed elsewhere, by successive maritime bases, first Bordeaux and then Nantes.

"After Fuentes d'Onoro, where Masséna fought to raise the siege of Almeida, Claparède declared that the French army was disgraced for ever. He said, 'Nous avons deux fois leur infanterie, trois fois leur cavalerie.'

"The Duke mentioned, as the finest individual feat of arms he had witnessed in Spain, an affair in the Pyrenees, in which the 40th Regiment repulsed 20,000 men.

"With respect to the Duke's adventure on the back of the Isle of Wight, as he described it, the ship would not tack, and was too close to the shore to wear; the Duke suggested to anchor, and bring her head to wind; she was however saved by a shift of wind.

“Shortly before the Duke’s departure from India, an old native officer demanded an interview, which Sir Arthur, who knew and esteemed the man, granted. He said, ‘I hear you are to leave us; I am come to implore you to change your decision.’

“Sir Arthur explained that the state of his health, which had begun to feel the climate, rendered this impossible. ‘Ah, then,’ said the old man, ‘something will go wrong; those who know and understand us are leaving us; mischief is brewing, and now men are coming who will only hasten the danger.’

“Lord Howden came out, and the mutiny at Vellore and other subsequent movements occurred, which soon and fully verified the predictions of the loyal Hindoo. He went through the history of the Mutiny in 1809, and said that the narrative of it given in the Annual Register was most imperfect, partial, and unfair, particularly with reference to Sir G. Barlow. He considered that the existence of our Indian Empire turned upon that part of it which occurred at Hyderabad, when the European officers hustled Sir Barry Close (?) off the parade. It was then that he appealed to the native officers, asking them whether they had not eaten the Company’s salt. This felicitous allusion to Eastern usage and moral code saved him and India. They acknowledged it to a man.

“Touching on the Walcheren expedition, he said that Lord Chatham was appointed to its command by Mr Canning’s advice and influence, as a person who, if he could obtain at small cost a little reputation, might make on his return a good head for an administration. A Cabinet Minister was also a good selection for the purpose of silencing the Duke of York, who was anxious

to go. He thought Antwerp might have been reduced without difficulty.

22nd Nov. 1826.—“The Duke dined with me in Albemarle Street.¹ Talked much of America, and of Sir T. Prevost’s affair. He was a clever man, but did not understand the troops he commanded. They would have walked at once into the works from which he retired. Had no great opinion of the merits of the American backwood riflemen in the field. Believed our riflemen had greatly the advantage. I do not myself see how this could be otherwise; the American rifle of that day is very cumbrous, requires a rest, is slow to load, and, except behind a work or other permanent cover, a man, who with time and cool blood can pick a squirrel from off a tree, and this, however, at a very limited range, may lose half or all his skill in the hurry of a skirmish.

“I am not sure whether it was at this dinner, but it was in the Duke’s company about this time that I heard from Arbuthnot some curious particulars of the Cato Street affair. Edwardes, the informer, who first set the Government on the track of the conspiracy, lived by the manufacture and sale of small portrait busts. Sir Herbert Taylor had sat to him. Through him he had been employed by some of the Royal Family, among them I think by the Princess Elizabeth, who had sat to him at Windsor, and had shown him the kindness which she showed to all who came near her.

“It was to Sir Herbert Taylor that he first communicated what he knew, and from him he received a letter of introduction to Lord Sidmouth. At one time it was settled by the

¹ No. 12 Albemarle Street, where my twin brothers were born. The site is now occupied by an Arcade.—ED.

conspirators to assassinate the Ministers, one by one. The Duke one day received, I don't know how or from whom, an intimation that he had walked up Cockspur Street the evening before with a one-armed friend, that he had looked for some time into the window of a china shop, and that he had been followed all the time by the men who had undertaken to assassinate him. These, however, had been deterred from the attempt by observing that another person was keeping also near the person of the Duke, whom they took for a police officer. The Duke said the description of his movements was quite accurate. The one-armed friend was Lord Fitzroy (Somerset); the supposed police officer must have been a chance passenger who had probably recognized the Duke and lingered near him to indulge his curiosity, perhaps in the hope of hearing some of his conversation. Of late years I have known this happen, for like most deaf people he talked loud, and he always talked with emphasis. I remember one day he had called to take me to Prince Metternich's, and on our return his conversation along two or three streets was to the use and benefit of two well-dressed Belgravians, a lady and gentleman, who followed us close. It was a Sunday, and he might have been heard round Belgrave Square.

“It is well known that Thistlewood and his people changed the plan above mentioned, for one to assassinate the Cabinet *en masse* at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square. The Cabinet dinner was given up on information of this scheme, but not so a dinner of the Directors of the ‘Ancient Music,’ given at the Archbishop of York's, next door to Lord Harrowby's. If

the den in Cato Street had not been discovered by the police and foot-guards, which was accomplished not without some difficulty and delay, the conspirators would probably have marched on Grosvenor Square. In this case they would have been very likely to have mistaken the house, seeing every sign of festivity at my excellent uncle the Archbishop's, and it was on the cards that they might, in the hurry of the moment, have put to death the entire direction of the 'Ancient Music.' It was an evil time, that winter of 1819. The conspirators had been on the look-out for several favourable occasions to carry their designs into execution. One of these was the funeral of George III.; another had previously been a great ball given in Portland Place by the Duke of San Carlos, the Spanish Ambassador. I was at home on this occasion for the Oxford vacation, and received an invitation, with which I was enchanted, for it was a dress ball and involved my wearing a new and gorgeous yeomanry uniform, added to which I was deeply attached to a vast number of the prettiest women in London, and had every reason to believe that the attachment was reciprocal. Be that as it may, the Prince Regent did asseverate to Frank Russell that my coat was a d——d good coat. My self-importance was much increased by the fact that as I was putting it on I received a packet superscribed, 'On His Majesty's Service,' from my Colonel, old Monckton, inviting me to join the regiment forthwith in Staffordshire, for the purpose of quelling a rebellion which was expected to break out in the Midland counties, and I determined, like the Duke at Brussels, to set off after the ball, and did so at 4 A.M. in a hard frost and

an open carriage, and when I reached Somerford, Monckton's place, next day, found that the rebellion was postponed, at least in England. It did, I believe, show itself more or less in Glasgow.¹

“Well, I went to the ball with my mother, and on getting into the string, I thought I perceived more than usual crowd and noise among the people who were attracted, as I supposed, by the illuminations. Before we reached the entrance, a strong detachment of Life Guards made its appearance. They had no sheep-skins to their saddles, and came in at a hard trot and with every indication of having been turned out at a short notice. This was so, for they had, I believe, been sent for on a representation from the police, which in those days was scanty, that they were unable to deal with the populace, and could not answer for the safety of the carriages, as the mob were beginning to insult the parties arriving. I remember that the Bow Street gentlemen took their revenge when the soldiery arrived, and laid about them with their canes like schoolmasters in a passion. The Duke of Wellington, who had arrived early, remarked, with his usual sagacity, that he had never seen a mob of such a vicious and malignant aspect. It turned

¹ The Government had, I know, information that a general rising was intended, but was, I believe, more alarmed for Scotland than for England. I think it was at this period that Sir Harry Smith was in command at Glasgow, and established such a character for activity and judgment that there has been very lately a question of starting him as a candidate for Glasgow. I remember it was thought necessary to escort the mail when it left Newcastle-under-Lyne, which it did in a deep snow at midnight. The only passenger was a lady, who went into hysterics on finding herself preceded and followed by a detachment of the 9th Lancers.

out afterwards that Thistlewood and his people had been there. He took credit to himself for having decided on relinquishing his project, because so many women would have been included in the massacre. I think it quite as likely that it occurred to him that all the gentlemen present, as well as the band of the Guard, had swords."

Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lady C. Greville, while she was resident with me at the Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park.

"LONDON, 27th Sept. 1828.

"Many thanks for your waistcoat,¹ which I will have made up and wear constantly. I am very much flattered by your recollection of my favourite colour. If I was resident in Ireland, I would not do what the Protestants are doing, because there is a little mixture of political faction in their measures, but I would associate with my friends and neighbours for the protection of myself and family against what is impending over them all, viz., Assassination and Massacre. I would do this because I should see clearly that Government would not, and possibly under existing circumstances could not, protect them. It is most important to see the truth in all these matters. The Protestants in Ireland are the proprietors of the soil, the gentry, and the well-educated class of society generally. This class in every country requires the special protection of the Government and the laws, and they require it more especially in Ireland, because they are an English Colony, the descendants of the conquerors of the soil of which they are the

¹ In all human probability a poplin.

possessors by right of conquest, and they are, moreover, of a different religious persuasion from the dispossessed, and their religion has become by the same right of conquest the predominant religion of the country.

“All these circumstances would appear to give to the Protestants of Ireland a peculiar claim to the protection of Government, a claim founded not alone upon the policy common to all States, but upon the circumstances attending their peculiar situation. But there is no man who looks at what is going on who would not think that they were a proscribed sect. In this view of the case, I lay out of the question altogether, as having nothing to do with it, all reference to the Roman Catholic question, as it is called. That must be considered on its own peculiar grounds, and it is difficult enough without super-adding other difficulties. But in the meantime I am affording real protection and countenance to the proprietors of the country; and these are the Protestants; and if I was one of them, I would associate for my own protection till the Government should protect me. This is my opinion, and we may rely upon it that till the seeking of popularity by courting the Mob is discontinued, we may do what we will in Ireland, we shall never have tranquillity and security for life and property, nor would I, if I resided there, discontinue my associations with my friends and neighbours for our general security.”

From a Letter adverting to the state of his property in the Netherlands, and to the dishonesty of an agent there.

“9th November 1832.

“You are very right. I am doomed to be

cheated and plundered. The truth is that from the time I had anything in the world, I had an officer to look after my affairs, and I never troubled myself about them. This ceased, of course, when I quitted the command of the troops in the field, and from that time forward I don't think that any man ever came near my affairs who did not think that he had to deal with a mine of gold, of which he had only to participate to the amount that should suit himself. I must say I have not met many of the class which call themselves honest Englishmen, with much right to the title.

“I was magnificently treated and provided for, but my affairs required a great deal of looking after and good management. They have had none from me, and those who did undertake to look after them, with one exception abroad,¹ did worse than neglect them. The consequence is I am now under the necessity of considering them seriously myself, and of giving a little attention to them.”

18th January 1834.—“Reached Strathfieldsaye at 6. Found the Duke alone in the library, reading by the light of a hand candle. He had just returned from hunting, which much engrosses him at present. He had had a dangerous fall two days before, though not with the hounds, but on an ordinary ride, and I found him with a black mark of it on the temple.

He told me that Sir Stratford Canning had played him an abominable trick in the not showing the Turkish Government a most important private letter, which he, the Duke, had written

¹ If this “one exception” means O'Lawler, the Agent of his Spanish estate, it is a great mistake. O'Lawler was the greatest robber of them all.

from Petersburg. The substance of it was an assurance that if the Porte would consent to and carry out the settlement of Greece, then recommended, the Emperor was determined never to attack the Porte for the sake of Greece."

Extract from a Letter from the Duke of Wellington.

"STRATHFIELDSAYE, 8th March 1834.

"My election to be Chancellor of the University of Oxford is certainly a most extraordinary circumstance. There was every reason why I should not be chosen, and most particularly that I had taken my sons from Oxford and sent them to Cambridge; having censured the discipline of Christ Church. I likewise protested in the strongest terms against the choice, urged them to choose another, etc., etc. But all in vain. They would have me; chose me unanimously, and I understand that even those who at first objected now applaud the choice."

29th April 1834.—"Walked with the Duke across the Park. Told me of a curious Report which had been shown by Blake, the Chief Remembrancer, to Colin Campbell.¹ It was one

¹ This was not the Colin Campbell of Crimean and Indian Mutiny fame, afterwards Sir Colin and Lord Clyde. A Note here gives some particulars of him.—ED.

[NOTE by my Father.—Sir Colin was one of those who owed their start in life, and their subsequent advancement, to the good opinion and protection of the Duke. He was in the Commissariat Service in India, and had volunteered for an assault on a hill-fort. The Duke saw a little round man run up a ladder, and receiving a pike thrust at the top, roll down like a ball to the bottom. He was, however, up again in an instant, and running up like a squirrel, was the first, or among the first, in the place. The Duke laughed, inquired about him, and procured him a Commission. He rose to be Governor of Ceylon after the Peace, and died, I think, in command of the garrison at Portsmouth.]

addressed by Lord Wellesley to Lord Grey, to the following effect:—‘The young priests at Maynooth had broken down all subordination. The Roman Catholic Bishops were in despair. Dr Doyle on his death-bed. Lord Wellesley’s opinion that there was no remedy but a military Government, and *that to be administered by the Duke.*’”

“Colin Campbell asked permission to show the paper to the Duke, which Blake said he was not quite prepared to allow. The Duke was of opinion that the Church had gained strength by recent occurrences; that the London University claims were at a discount; and that the Bill for the admission of dissenters to the Universities would be thrown out in the Lords without mischief, because it was not a Government Measure, but introduced by an individual. He repeated much which I had heard from him before on the subject of the émeute which had occurred lately at Paris. I had been present on that occasion, and had written him some long letters upon it, which, for aught I know, may still be among his papers. I had reported what I had heard on the spot, of Soult’s skill in the concentration of a large force in Paris. He said: ‘That is just what I should have expected of him. He is unrivalled as a strategist, but timid in action.’ He entirely concurred in the opinion which I told him Edward Ellice had expressed to me at Paris, that Lord Althorp was the only man who had a following in Parliament. He said: ‘Depend upon it, Lord Althorp is the only man who can carry with him any number of votes. In this particular, Lord Grey, Stanley, and even Peel, are cyphers in comparison.’ He attributed this partly to old

Whig associations, and partly to the feeling that he would not ride them roughly or overbear them with talent or insolence."

Extract from a Letter, dated 14th May 1834.

"Clanwilliam ascertained yesterday that we should be at liberty on Wednesday, and I will wait upon you on that day. I shall be delighted to see Lady Francis again, and I hope to find you both quite well. I have not read a line of any of Napier's works, because I did not wish to be tempted, as others have been, to enter into a literary controversy with him, and I preferred to have no knowledge of his romances. But you have almost tempted me to peruse his last volume.

"I have long been convinced that the British public know very little of what our Army is, and of the difficulty of commanding to their satisfaction one of theirs. Many of them think that it is very like a fleet. One of these is our most gracious Sovereign." (This was addressed to me at Oatlands.)

16th May 1834.—"You are quite right. I don't know when I have been more entertained than by the perusal of my own letters. There is a freshness, activity, and energy about them which is quite amusing; and I am astonished to find that I could not write better sense now, after all my experience, than I did then.¹ I have omitted to mention that I put down your name

¹ Lord Brougham said to Gurwood, "You have published a book which will live when we are in the dust and forgotten." This was reported to the Duke, who said, "Very true, so it will." A very bitter Whig partizan asked Gurwood, "When do you bring out another of your d—d volumes?"

among the Privy Councillors intending to go to Oxford. However, if you should not be well, or it should not be convenient for you to go there, no harm will be done if you should excuse yourself."

23rd July 1834.—"The Duke came down to Oatlands, self-invited. He had lately had an interview with Don Carlos at Gloucester Lodge, shortly before his strange escape to Spain, which showed up so signally the futility of the passport system. The Duke described his *allures* as those of an idiot. His object seemed to be to get an opinion from the Duke against his project of escape, which the Duke took care to withhold. He asked, 'Can I get to Spain by sea?' The Duke, 'Have you a sea-port?' Answer, 'No, but Zumalacarreguy will get me one.' The Duke suggested that while he was on the march for that purpose, Biscay would be left to the Christians. The Duke inquired whether he had a ship, meaning money to get one. To this, as to many other questions, he replied with an idiotic laugh. The Duke told him he was watched, and the first tidings of his departure would be communicated to France. As it turned out, however, he did escape, and the first tidings the French Embassy received of it was four days afterwards, when Lord Grey mentioned it to Talleyrand at a Blackwall dinner. Talleyrand was furious, for though Lord Palmerston wrote to the French Government, had he told Talleyrand, the news would have reached Paris earlier by telegraph. The escape was managed by Iturbe, a Jew of Carlsruhe, who has for some time acted as War and Finance Minister to Don Miguel.

"The Duke showed me a letter from Sir G. Tuthill, a Surrey Magistrate, informing him that

a sailor who was on his way to Bedlam, and who had armed himself with a pistol, with the avowed intention of killing the Duke, had escaped from his keepers. On going up to London, I found that the man had been recaptured while demanding to see the Duke at Apsley House. A pistol was found upon him, loaded to the muzzle. The Duke had ridden up while the man was waiting, but had not been recognised by him. The prisoner was conveyed to Bedlam."

18th August 1834.—(*Written soon after the death of Mrs Arbuthnot, from Woodford.*)

"He (Mr A——) has requested me to tell you that there are here a phaeton and pair of ponies, admirably trained, and exceedingly manageable. He cannot bear to go into the phaeton again, and he wishes that you would accept the whole equipment, and for his sake give them an asylum for the lives of the animals. When you will have worn them out, or wish to get rid of them, send them to me, and I will keep them for their lives."

29th November 1834.—"I have not written to you because I really had nothing to tell except what is in the newspapers. I dare say that you have seen the letter to Lord Wilton which contains our case. There is not a word in it which is not borne out by the correspondence between the King and the Ministers. People call upon me to publish it, but it is forgotten that it is the case of the King. I may be constitutionally responsible for enabling the King to carry on a Government without the aid of his popular Ministers, but the quarrel is his. I have nothing to say to it, excepting that I facilitated his changing his Ministers. I am

not surprised that they should complain that some of them were removed suddenly. Some of them, it must be observed, are still in office. But I was to take the Government and to hold it provisionally till Sir Robert Peel should return to England. I was to effect this object by being Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury. But should I have had the Government if others had held the Seals of the other Departments? Each of the Secretaries of State, as you know, can convey the King's commands; and it would have been curious enough to have had one Secretary of State conveying the King's commands in one sense, and two others in another, for three weeks certainly, or possibly a month. The complaint of incivility is a very good one *ad captandum*, but it is better to be uncivil than absurd. The fact is that the *Affaires Courantes* go on as well as possible. Nobody is the worse for what is doing, except myself, who am worked as no post-horse at Hounslow ever was. However, I have settled every depending question, and have set right some which my predecessor left wrong.

“You must not allow your own affairs to go to the wall! Rely upon it that a very little of your own care and attention will set them, and keep them right, and that nobody can arrange them but yourself.”

November 1835.—“Passed the four first days of November at Walmer. The Duke recovered from recent illness. Company—Mahons, Salisbury, Lady Burghersh, Lord Rosslyn, Arbuthnot, and Lady Stanhope and Rogers from Deal, Mr Jones, junior, the optician from Cockspur Street. He was employed to put to rights a good-sized astronomical reflecting telescope, still at Walmer,

and stayed a week, amusing the Duke and Arbuthnot a good deal with his scientific talk, showing us Jupiter's satellites and a comet. I remember there had been at first question *where* he was to dine. The Duke had ruled it in favour of his own table, and was much pleased with him.

"The Duke thought that if Buonaparte had landed, he would have got to London, our force at that time was so ill organised and commanded. He told us a great deal about one of his spies in the Peninsula, who lived a great deal in both camps, whose real name, I think, was Osire. We asked whether these agents afforded him information of real value. He answered, 'Oh yes; I knew *everything*.' He described the system of mutual forbearance, and even courtesy and kindness, which regular and protracted war generates. The French *vedettes*, when their people were going to advance, would cry, 'Courez, courez, vite. Sacré Nom de Dieu! On va vous attaquer!' He gave me once a curious account of the famous passage of the *Douro*. The surprise of Soult was complete. When he was first told that the red-coats were on the right bank, he replied, 'Bah! Ce sont des Suisses qui se baignent.' He had with him some Swiss, dressed in red.

"If Paris had held out in 1815, Montmartre would have fallen to his (the Duke's) lot to attack. He had no doubt of carrying it with much greater ease than the Allies did in 1814. Blücher, in order to get good quarters for his troops, had insisted on moving rashly from the left to the right of the Allied army, and had suffered a severe check in consequence at Versailles.

“Talleyrand told the Duke that the line of conduct he pursued with regard to the overthrow of Napoleon was founded on the fact that the army had always followed the Senate. It had done so in the case of Dumouriez, and even in that of the XVIII. Brumaire, for then the Conseil des Anciens was with Napoleon.”

From a Memorandum.

“2nd Feb. 1836.

“Went from Oatlands to Basingstoke, to meet the Duke, and hunt with the Vine hounds. It is a nasty, Radical, dirty borough, and I had a bad breakfast at a bad inn, followed by a blank day. I did not, however, repent, for the Duke took me to cover in his phaeton and drove me back to Strathfieldsaye, when he was specially entertaining. When he first landed in the Mondeyo, before the affair of Roliça, he was sleeping in his tent, when he was woke and informed that a Monk wished to speak with him. The strange visitor was instantly admitted. He said, ‘I am a Brother of the Convent of Alcobaça, the head-quarters of General Thomières. I am come to tell you that he means to retire early. If you wish to catch him you must be quick.’ The Duke did wish to catch him, and meant to attack him in the morning. He said, ‘This may be so, but how do you know anything about it?’ The Monk replied, ‘When General Junot first entered Portugal, General Thomières was quartered, as now, in our convent. I made great friends with his aide-de-camp, who was then, and is again, an inmate of my cell. Entering it yesterday evening, I found him writing a letter. I stole behind him unobserved, and as if in joke put my hands over his eyes, and held them there.

He struggled, but I am strong, and I can read French, and I held him till I had read what he had written. It was an order to the Column to move in retreat at an early hour.' A good subject this for a painter.

"The Duke described the siege of Burgos, as conducted by him with two or three howitzers and one gun, called 'Nelson' by the soldiers, because one trunnion had been shot away. I asked him whether any Department was to blame for his being so ill supplied with material for siege. He replied, 'Not at all. It was all my own fault; I had got, with small means, into the forts near Salamanca. The Castle was not unlike a hill-fort in India, and I had got into a good many of those. I could get into this, and I very nearly did it, but it was defended by a very clever fellow, one Le Breton. As fast as I established myself, he attacked and drove me out. He knocked my guns to pieces, and I took to mining, and not a bad way either to get into a place. The French collected in force, and I was obliged to retire. When I approached the place the following year, on the march to Vittoria, the French, instead of forcing me to invest it, as they might have done, and ought, evacuated it, and in such haste, that in destroying the works they blew up an entire battalion of their own people. I turned instantly to the right, crossed the Ebro, and fought the battle of Vittoria. My great object there was to push forward my left, under Lord Lynedoch, upon the enemy's communication with France. The French, the day before the battle, made a very strong reconnoissance in that direction. My instruction to Lord Lynedoch was to endure every extremity rather than show an English soldier. The Guerilla, Longa, accordingly masqued our

front. He did it very well, and I am satisfied that the French believed I had no force in that quarter, and that their road to Bayonne was safe.' I asked whether the French committed any great fault in the action. 'Why,' he said, 'I think they allowed their attention to be too much engrossed by the attacks of Morillo and Cadogan on their left, and that they fed that hill more than was necessary. This enabled me to break their centre and get right on their park of artillery, which, owing to Lord Lynedoch's progress on their right, had only one road to retire upon, and were all taken—as I think Joseph himself would have been if I had had one of the old regiments of dragoons there instead of the —th. I never could satisfy myself why Clausel did not manage to join them in time for the battle. He would have made no difference to speak of in the result, but the affair would of course have been more severe.'

"It was during this drive that I asked a question which elicited, perhaps, the most remarkable statement ever made by a General who had seen much service in high command. I asked whether he ever had made any rough computation of the number of guns he had taken in war. 'No,' he said, 'but I should guess somewhere about three thousand. I took a prodigious quantity at Oporto, and the whole French battering train at Ciudad Rodrigo, and at Vittoria and Waterloo I took every gun they had in the field. What, however, is more extraordinary, *I never lost one in my life*. There were three light guns attached to the Portuguese cavalry taken near Madrid, after the battle of Salamanca, on the night before we entered the town, but they were immediately recovered; six guns were at one time lost at Albuera, but were also recovered.' The Duke did not add,

as he fairly might, that these were not lost by him.

“Six guns were thrown over a precipice by Lord Hill on retiring through the valley of Elisondo, near the French frontier. These were recovered, and, I apprehend, never were in the hands of the enemy. I imagine that if any General could have given such an account as this of the guns entrusted to his command, it might have been Marlborough, and Marlborough alone of modern times. Even in that case, when one considers the ground over which the Duke acted, the circumstance that he was repeatedly pressed in retreat by superior numbers under able men, the character of Allies, with whom he had to act, and a thousand other circumstances, the fact remains scarcely conceivable. Napoleon lost guns in some of his greatest victories, certainly at Wagram.

“‘We took in Spain,’ the Duke pursued, ‘a despatch which was on its way to Marmont from the Aide-de-camp whom he had sent to Russia to explain to Napoleon the circumstances of his defeat at Salamanca. The officer, as is well known, reached the French army about the time when Napoleon was taking up his quarters in the Kremlin. As soon as the purport of his intelligence was known to Napoleon, he was confined, *not* under nominal arrest, but in as strict confinement as a State criminal, in the Kremlin. When admitted, after some delay, to Napoleon’s presence, the latter, after some silent perusal of the report, asked how many troops had the Marshal. ‘Forty thousand, Sire.’ ‘Well,’ said Napoleon, ‘a man who has one million under his charge can hardly afford much attention to what happens to forty

thousand at the other side of the world.' He said nothing more at that audience, and sent the officer back to his seclusion. The latter was not, I believe, released, nor did Napoleon give any opinion on the transaction till after he had received a copy of the Duke's published report of the battle. He then sent for the officer and said, 'I see by this account that the affair was a smart one and well contested. You may tell the Marshal I am satisfied.'

"The despatch which contained this curious narrative was in cypher, but the Duke had somehow the key to the French cypher in the Peninsula. I have understood that Lord Fitzroy was particularly clever at decyphering, but in general I think the Duke had a regular key to that in ordinary use. I have heard that in an evil hour one of our officers, dining with a French Marshal while on a flag of truce expedition, boasted of this, which of course led to the substitution of a new cypher."

Letter from the Duke of Wellington.

"STRATHFIELDSAYE, 15th January 1837.

"I shall be delighted to see you and Harriet whenever you will come. I shall stay here till the 25th or 26th. Croker comes on Tuesday, as well as Lord Bathurst, I believe, after the ceremony of the Funeral. Let me know the day on which you will fix. The Vine hounds will hunt, weather permitting, on Thursday and Saturday of this week, and on Monday and Wednesday of the next."

23rd January 1837.—"Hunted with the Duke at Ash Park. Very wet, but he persevered.

Drove there and back in his curricle, with the window down in front, he holding the reins through a slit in the bottom.

“When the risk of hunting at his (the Duke’s) age, and with an injury to his knee, is considered, I can hardly regret that he seems less eager about it than he was, and more sensitive to its troubles and disappointments. For some two years past it has been a great resource and interest to him. Thank God! I have found and have left him in good health, but Lord Rosslyn’s decease loads him with troublesome details of business.¹

“In the advance on Vittoria, after the affair of Osma, I think, but about the time when he was changing his base of operations from Portugal to the North coast and harbours of Spain, the news reached him of the affairs of Lützen and Bautzen. Everybody came to him with advice to rest satisfied with his past successes and to content himself with maintaining the line of the Ebro. ‘I thanked them,’ said the Duke, ‘but said to myself I preferred the Pyrenees.’ Had he followed this advice the whole course of transactions in Germany might have been changed. I have heard from Lord Harrowby, and have seen on record, the effect produced by the battle of Vittoria on the councils of the Allies.

“I mentioned to the Duke an incident I had lately been reading of,—the trial of the parties engaged in the Strasburg conspiracy for placing Louis Napoleon on the throne of Louis Philippe. One Parquin, a principal culprit, had made in his defence a splendid flourish about having, in Marshal Marmont’s presence, encountered in single combat an officer of the English 10th

¹ The 2nd Earl of Rosslyn died on January 18, 1837.

Hussars, whom, in sight of the two armies, he had wounded and dismounted, and had carried off his horse and epaulettes as trophies, shortly before the battle of Salamanca.

“His advocate had made a thoroughly French and successful use of this palpable falsehood, and I believe Parquin was dismissed, as Mr Canning said hackney coachmen when prosecuted usually were, *‘with some slight commendation.’* The Duke said, ‘There is only one objection to the story, which is, that the 10th Hussars were not in Spain at the time, but at Hounslow. They did not join me till the year afterwards.’ He might have added that Hussars do not wear epaulettes. He did add that nothing of the kind could well have occurred without his hearing of it, which he never did. He went on to describe the circumstances of the accident by which Sir Arthur Paget was taken prisoner on the retreat from Burgos, and said, ‘If I have met with one French officer who had taken Sir Arthur, I have met fifty. One after another at Paris told me, “C’est moi qui ai eu l’honneur de recevoir le sabre du Général Paget.” The difference,’ he said, ‘between the French and ourselves is this, that with them common bravery is subject for boast; with us it is presumed of everybody till he is convicted of not possessing it, and is never talked about in any ordinary instance.’

“There has been some villainy in victualling Evans from our Marine Commissariat, which ought to be detected in the estimates. Peel has encouraged the hopes of three or four successive parties in Spain and Portugal, who now, like the Duke d’Ossuna, have to charge him with the confiscation of their estates. The case is perhaps stronger in Portugal, for the Belem affair was

got up in Downing Street. She, Donna Maria, had the army with her, so was safe in the Castle, but the insurgents had cut off her cook, she got hungry, and insisted on returning to the palace. She told Madame Terceira, her lady, that she really did not know how she could get her out of the scrape. Madame Terceira and Palmella made a dash down the street, and got on board the English fleet. He told me some curious stories of the press. George IV. had less fear of the press than of caricatures. Every strange face which appeared about the Pavilion was noted and watched, and reported to Knighton. A man was employed to take their portraits on his thumb-nail. Much of Canning's influence over George IV. was due to that which he cultivated and obtained over the press.

“He denied the truth of a report I had often heard, that before our alliance with Spain he had been named or thought of for the command of an expedition against Spanish America. He said, however, that Pitt and Lord Grenville had always kept up a communication with that quarter, and that he had been employed by the latter to communicate with Miranda, who promised wonders in the Caraccas. When the Spanish Alliance was ripening, the Duke said, ‘This will do no longer,’ and he was instructed to communicate to Miranda the final destruction of his project. ‘I knew,’ he said, ‘the violence of the man, and was unwilling to face him in a room, so I got him into Piccadilly for the purpose.’ He was very angry with Marmont for firing on his people when drinking in the river before Salamanca. ‘I had let his people drink a thousand times, and took care to let him know that I would never do so again.’

“Burgos having been lately mentioned, I may notice some curious particulars of that transaction, which reached me in an odd way from two quarters. On a visit to Abbotsford, in 1822, I fell in with Sir Adam Ferguson, Keeper of the Regalia in Scotland. He was an old friend of Sir Walter Scott, and when the latter had guests from England he liked to exhibit the particular social talents of his friend, which were very remarkable. Sir Adam had served in the Peninsular War, in which he was ultimately taken prisoner. He was a keen observer and an excellent mimic. He was, in fact, a sort of military Mathews, equal to him in power of imitation, and, in point of humour and *finesse*, to Frederick Cornewall, Ed. Fitzgerald, and others well known in my youth as delineators of the scenes of military life, a rich field. Among other campaigning incidents with which at the bidding of the great magician he delighted us, was one of the siege of Burgos. The approaches had been pushed up close to the wall, and one stormy night Sir Adam was one of a party posted at their extremity. The French were firing occasional shells, and the distance was so small that it was necessary to discharge them at the highest elevation, with the feeblest charge. The objects of these unpleasant compliments hardly dared to breathe, for fear of betraying by the sound their exact position; talking, coughing, etc., were quite out of the question. At last one of the shells was pitched so high that it fell back into the enemy's lines. Sir Adam and his companions could not suppress a titter. It passed off, and for a while all was quiet, but presently something like a horse-trough was protruded over the wall, and shell

after shell was quietly rolled in upon the bivouac of the party. I had previously heard this very incident described by an old soldier of the French guard, who, at D'Orsay's recommendation, attended me as fencing-master at Paris. He had been on duty that night, and described the whole occurrence. Among other particulars, he said the wind had been so strong that they were obliged to put the shells in their hats to prevent the fuse from being blown out before they lifted them into the trough.

"This story was not a specimen of Sir Adam's special dramatic powers; these were, I am told, for I did not hear it, best displayed in a night scene of the retreat from Burgos, with all its sounds, the various dialects and style of oratory of Scotch and Irish and German troops, the whiz of round-shot through the air, or its splash in the mud, etc.

"One of his small dramas which I did hear rose to the sublime. It was connected with his residence as a prisoner at Verdun, and described the arrival there of a regiment which the French had formed partly of deserters from various nations, and among them some English. In the street were some English sailors of the Nelson breed, prisoners, men with long pig-tails. The deportment of these, upon the deserters endeavouring to claim kindred and acquaintance, no abuse or answer, but a silent and almost compassionate discharge of tobacco juice, was acted by Sir Adam in a style that would have made his fortune on the stage, and reminded me of the finest moments of Jack Bannister, Emery, or Michaud of the *Français*.

"Another of his French imprisonment scenes

was from a moment when the approach of the Allies made it necessary for the French to transfer their prisoners from Verdun further into the interior. Among the officers on parole were some who had been captured mere boys, English midshipmen, and who had grown into strong, uneducated, and ungovernable men. These grew excited and audacious as their hopes rose of early deliverance, and became the dread of their feeble escort. In the Cafés it became necessary to chalk off a line to divide them from the ordinary and native habitués, and Sir Adam acted the instant prostration and clang of a gendarme who was rash enough to cross the sacred line. His whole account of these young men with their career cut short and running to seed and to vice in a French town, was very striking.

“There never was a man, himself a contributor to conversation, who took a keener delight in drawing out and exhibiting others than Sir Walter. I have seen him bring out Glengarry's Highland mania, and make the Ettrick Shepherd sing his Jacobite song, and everything worth notice so contributed by others who like Sir A. Ferguson had treasured up scenes and incidents of military life in the Peninsula. Of these Frederick Cornwall, who had joined and followed the army as an amateur, about the time it entered France, was the richest, and the one who had seen the most of headquarters. He was with the Duke at that anxious moment when the sudden rise of the Garonne left Beresford with 20,000 men for some time exposed to an attack from the whole force of Soult. ‘In for a penny, in for a pound,’ was the quiet observation of the Duke, as he sat

on the bank. I have heard him censure Soult severely for his hesitation on this occasion. 'Beresford's position, however,' he said, 'was good. I used to go over in a boat and put a good face upon it, and attacked Soult's pickets every morning.'

"F. Cornewall was at the affair of the Croix d'Orade when the 10th Hussars made a successful attack. He fell in with a young Irishman who had somehow captured a lance and was riding off with it in triumph. 'What have you got hold of there, my lad?' 'Please, your honour, it is a sort of a pike. A fellow began a-pushing and a-thrusting at me with it, so I just let him feel my sword in his eye, sir, and here it is.' He seemed to consider the pushing and thrusting as something altogether unfair, and highly reprehensible, and to have resented it accordingly. Another of his stories was a passage between the Duke and a German dragoon who was trudging along with a corn-bag, which evidently contained something endued with life and motion. The Duke, smelling plunder, said, 'Come here, sir; what have you got there?' Dragoon: 'Nothing, sir, but one little pig which had lost its moder, and I was carrying it home to its relations.' 'Little pig, sir!—you deserve to be hanged for plundering. Let it go, directly.' 'Yes, sir,' pinching the pig. 'Run away, little pig, run away to your poor moder.' The Duke's gravity quite failed him.

"F. Cornewall was sleeping in his billet when his servant woke him to tell him that the French were in the street. He rushed to the window, and sure enough saw a heavy column coming down the main street, with bearded sappers at their head, and other most un-English-like

insignia. He was preparing for a rush to the back door, when he was informed that the phenomenon was those two regiments of Nassau Ussingen infantry which came over with their arms at this period from Soult's army to the Duke, who despatched them shortly to join their countrymen in Holland. These troops had been acting with Soult's rear-guard, and had distinguished themselves on all occasions. At Waterloo the Duke placed them in the wood of Hougoumont, but here their courage failed them, and they fled at the first onset, leaving heavy work to be done by the Foot-Guards. The Duke, when he saw them run, turned to the Austrian General, Vincent, and said, 'Do you see those fellows run? Well, it is with these that I must win the battle, and such as these.'

"One of F. Cornwall's stories was maritime. He came across the Bay to Spain in a cutter packet. Among the passengers was a young Englishman of rustic breed and top-boot costume, who had been very sick from the first. There was an alarm of a French privateer, and the Captain prepared for fight. The sick man rose from the companion with a pocket-pistol in his hand, and said, 'Captain, if you have no objection, as I understand there is to be some fighting, I should like, please, to be put among the boarders.'

"Edward Fitzgerald was perhaps as great as Cornwall, but in a lower department, that of the habits and language of sergeants and privates. Among these was his account of a military execution to be done on some notorious robber and murderer. 'Come, Jones, be quick, wash and clean yourself, and come and help to

hang poor Sims. He won't be long. He don't mean to say no prayers. You'll have time to go to the wine-shop before parade.'

"Another of his tales concerned a private of the 10th Hussars, who, without much enquiry, in skirmishing had shot and plundered a Portuguese Colonel. The troop-sergeant addresses him: 'Well, you Jones, here's a pretty mess. You have been and gone and shot a Portuguese Colonel.' 'I ain't shot no Portuguese Colonel; I shot a Frenchman, and here are his epaulettes.' 'Well, I am blessed if there isn't the "Tower and Sword" on 'em any way, but you've been pretty regular lately, and we won't say nothing about it.' A week after, the man gets drunk and throws down his horse, for which he is relentlessly punished with the utmost rigour of regimental law. This story must date from the time of the Corunna retreat and Sir John Moore, when the 10th did good service. Jack Talbot was another famous repertory of low military slang and humour. He had a celebrated passage with the Duke in the Burgos retreat. Jack was in charge of his regiment's baggage, which, in the mud and darkness of a dreadful night, he had lost. He was shivering and despondent in a wood when an officer rode up and enquired hastily what he was doing there. 'He was in charge of baggage.' 'Well, where the d——I is your baggage?—I see none.' 'I wish you would tell me,' said Jack, totally ignorant to whom he was speaking, and in his usual manner, which was much like that of Keeley on the stage. The Duke could not help laughing, and said, 'Well, I can't be surprised that you have lost your baggage, for I cannot find my army.'"

“The above are digressions, but not, I think, impertinent to my subject.

“OATLANDS, 28th January 1837.

“Lord Fitzroy (Somerset), and Hume, not Joseph but Dr Hume, the Duke's surgeon, shot and slept here. I asked Lord Fitzroy whether he was at any time anxious about the result at Waterloo. Never. He went away wounded at six o'clock, perfectly easy on the subject. When the guns in front line were left by the Duke's order, the artillerymen and horses retired to a greater distance than the Duke wished. Some officers of artillery remained to look out, and these were all killed.

“At Salamanca, while Lord Beresford deprecated the attack, Gordon strongly advocated it.

“The Duke said, ‘By G——, they are extending; bring me my horse.’ He rose to give his directions in person to Pakenham, and the scene ensued as described by Napier, but with less fine language. At St Sebastian, Lord Beresford was in great anxiety, and with more reason than at Salamanca.”¹

“Frederick Ponsonby rode up at last to announce the success of the assault. All seem to have lamented Sturgeon at Tarbes, and Cadogan at Vittoria. Hume spoke with rapture of Lord Anglesea's firmness under amputation, and said his pulse did not alter. One of his (Lord Anglesea's) Staff, was paying him compliments on the behaviour of the cavalry. He said he

¹ The Duke said that the critical part of the battle of Salamanca was when he was compelled to relieve a division under fire, an operation which requires great steadiness in the troops to effect without confusion.

was not uniformly satisfied with it. The French columns at Waterloo in no instance deployed to the attack, and the rout, as formerly in Spain, commenced invariably from the centre and rear of the column. This probably arises from the ignorance of the parties so situated of what is going on in front. The best troops lose courage and discipline, like Ajax, when fighting in the dark. Alava rode away from the field with Lord Fitzroy, a round-shot came bounding over their heads and killed a solitary artilleryman, who was riding a few paces before them. Alava pulled up, and began to moralise '*sur ce pauvre diable,*' which did not suit Lord F. at all, who was suffering dreadfully from the motion of the horse, after the first chill and numbness of the shot which had shattered his elbow had passed.

"I have heard the Duke speak highly of a history of the campaign of 1808, including the battle of Ocana, by a Captain Shee, an Irishman in Soult's army.

"At Batalha the Duke occupied a position in which, in old times, a Spanish army had been defeated by the Portuguese. The monks of the neighbouring convent thought that ill-luck attached to the position, and sang psalms and rang bells through the night.

"The total loss of the Duke's army for the last six years of the Peninsular War in killed, discharged for wounds, and deserters, averaged 6000, or 36,000 on the whole. That of the French was nearly half a million, or 83,000 per annum. Our expense was £54,000,000, which principally passed through the hands of one man, who retired on £1200 per annum. Mr T. Grenville observed to me upon this, that we heard nothing

of any large fortunes acquired by civil functionaries in this war, while out of the seven years of the American War several large fortunes were notoriously made, and he instanced Lord Eardley.

“The Duke, when asked how he learned his profession, replied, ‘I learnt more by seeing our own faults, and the defects of our system in the campaign of Holland, than anywhere else. I was left there to myself with my regiment, the 33rd, on the Waal, thirty miles from headquarters, which latter were a scene of jollification, and I do not think that I was once visited by the Commander-in-Chief. The infantry regiments, taken individually, were as good in proper hands as they are now, but the system was wretched.’ The jollification of which the Duke spoke forms the subject of one of Gilray’s best and most irreverent caricatures, in which the Duke of York is a prominent figure.

“Dr Warren, father to the eminent physician of our time, attended the Duke in the illness which he suffered shortly before he went to India, and which delayed his departure. He told a friend, ‘I have been attending a young man whose conversation is the most extraordinary I have ever listened to. They speak highly of the talents of his elder brother, Lord Wellesley, but depend upon it, if this young man lives, he must one day be Prime Minister.’”

27th April 1837.—“Talk with the Duke. Showed me his despatch to Lord Granville, of 27th November 1835, proving that his interpretation of the Quadruple Alliance was acquiesced in by all parties concerned, and afterwards by Alava. Despaired of forming a stable Conservative Government.”

“*After my election for South Lancashire.*

“LONDON, 9th August 1837.

“I sincerely congratulate you. I heard of your coming to the *Scratch*, with your opponents upon the Hustings, and that you had been very successful. We are going on well in all the counties. I wish that the Irish would follow the example of their neighbours. What do you think of Lord Clancarty failing to support, or rather opposing, Daly in Galway? I hope that you are quite well.”

The following is a specimen of the Duke's kindly nature. I find the following Memorandum concerning it:—

7th December 1837.—“I have been prevented by illness from attending the new Parliament which has been sitting for a fortnight. The Duke heard of this, and has written me a letter of four sheets, to show, as he says, his wish to give me some amusement in my confinement. It contains a *résumé* of the state of affairs and parties, such as no other friend in London could have supplied, and I have certainly no other who would have volunteered such an attention:—

“Lady C. Greville has written to tell me that you have had a little attack of gout, and it is most probable that you will not be able to come to town. Our Leaders were not pleased with their division upon the same questions as this night, some few days ago. I am afraid that they will be in a minority to-night. They were, last night, as to the question of Lord Canterbury's claims. I think that things are going on generally as they did heretofore. The Ministers, that

is to say Lord Melbourne and the Conservative faction among them, in great favour at Court. The others not so much in favour, and it is said that there are symptoms of jealousy in the Cabinet as now formed. I do not believe that anybody of our way of thinking has been near the Court, excepting myself. I dined there, and the Queen was as usual very civil to me. The Duchess of Kent did not appear at dinner. She came in the evening, and I played at whist with her. I thought she looked very ill.

“ ‘ You’ll have seen in the papers some accounts of the affairs in Canada. I was much surprised to find that the Radicals here were perfectly informed of what was going on in Canada in relation to its defence; the measures adopted by the Commander-in-Chief, etc., etc., and Mr Leader repeated in the House of Commons the boasting menaces of the rebellious Party in Lower Canada. Then the tone taken by the Government is certainly the very lowest that any British Minister ever took. He does not say that the Queen will vindicate her rights of Sovereignty, will protect her servants and see that they are paid for their services to the Colony, and that she will carry into execution the Laws, and protect her loyal subjects. But the Minister says that the Queen will act with those who are well affected to the Crown of this country. In respect to foreign affairs, we are in the usual state: not upon good terms with France; on very bad terms with the rest of Europe; Spain and Portugal going to destruction.

“ ‘ There are two or three awkward questions in movement on the Continent. First, Hanover: King Ernest writes that he is very popular. In the meantime his dragoons are keeping the University of Göttingen in order. The truth is that

the great Powers, Austria and Prussia, have informed him that he must settle his affairs to the satisfaction of the Hanoverians. That he must not look to them for military support. That they will not allow the Diet to deliberate on the subject of his proceedings. That all the Constitutional States of Germany are against him. I have no very high opinion of the judgment of King Ernest. If he can go wrong he will, and I should not be surprised if that affair was to end ill. Then there is a little affair stirring in Belgium. King Leopold, who is bound to neutrality, and having a great many more fortresses than he can garrison by his own means, wishes to build more, in order, as he says, to secure himself against the King of Holland—as if he had any security except the good will of the Powers of Europe and the Revolutionary strength of France. The Powers of Europe, instigated, I conclude, by the King of the Netherlands, have expressed great alarm upon this subject, particularly Prussia; Austria likewise has been induced to disapprove strongly of this course. I don't know exactly what we have done. When Lord Palmerston was spoken to, he treated the affair lightly. I believe there is but one subject on which the Queen has declared an opinion: that is the interests of her uncle, King Leopold. I know that when the Prussian Minister was here to congratulate her upon her accession, she did not receive him very well. She desired him to be informed that she wished to see her uncle admitted as an equal among the Sovereigns of Europe, referring to some difficulties which existed, particularly at Berlin, upon the reception of his Minister Plenipotentiary. Then it is a curious circumstance that we should have discovered that there is a country called Bolivia, with which we have con-

cluded a treaty of commerce, and that the Queen should have informed her Parliament of this propitious event (although I think it very doubtful whether the Treaty is ratified), and that Her Majesty should not have mentioned that she had concluded and ratified a treaty of commerce with the *King of the Netherlands*. That title is not agreeable, and the Treaty is omitted in the Speech, but the ratified copy is now on the Tables of Parliament. You will see then that this question in the Netherlands is not unattended with difficulties. I objected to the construction of these proposed fortresses when I was Secretary of State.

“I have not heard precisely what part Louis Philippe takes in the affair. But I conclude that he will not encourage Leopold to go so far as to risk a war in Europe. In the meantime you will see that the King of Prussia has got into a religious difficulty on the Rhine, which would not be unimportant if there was to be any extremity in that part of the world, in relation to Belgium.’”

7th December.—“Peel was not pleased, I understand, with the discussion in the House of Commons respecting Ireland. Ours in the Lords turned out better. But seeing how it was likely to go, I thought it as well to look at the papers, and I made out a good case. All accounts agree that they are in a terrible situation in Ireland, in every respect except the payment of tithes. The Clergy are certainly collecting their tithes, I believe, by a casual alteration of the Law for the regulation of the Process by Civil Bill. The execution of the decree of the Barrister or the Judge’s Court rests with the Sheriff. He proceeds with the “*Posse Comitatus*.” This alteration was introduced by the Government unknowingly, in an

Act passed in 1836. It was agreed to by the House of Lords unwillingly. It has settled the affair for the Clergy in many parts of Ireland. It is only to be apprehended that this improvement in their situation, which can be but temporary, and possibly is only local, may tend to induce the Clergy to object to a reasonable permanent arrangement of the affairs of the Protestant Church.

“‘I have written you a long budget, which will at least show you my desire to give you a moment’s occupation during your confinement to your couch.’”

12th October 1837.—“I don’t admire Lord Grey’s determination not to take his seat. A man who has done what he has should devote all the faculties of his mind and every hour of his life to the public cause, and should do everything in his power, that the Government of his country may get on, under the new system which he had been the means of establishing. But I am afraid that the noble Earl is no more than an ordinary Party man.”

2nd February 1838.—“The Duke called on me after the Opera, wrapped in a pelisse lined with sable, which cost £200. He noticed the attacks in the *Times* on Lord Melbourne’s constant presence at the Palace.

“‘I must say,’ he said, ‘that, were I in his place, I should from the beginning have done exactly the same, and, if for no other reason, in order to secure the Queen from the hands of the Conroys.’”

“STRATHFIELDSAYE, *15th January* 1839.

“I shall be delighted to see you and Lady F—— when you will come. I propose Monday, the 21st. I must go to town soon. According to

the usual custom, I am wanted for everything previous to the meeting of Parliament."

"STRATHFIELDSAYE, 24th January 1839.

"The Duke read me his correspondence with Lord Hill, on the subject of our movement in Afghanistan. It strongly deprecates our choice of the particular chief, Shah Souja, whose cause we are embracing. In a military point of view, he seems to think our force sufficient in numbers, both for the main operation and for watching Burma and Nepaul. The two latter, however, he considers as full of formidable contingencies in the matter of expense. Lord Amherst's *Ava* business cost more than Tippoo and Seringapatam. The point of General Fane's measures on which he is most anxious is his present design of making one place, Shikarpore, the *rendezvous* for the stores (and, I think, the passage) of both armies, the Bengal, and the Bombay, to be transported down the Sutlej for the former, and up the Indus for the latter. 'If Fane does this,' he said, 'relying on what he can find at Shikarpore for the further transport of the armies, he will land 20,000 men on the other side, and be utterly unable to move them.' He expressed altogether a strong hope that if Herat should hold out, the entire expedition might be found unnecessary. Herat did hold out, but in an evil hour Lord Auckland persevered.

"We heard yesterday of rumours of war with Ava. To-day, that Fane retires and is succeeded by Keene, of whom the Duke has no high opinion."

2nd February.—"Confined by illness at Bridge-water House. The Duke called on foot in a deep

snow, on his way to a Committee Meeting for Nelson's Monument, and to ask me to belong to it. He spoke with much emphasis of *The Portfolio*,¹ a publication of State papers attributed to Urquhart and Palmerston, which was exciting much interest. He said that the first number had been garbled, and that if the editorship could be brought home to Palmerston, as it nearly had been, he would call on Lord Melbourne to lay it on the table of the House of Lords.

"M. Thibaudeau, son of a regicide of that name, was one of the editors of the *National* at the time when the despatches appeared. When he read those parts of the latter volumes which concern the Duke's conduct towards the French, after Belgium and during the occupation, he is said to have declared, 'Nous avons fait injustice à cet homme,' and to have avowed an intention of translating and publishing them.

"Dining with Croker at Moulsey, I mentioned this circumstance, and M. Thibaudeau's paternity. Lord Brougham, who was present, promptly denied that M. Thibaudeau, senior, was a regicide, saying, 'I knew him very well; he is a most respectable man.' Croker's dining-room is lined with bookcases. He rushed to a shelf, and in a few seconds produced the list of votes on Louis XVI.'s trial, with the name of Thibaudeau, and '*la mort*' opposite. Lord Brougham, for once, was silenced.

"The Duke once gave me the history of Napoleon's sudden return to France from Astorga, which is usually ascribed to intelligence received by him there of Austrian warlike demonstrations. These were not the cause of his haste. The immediate reason was intelli-

¹ More fully alluded to on a previous page.—ED.

gence of a conspiracy between Fouché and Talleyrand for placing Murat on the throne, on the supposition that Napoleon would perish in Spain. Fouché and Talleyrand had been at daggers drawn, but a meeting for reconciliation and mischief had been arranged between them at a ball given by the former, at the house since well known to Parisian society as the Hôtel Crawford. Lavallette remarked that these two were engaged in close conversation in a window for an hour, and reported the circumstance. Eugène Beauharnais about the same time intercepted a cypher letter from Fouché to Murat. The above is from Desmaret's notes confirmed to Alava by Pasquier.

"When Louis XVIII. was approaching Paris after the Hundred Days, Fouché and Talleyrand drove out in the same carriage to meet him. Pozzo, observing the pair, said to the Duke, 'Je voudrais savoir ce que causent ces deux Agneaux là.'

"Talleyrand was received by Louis XVIII., after Waterloo, in Alava's presence, who reported to me the following little passage of sincerity :—

"'Sire, votre Majesté a sauvé l'Europe, au Congrès de Vienne.'

"'Non, M. de Talleyrand, ce n'était pas moi ; c'était votre savoir faire.'

"'Sire, je n'ai fait qu'exprimer vos augustes pensées.'¹

"Frederick the Great was at constant war with our Minister, Eliot, and usually got the worst of it. At the time when our Indian empire was expected to be overthrown by Hyder Ali, he asked Eliot aloud, 'Qui donc est cet Hyder Ali dont on parle tant?' 'Sire,' said Eliot, 'c'est un vieux pirate qui radote.'²

"In the dim morning of the 16th, at Brussels,

¹ From Alava at Worsley, 1839.

² From Alava.

Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's maid was opening her mistress's bedroom shutters when she had the good fortune to recognise the Duke riding off with his Staff for Quatre Bras.

“‘O my lady,’ says she, ‘get up quick; there he goes, God bless him, and he will not come back till he is King of France!’”

26th August 1839.—“I believe that the Powers of Europe are not disposed now to fight about the division of the spoils of the Turkish Empire. We have not the means. The French King had rather not. The other Powers do not much like the probable consequences. First, revolutionary movements, which are very probable; secondly, derangement of their finances, which is certain, as England neither will nor can give subsidies. We—that is our Ambassador—have done all that we could to excite the war, and nothing to prevent it, which we might at any time. Luckily Metternich seized upon the question in time, and will prevent a general war. He would have saved the monarchy of the Othmans if the late Sultan had lived, by preventing that foolish battle in Syria. Nothing could equal the folly of our Ambassadors, and, in this particular affair of the battle, that of the Government.

“P.S.—It is wonderful that I was not seized and thrown out of the window as a spy at the Chartist Meeting to which you refer. I was asked there, the only one of my caste! This shows that the Chartists are better people than their fellows in the United States, who threw a stranger over the bannisters and broke his ribs.”¹

¹ A note by my father says here :—“I do not recollect to what this ‘P.S.’ refers. Probably a reference to the newspapers of the time would discover.”—22nd December 1852.

I find the following Memorandum of a visit to Strathfieldsaye :—

“ 16th June 1841.

“ Passed Saturday and Sunday at Strathfieldsaye. I do not remember the having so much enjoyed any visit here. His sons and Lady Douro the only society besides ourselves. Pleasant to see the devotion with which he consults and anticipates every wish of his beautiful daughter-in-law. He said the natural state of mankind was war. Witness Spain, Greece, Asia. There were two hill-forts in India within gun-shot of each other. They used to be perpetually and without any reason firing on each other. ‘ I was obliged to tell them I would take them both. One was called Lonygoor.’ He was much pleased with a letter he had written to prevent some blockheads of our party from opposing our concession of Buonaparte’s ashes. Had never, since he went out to India, been in bed from illness till the unfortunate operation on his ear. Riding home from it through St Giles, he nearly fell from his horse in consequence of the irritation, while passing a cart laden with iron bars. . . .

“ He spoke of the Acre affair as a very brilliant operation, said that some regular hand must have planned it, and was disposed to attribute it to Sir Charles Smith of St Sebastian notoriety, in which I apprehend he was mistaken. He mentioned S. Juan d’Ulloa, as the only other instance of a fortress of the second order falling to a sea-attack. I do not think he was informed of the wretched state of its defences, and the quality of the Mexican gunpowder, which it is known was good for nothing. My boys were

with us, and he insisted, as he often does, on showing their rooms in person, in consequence of which he bolted into the maids' bedroom, to their consternation and our amusement. . . .

“Alava told Sir Harry Smith as follows:—When the Duke sat down to his late dinner *in the evening of Waterloo*, there were many vacancies, as the table was laid for its usual complement of guests. He ate little, and his eyes were constantly directed to the door, in the hope that some of those missing might yet arrive. That hope was vain. No one entered. He retired soon to write his despatch, but before doing so, he held up both hands and exclaimed, ‘The hand of God has been over me this day!’”

22nd March 1842.—“Walked with Arbuthnot and the Duke. Remarked that the English regiment, the —th, destroyed at Cabul was the same which lost us New Orleans. It was also with Murray in the unhappy business at Tarragona. When the officer who brought the despatches thence to the Duke reached head-quarters, the Duke told him to keep quiet, and not even say where he came from. ‘I was afraid,’ said the Duke, ‘our people would toss him in a blanket.’”

The following note, or memorandum, though made at a much later date—*13th January 1853*—contains matter which comes in appropriately here:—

“Sir Harry Smith visited us at Hatchford. I asked him whether he was uneasy at Waterloo. He said that he had never been in any action in which the smoke so completely prevented any general perception of what was going on. There

was little or no wind, and the field of action was perhaps more compact than in any other instance on record. When the French made their great attack on our centre, in the very thickest of his phenomenon a lull suddenly occurred. For some minutes not a shot was fired, and nothing could be seen by those not engaged; when at last the cloud cleared away, there were the scanty lines of red in their old position, and a cheer along the whole line saluted the glorious spectacle. Sir Harry Smith was serving as Brigade Major to the 10th Brigade, General Lambert."

23rd March 1842.—"The Duke dined at Lady Charlotte Greville's, in great force and spirits. Gave some curious details of his communications with d'Argenton, the agent of the conspiracy in Soult's army, in 1811. The facility with which this man, and others engaged in the plot, passed to and fro through the French chain of outposts, satisfied the Duke as to the extent of the conspiracy. He was often with the Duke for days together, the Duke always telling him, 'Do as you please; my business is to destroy your army, and when I can I will.' The man fell a victim to his own imprudence, in procuring passports from the British Admiral. He landed with these in France, was arrested and searched, but escaped to England. He returned to France for his wife, was again arrested, and shot in the plain of Grenelle by special order of Napoleon.

"The red uniform of the Swiss in Soult's army cut both ways. In the first instance, it induced Soult to disbelieve the report that the English were crossing the river. In the second instance, it saved the French retreat. A Swiss regiment, under Colonel Dulong, was met by a Portuguese peasant, who, taking them for English, said, 'Make

haste, or you will be late, for our people are destroying the bridge.' Dulong hastened his march, and was just in time to save the only passage for the escape of the whole army."

11th April 1842.—"Mr Grenville, Chief-Justice Doherty, and the Duke dined with me in Belgrave Square. Duke and Doherty agreed in the belief that the quantity of arms concealed in Ireland is enormous. Anecdote by Doherty of Lord Norbury. Finishing a charge to the Grand Jury of Limerick County, he saw in the Court the present Colonel Peel, brother to Sir Robert, then an ensign in the Rifles in the garrison. 'One word more, Gentlemen,' said the Judge, 'and I have done. His Majesty has just been pleased to add to the garrison of this city a detachment of that distinguished corps, the Rifle Brigade. Among its Officers is Mr Jonathan Peel, brother to the Secretary. By showing that excellent young man every hospitality and attention in your power, you will do honour to yourselves, your country, and to Ireland.'

"The Duke said the great principle enforced at his recommendation in the Chinese operations was that the Naval and Land Force never should separate, and that the former should not run the risk of keeping the sea in the stormy season. The co-operation was such as had never occurred before, and could not, in the Duke's opinion, be attained in any service but our own.

28th April 1842.—"Mr Grenville, to meet the Duke at dinner.—Lady C. Greville and Mr Arbuthnot. Never saw the Duke to greater advantage, so calm and so fluent. Sat till half-past eleven, and seemed in great spirits the whole time. Wants Landseer to paint a particular moment of Van Amburgh's exhibition. India was naturally

a principal topic, but his conversation, like the letter he has lately addressed to Lord Ellenborough, rather turned upon the ultimate object of the consolidation of our strength behind the Indus than on the more immediate and pressing problem of what we are to do in Afghanistan. His suggestions are principally the establishment of a strong defensive position by the fortification of Agra and Delhi; the improvement of the water communication from Allahabad; and the securing the left of the Northern army by occupying the island of Bukkur, and by a *tête-du-pont* there. These, with less dependence of the military on the politicals, seem to be his chief proposals."

A Memorandum by the Duke.

"29th September 1843.

"I wish that the Landed Gentry and Great Proprietors of England could consider the reformed Church of England, as by law established, not only as the true Christian Church, and therefore the best religious establishment that could be formed, but, connected as it is with the State, with the Landed Property, and with the systems of education in the country, it is an Establishment, political as well as religious, essential to the conservation, the property, the peace and good order of the country. It is true that many dissent from its religious doctrines, its disciplines, and its forms. The majority of the Dissenters from the Church in these times are politicians. They object to the Institution on account of the strength, the support and solidity which it gives to the Constituted Monarchical system of the Government, the state of property and established order existing in the

country. It is a great merit in the Church of England that it tolerates and protects all these Dissenters from its Establishment on whatever ground. It is the only Church Establishment existing, or that ever has existed, which could tolerate Dissent. A part of the Church of England is established in Ireland. When the Legislatures of the two countries were separate, the Reformed Church of England in Ireland was a separate Church Establishment. One of the Articles in the Treaty of Union between Great Britain and Ireland unites these Churches into one—The United Reformed Church of England and Ireland. This Treaty was confirmed by Acts passed in the Parliaments of the two countries, by which the Article was specially confirmed for ever.

“The reformed Church of England, of Great Britain, is thus established in both countries, its doctrines are professed by the majority of the people of the two countries. It is true that in Ireland exclusively the majority of the people are Roman Catholics, as they were at the period of the Reformation, and when these laws were passed establishing in Ireland the Reformed Religion of the Church of England, and likewise at the period of the Treaty of Union and the Laws to ratify that Treaty.

“The establishment of the Church of England in Scotland stands upon the same foundation, and produces the same benefits as the same Establishment does in Great Britain.

“Let it not be supposed that this Branch of the Establishment can be cut off and thrown aside, abandoned! particularly by the violence, virulence, and injustice of its enemies—whom it has tolerated and indulged in everything ex-

cepting its own destruction. Let it not be believed that the Church of England can stand if unable to protect that Branch of the Establishment which is in Ireland. We must maintain that or we shall lose all, and with all, our Religion, our Monarchy, our property, our Constitution, our Education, our manners, and everything which distinguishes us as a nation."

The above paper is marked "Memorandum."

Memorandum of Sunday, 9th June 1844.

"I fell in with the Duke in Stanhope Street. I am afraid I robbed poor Miss d'Este of a visit, for after some conversation he determined to return home through the garden, of which he had the key. Expressed great satisfaction at having got the Emperor of Russia safe on board at Woolwich. There had been some fear of attempts at assassination. In the garden we met many children, all of whom he seemed to know. Pretty, as Pepys would say, to see the reverence of the old and the familiarity of the young, as they gathered about him.

Tuesday following.—"Met him again to-day in Grosvenor Place, walking home from Lady Douro's. He walked slow, and stopped often to expatiate. Recognition and reverence of all as usual. Hats were taken off; passers made excuse for stopping to gaze. Young surgeons on the steps of St George's Hospital forgot their lecture and their patients, and even the butcher's boy pulled up his cart as he stopped at the gate of Apsley House.¹

"Eager on the subject of Algiers and Morocco.

¹ Cf. Lord Ellesmere's poem on 18th November 1852.

Repeated old observations on the impolicy of the French course in attempting to deal with numerous and partially civilised occupants, pastoral and agricultural, as we have dealt with the Red Indian hunter in North America. Said he had dwelt forcibly on this topic with the Emperor Nicholas, with a view to Circassia and other countries in process of Russian absorption, pointing out our example in India, where we govern, but do not occupy, expel, or extirpate. 'Burn their villages, and sweep their flocks!' he said; 'the true policy would be to build them villages, and give them more flocks.'

"When the Emperor Nicholas collected 100,000 troops at Petersburg for the inauguration of Alexander's column, Lord Palmerston made William IV. believe that they were collected for the invasion of England. He made our Minister, Bligh, who seems to have watched the cat jump, and to have favoured this strange supposition, furnish reports of the tonnage of vessels at Cronstadt capable of transporting troops. I don't know what the object of this invention was, for of course I don't imagine that Lord Palmerston believed in it himself. I remember, however, that Russophobia was a Whig fashion of the day. They used to talk of expecting to see Cossacks mounting guard at the Horse Guards.

"Among the people at this time most bitter against the Duke was Lord Palmerston. When he was first appointed to the Foreign Office, the Duke sent him a civil message to say that if he should desire any explanation respecting transactions which he would find there in progress, he, the Duke, would wait on him there to furnish it. This noble offer was declined.

Note of a Memorandum made 6th May 1845.

“The Duke is leading a very solitary life. He dines out nowhere and gives no dinners. Arbuthnot and Lord and Lady Charles (Wellesley) his only society till yesterday, when Lady Charles was brought to bed of a son and heir, to the Duke’s great delight and relief, for she was ill for some hours, and he was in as great an agitation as a young husband could have been.

“Met dear Sir Andrew Barnard at Apsley House. He has a dead foot, of which the nerves at least have lost sensation. He put his umbrella on it yesterday and apologised, thinking it was a neighbour’s. At the Queen’s Concert last night he lost a shoe without perceiving it, and when he did become aware of its absence was obliged to borrow one of a servant. Told me the best troops we had at Waterloo were almost all second battalions, scarcely out of the goose-step. They *stood*, and hammered away as well as the oldest, but it would have been very hazardous to have manœuvred with them under fire as with the old Peninsulars. The Duke said of Napoleon during the action: ‘D—n the fellow, he is a mere pounder after all.’ Sir Arthur Paget left the field wounded, about three.

“I asked him (Sir Andrew) if he had any anxiety about the result. He said, ‘Oh no, except for the Duke. We had a notion that while he was there nothing could go wrong.’ Sir Andrew corroborated my refutation in the *Quarterly* of Marmont’s statement as to his inferiority in numbers at Salamanca. The Duke *had* been superior, and our people were much dissatisfied at his not attacking at that time. The Duke, however, was far from his resources,

could not expect reinforcements, and was, for good reasons, determined not to fight unless he could do so at great advantage. His own object was gained as long as he could compel Marmont to keep his army together, for a French army occupied nothing but the ground it stood on. He knew that difficulties of subsistence would compel Marmont soon to disperse his troops, and that he would then be able to sally forth from Portugal with effect. He was therefore retiring on Ciudad Rodrigo, and content to do so, when Marmont, who had redressed the balance of numbers by the junction of Bonet with 7000 men from the Asturias, gave him an opportunity too good to be resisted, for what Sir Andrew called 'sticking a knife into his side.' It must be remembered that every addition like that of Bonet's to Marmont's main army was in effect a province gained to the Spanish revolt, while it lasted. The Duke's saddle-flap was hit by a spent shot in the evening of Salamanca. Before the dinner, on rising from which the Duke saw the fatal extension of the French left, the servants had attempted to open the canteens in an orchard, but two or three round-shot coming in had made them pack up in a hurry."

To Mr Arbuthnot, forwarded by him, I imagine, with reference to my Article in the Quarterly Review.

“STRATHFIELDSAYE, 9th May 1845.

“There was a sheet missing from the number relating to the battle of Waterloo. I told you there was, and I have found it among my papers on my arrival here. I enclose it. You will see that it is a very important one.”

“LONDON, 1st *November* 1845.

“I think you mentioned to me that when you were in Germany you saw one or two of the Austrian towers fortified on the new principle of towers. I shall be obliged if you will let me know what was the size . . . of each of the towers; what their distance from each other. Was each surrounded by ditch or moat? Was the foot of the wall covered by glacis? Were the towers connected with each other by any line or retrenchment?”

“WALMER CASTLE, 4th *November* 1845.

“I am very much obliged to you for your letter, which contains just such an account as I wished to receive, and it agrees exactly with what I have seen of the mode of carrying into execution the same system on the Rhine.”¹

11th *December* 1846.—(“On the question of my son Arthur obtaining a Staff appointment.”)

“I am very sensible of the advantage it is to any young Officer to serve on the Staff of a Civil Governor or of a Military Commander-in-Chief out of England. It makes him acquainted with a new society. He must acquire knowledge, and even habits of business, if at all employed by his Chief! At the same time I must say he will have, at a late period of life, to acquire a knowledge of the mechanical discipline and movements of the troops, which will be essential to him in the higher ranks of the military profession. It is not easy to say what it is of which the knowledge would not

¹ These two letters refer to the great Austrian works at Lintz. I sent in reply to the first as good an account of them as I could from memory, with some sketches. The Duke's question was connected with his views of the danger of foreign invasion of England.

be useful to an Officer in high command. But I do say that, what I have always found of most use to myself, is the great facility in moving large bodies of troops on the ground. I know that others, Murray for instance, felt the inconvenience of the want of that facility which is acquired, in fact by practice and a regimental education.

“*P.S.*—Tell your son from me, not to neglect the cultivation of his mind in every way while he will be employed on the Staff of the Governor-General in N. America. Tell him that I have never been, and never am at this moment, listless or idle.”

February 1847.—“During the battle of Waterloo the Duke observed that the French had contrived to set on fire a haystack close to the roof of the building.¹ He was in the habit of carrying in his pocket tablets of asses’ skin. On one of these he wrote an order to the Officer Commanding to put out the fire. This leaf was preserved, and is (or was) in possession of Lady Wellesley. It ought to go to the British Museum. If the French had succeeded in taking Hougoumont, they could not have held it long, as our howitzers completely commanded it, but while they could hold it, their occupation would have prevented us from acting on the flank of their attacks, as we did, with so much effect, in the last advance of their guard. Hougoumont and La Haye were like two bastions to the ridge between, and made the position a very strong one.

“The Duke had noticed its capabilities on repeated visits, both in his journeys of inspection, and in a ride he took from Brussels for the purpose. It was in one of these visits that Lady

¹ The name is not given, but most probably at Hougoumont.
—ED.

E——,¹ travelling with her mother, first met the Duke upon the spot of his subsequent victory.

“He had, in like manner, inspected the position once occupied by Marlborough in front of Hal. The reason why he posted Colville and Prince Frederick of Orange in force in that position was because he thought then, as he thinks now, that Napoleon ought, after Quatre Bras, to have manœuvred in that direction, in order to draw away the British from the Prussians, with the ulterior chance of acting between them. For this purpose, he should have moved along the Nivelles road, by which we had advanced from our right. Prince Frederick had 17,000 men to hold the Hal position till he could have been joined by the Duke.

“The King of Würtemberg, the cleverest man and best officer among the German Sovereigns.”

(Collected at Walmer in 1845.)

“*March* 1847.—Robert Eden² told me a story of a pensioner who had assisted at the Duke of Wellington’s duel with Lord Winchelsea. He said, ‘I saw him riding through Battersea, and I saw that *there was mischief in his eye*, so I followed, and saw what happened.’”

“*May* 1847.—Dinner at Apsley House, to meet Sir Harry Smith of Aliwal. Fitzroy Somerset disputed the circumstance of Nassau troops on the extreme left at Waterloo. I knew they were there, and so did Sir Harry, who had been told

¹ My mother, then Miss Greville. My grandparents formed a part of the English Colony at Brussels at that time.

² The Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, brother of Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, was then Rector of Battersea. He was afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

by the Duke he would find his old friends who had deserted from the French at Arbonne, in the south of France. He said the Duke rode up to him at the end of the battle and asked, 'Where are your people, Kempt's division (or brigade)? Tell them to form column of companies, and move on.'

" 'In which direction, my Lord?'

" 'Why, right ahead.'

" 'Sir Harry had just returned from America; on the voyage spoke a vessel. 'Any news?'

" '*Nothing particular.* Buonaparte landed in France; that's all.'

" 'Then I shall be a Lieutenant-Colonel before the year's out.'"

" *15th July 1847.*—A dinner at Apsley House before the Opera, with no one but Arbuthnot. The Duke spoke of marching. In India, shortly after Assaye, he made an extraordinary march, with a view of surprising a body of native predatory horse. With infantry, cavalry, and artillery, he left his quarters at 6 A.M., halted at 2 P.M. for six hours, then marched through the night, and came on the enemy at mid-day, having completed 72 miles, occupied the camp, with his infantry fresh and in good order, and his cavalry in condition to manœuvre for four more miles on the flank and rear of the enemy's retreat. He carried the knapsacks of the natives as well as the European troops, which is not usual, and also the portmanteaus of the cavalry. He also relieved the artillery on the march with spare bullocks. The surprise was complete and effectual."

" *May 1848.*—Walked with the Duke of Wellington to call upon Metternich. The Duke promised to show me his recent correspondence with Lamartine, which appears to have been

amicable on both sides, but cautious on the part of the Duke, who took care to inform and advise with Lord John Russell. It is curious to see how the Whig Government now hang on the Duke. In delicate matters they send the Duke of Bedford to Arbuthnot, as they did lately, to sound him on the Jew Bill, and to prevail upon him not to speak.

“I think the Duke much disinclined to press them in the Palmerston business, which bids fair to give a jog to this tottery Government. Peel keeps aloof from the Opposition, and Graham, Lincoln, and probably St Germans, are speculating on a break-up and a coalition.”

“WALMER, 25th September 1851.

“I am much obliged for your notes on Müffling’s work. There was certainly something out of order in the communication between the two armies in the middle of June. I was in the habit of dining at three o’clock punctually, that I might be in the way, and at leisure throughout the day!

“The first that I heard of the attack upon Ziethen was not from Müffling! It was from the Prince of Orange, who had come in from his quarters at Binche (?) Reuil (?), and who informed me that the French were in movement, that they had felt his posts, and had attacked Ziethen! I immediately sent orders for the concentration of our troops towards the left, and for the reserve to collect in the Park as soon as possible. Müffling did not come in with his account till dinner! Certainly the first news that I received of a movement by the French, and particularly of the advance against Ziethen’s posts, was from the Prince of Orange in person.

It is perfectly true that we had received several reports of movements on the frontier from (the left?), but I waited till I knew which was to be the decided point of attack; and my position and line of cantonments and arrangements were so good, as that, in point of fact, the army was assembled on its extreme left in little more than twelve hours after the report was received of the French movement. The Prussian army, which was attacked, was not assembled in a shorter period of time.

"It is true that I went to the Moulin de Bry and saw the Prussian army formed to receive battle. My observation was, 'We each of us know our own army best! I should not have formed mine in this defensive position as yours is. I should have held them further back, and would have thus protected them from the effect of the French artillery.'¹ Gneisenau made me an angry answer—I believe, that the Prussians liked to see the enemy! We saw in the evening what passed on the Prussian field of battle—the failure of the charge of cavalry made by Blücher. We were certain that the Prussians did not possess the whole of it; we were doubtful how much they did possess. As soon as we could see in the morning, I sent my aide-de camp, Colonel Alexander Gordon,² Lord Aberdeen's brother, with two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, to patrol up to the Prussian army, and to communicate with its Commanding Officer. He had been with us at the Mill of Bry the preceding day. He found French *vedettes* in the field of battle; the French troops in possession of all the villages

¹ Sentence here illegible.

² Fitchett, in vol. iv. of his "How England Saved Europe," discusses this question of sending Colonel Alexander Gordon to communicate with Blücher.—ED.

on the rivulet which the Prussians had occupied the previous day. He communicated with Ziethen in Sombref, and came back and reported that Blücher had retired upon Wavre, and that Ziethen was ordered to retire in the same direction. I determined to take up the position at Waterloo, with which I was well acquainted! There was but one road by which I could retire from the position at Quatre Bras, and the Prussians having retired, I had the whole French army in my front till I saw Grouchy detached towards the middle of the day! It was necessary to wait and be certain that that road was clear . . . and afterwards to withdraw the troops from their position with the utmost regularity, and, if possible by any means, to conceal what we were doing! All our movements were as regular as if they had been in the Mall in St James's Park. The whole of both cavalry and infantry were set in movement in broad daylight!

“The infantry was withdrawn on the high road, excepting the light troops kept in position on the ground . . . (*illegible*). . . . The cavalry, in several lines, was left on the ground. Till towards evening, and hours after Grouchy had moved, a large body of cavalry and infantry, principally cavalry, was assembled on our left in the position and ground of the preceding day. This body moved on the road towards our left flank. . . . As soon as the French *vedettes* touched ours on the road from . . . we commenced to retire with the cavalry and light troops from Quatre Bras, and reached Genappes and Waterloo without interruption. Our retreat could not have been more regular and safe than it was. I was in communication with Blücher, as well in writing myself as verbally

through Müffling, from the middle of the day of the 17th, to inform him of my determination to maintain the position of Waterloo to all extremities if he would remain in communication with us. I was acting on the very best terms with Müffling and with Blücher, indeed not otherwise with any of them. I did not much admire Gneisenau, and Grollman was the worst of all, but I was always on good terms with all. Müffling saw that I did the business of the army myself, that I . . . (inspired?) its movements, that I ordered them, that I handled it, that I directed its operations and superintended everything. He frequently told me they could not do this, and that none other but myself could. Müffling is right: it was Delancy who was Quartermaster-General of the Army. He was killed in the performance of the duty of his office in the battle of Waterloo. . . . He was succeeded in the post by Lieutenant-Colonel Brooke, who was Quartermaster-General at the end of the battle and in the . . . march to Paris. I will write to you again, if anything else should occur to me. It does not appear to me that there is anything else which you have mentioned of sufficient importance to make it desirable that I should notice it."

My father comments on the above as follows:—

"This letter affords an indication of the sort of character the Duke had to deal with in Gneisenau. That officer's Memoirs are to appear shortly, and he will doubtless give his own version of these and other transactions. He will hardly, however, be able to remove the unfavourable impression of his personal character which Droysen's Life of that great soldier and

ill-used man, York, and Müffling's Memoirs are calculated to leave on their readers.¹

“Both these works show what a miserable scene of dissension and counter influences the Prussian headquarter was in 1813, '14 and '15, under Gneisenau's guidance, and both leave a very poor opinion with me of Gneisenau's strategic ability, coupled with the highest of the fighting qualities of the troops he directed. Müffling tells us that he started in 1815 with a rooted distrust of the Duke's good faith, honesty and veracity. This curious disclosure is confirmed in the account published this year in Berlin, by authority, of the campaign of 1815—the 14th No. of the *Geschichte der Kriege in Europa seit 1792*, p. 3. In this it is asserted that for various military reasons of the moment the Prussian chiefs hesitated to promise the Duke the support which he requested on the 17th for the battle which he intended to fight at Waterloo. These reasons, however, were strengthened by *Gneisenau's unconquerable mistrust of the Duke*. The mistrust of the Duke's heterogeneous army was reasonable, but what possible ground could a sane or well-regulated man have adduced for a suspicion of his zeal in the common cause, or his good faith towards his allies?

“Gneisenau was, however, jaundiced by his own perpetual dissensions with his own comrades and rivals, York and others, including Müffling, whom he hated. His own dispositions at Ligny were confessedly wretched, and such as enabled Napoleon to finish with success a battle begun late in the day.

¹ Graf York von Wartenburg, Life by J. G. Droysen, 3 vols. 8vo Berlin, 1851-2.

“This letter has given me more trouble to decypher than any I ever received from the Duke, and I have failed to satisfy myself with some passages.”

In answer to a proposal to send translated extracts from Müffling's Memoirs.

“WALMER, 30th September 1851.

“I shall be very much obliged to you for the communication of any passages of Müffling's Memoirs, relating to 1815, of which you may think it desirable that I should have cognizance.

“I shall certainly be at Worsley in good time on the 8th.” (For the Queen's visit.)

MEMORANDUM ON THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

My father contributed an Article to the *Quarterly Review*, in 1845, on Marmont, Siborne and Alison. On the proof-sheets of this Article I find the following Memorandum :—

“These proof sheets were under the Duke’s perusal on the 18th of June 1845, the 30th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. They received his unqualified approbation, and bear evidence of his perusal in one or two pencil corrections under his own hand. The passage at page sixteen, marked with ink, is one to which I drew his attention, being anxious to know whether I had rightly apprehended and remembered some observations, caught from his own lips at various times, on which it is founded.

“ F. E.

“ 28th June 1845.”

The following Memoranda are here printed practically as they were written by my father, but the vast mass of new evidence on the details of the Battle of Waterloo since his day, has thrown some new light on some of the statements contained in them. I have therefore added a few notes on points concerning which there appears to be some conflict of evidence.—E.D.

*Memorandum all in the Duke's hand.*¹

“The Battle of Waterloo and all the details connected with that operation, including the positions of the Allied Armies previous to its commencement, the orders given them, their marches on the days immediately preceding the battle, their operations in the battles of the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June 1815, as well as on the 18th of June itself, are fair subjects of historical discussion. But that which it is the duty of the Historian of a battle to do, equally with the Historian of any other transaction, is to seek with diligence for the most authentic details of the subject on which he writes, to peruse with care and attention all that has been published; to prefer that which has been officially recorded and published by public responsible authorities; next, to attend to that which proceeds from Official Authority, although not contemporaneously published, and to pay least attention to the statements of Private Individuals, whether communicated in writing, or verbally; particularly the latter, if at a period distant from the date of the operation itself; and, above all, such statements as relate to the conduct of the Individual himself communicating or making the statement.

“The Histories of Mr Alison and Captain Siborne ought both to be considered in these views.

¹ “This ought properly to be preceded by the other and longer document, on which my Article in the *Quarterly* was principally founded. The original of this was, I apprehend, returned to the Duke, as my version is a copy executed by Mr Rasbotham (Lord Ellesmere's Private Secretary).

“(Signed) E. E.”

“The objects in the view of the Allied Powers for the Collection of the Allied British Army under the Duke of Wellington in the Principality of the Netherlands,¹ just then formed, and the Allied Prussian Army under the command of Marshal Prince Blücher, on the left bank of the Meuse, and on the rivers Meuse and Sambre, have been before adverted to. The attack of these armies, or one of them, by the Emperor Napoleon before the period at which the other Allied Armies could be collected, was an event calculated upon, and considered by the Officers at the head of them; and the orders and directions given by the Duke of Wellington for the march and collection of the Troops under his command, in different hypothetical cases stated therein, have been published, and since that period the orders given by them on the 15th of June, after he had received an authentick Report of the movement of attack made by the French Army on the Prussian Position of the Sambre, during the previous night and on that morning.

“There can be no doubt, that it would have been desirable, if the two armies had been collected, each near the point attacked at the moment at which the attack commenced. But the advantages derived by the French Emperor from the nature of the N.E. frontier of France, towards the Netherlands and Germany, must never be lost sight of, any more than the great object of the Allied Powers in the original position of their Armies, and the necessity of maintaining in security the communication with Holland and England by the Army under the Duke of Wellington, and it will be seen that such collection of troops could not be made till

¹ So in original MS.

the ultimate designs of the French Emperor should be clearly ascertained, without incurring the risk of great losses . . . and further of being under the necessity of making false movements in presence of such a Master in the Art of War as the Emperor Napoleon. The views of the Allies in assembling Armies in the Netherlands, and in German Provinces on the left of the Rhine, and on the rivers Sambre and Meuse, have been heretofore discussed. It appears that the Duke of Wellington having his Headquarters at Brussels, and Marshal Blücher his at Namur, the first account which the Duke of Wellington received of the operations and attack of the French Army upon the positions of the Prussian Army on the Sambre, was at between three and five o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th from the Prince of Orange in person, who had come in from Binche to dine with him.

“He had at his Headquarters a Staff Officer of the Prussian Army of the highest rank and distinction, who was in constant communication with all parts of the Prussian Army.

“It might reasonably have been expected that an attack made upon the Prussian Army at five o'clock in the morning might have been known at Brussels, at the distance of about forty miles, before five in the evening. Yet in point of fact, it was not till that hour, that the accounts were received from the Prussian quarter; the orders for the movement had been issued upon receipt of the first accounts from the Prince of Orange. Further orders were issued for the continuance of the movements as soon as the Reports from the Prussian Quarters were received.”

“The Duke of Wellington was responsible for

not receiving these Reports," says the sagacious, fair-judging Mr Alison! He was, was he? That is the question. This was entirely and exclusively a Prussian affair.

Nobody can say whether there was any misconduct in anybody for the failure of early communication, but if there was any, surely he was not to blame who was to receive the communication from others!

There is a good deal of detailed statement in both these histories regarding the failure owing to the misunderstanding of a communication between Marshal Blücher in his Headquarters at Namur, and General Bülow von Dennewitz at Liège, which was the cause of the halt of that corps on the 15th June at Hannut, and of its consequent absence from Sombref on the next day of battle, that is, on the 16th of June.

But has Marshal Blücher, or the Chief of the Staff, or Baron Bülow, been blamed for this omission to communicate a failure or mistake of or in the communication? No! but the Duke of Wellington must be blamed, because a communication failed, at the important moment certainly, over which he could have no control! And this is what is called a candid historian!

It is obvious that the Duke of Wellington did not lose a moment in giving the proper and required orders when informed of the attack.

Let the historian only suppose the case: that he had received at nine in the morning from the Prussian Staff-Officer, as he ought, the Reports of what had passed between the French and

Prussian Armies on the Sambre at five on the same morning :

The orders given at five in the evening would have been issued at ten in the morning! The troops would have been on the evening of the 15th, at six o'clock, in the situations in which they were at twelve o'clock that night, after the receipt of the orders of 5 P.M. of the 15th.

They would have moved at daylight in the morning of the 16th, and would have been at mid-day on the 16th, at the points which they reached at six, seven, and eight that evening.

But after all, it is desirable to see what force of the Allied British Army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, was at this point of attack made on the Sambre, and then to see whether, after the failure of the communication, there was cause for blame on account of delay in collecting the troops, or indeed at all, considering that the French Army was not itself collected; that is to say, with its columns closed up, and in a state to commence an operation till late in the day of the 16th, as it is stated by Captain Siborne, writing from information from the French Staff, and that even Marshal Ney had not joined the army, and had not his horses and his equipages, and had been under the necessity of purchasing horses from Maréchal the Duke of Treviso, who was sick.

“ It is true that Captain Siborne criticises the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon in not following up with sufficient activity on the 16th the movement which he had made with so much success on

the 15th. But a little reflection upon the information which he undoubtedly had of the movements of the various parts of the French Army must have convinced him that those which had been on the extreme left in French Flanders, and formed the rear of the column, of which the Head was engaged on the Sambre, on the 15th, could not be closed up till a late hour on the day of the 16th.

“Yet it must be admitted that the Commander of the French Army, the Emperor Napoleon, had the initiatives, and the choice of the point of attack, as well as of the moment at which it should be made, in consequence of the Allied Armies being necessarily at that moment on the defensive.”

It is stated by Captain Siborne that the Prince of Orange had the command of the First Corps of the Infantry of the Allied Army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington. This corps consisted of the—

1st British Division	-	-	-	4,051	men
3rd British Division	-	-	-	6,970	„
2nd Dutch Belgian Division	-	-	-	9,533	„
3rd Dutch Belgian Division	-	-	-	6,669	„
				<hr/>	
				25,223	men

and 48 pieces of cannon.

This corps was cantoned. The 1st and 3rd Divisions British at Enghien, Braine le Comte, and Soignies; the 2nd Dutch Belgian Division at Nivelles; the 3rd Dutch Belgian at Roeux and towards Binche.

The 2nd at Nivelles being 4 miles from Quatre Bras, all the others within an easy march of Quatre Bras, supposing that to be the point of

attack, these troops were in immediate communication with the right of the Prussian Army, the corps of General Ziethen on the Sambre.

Their right was cantoned, as said, in the neighbourhood of the high road from Mons to Brussels, thus giving protection to the capital. By their right they communicated with the 2nd corps of Infantry, under the command of General Lord Hill, and the corps of Allied Cavalry under the command of General the Marquis of Anglesea. They had a good and easy communication with the right of the corps and the Prussian Army from Braine le Comte on Nivelles and Quatre Bras.

There was, besides, at Bruxelles as Reserve—

The 5th British Division	-	-	7,188 men.
„ 6th British Division	-	-	5,199 „
„ Brunswick Corps	-	-	5,376 „
			<hr/>
			17,763 men.
			25,223 „
			<hr/>
			42,986 men.

This was the force actually upon the field at Quatre Bras, in the course of the day and afternoon of the 16th of June, exclusively of the British cavalry, which reached the ground late in the evening.

The public will judge for themselves whether the Duke of Wellington ought to have posted his army in a different manner; whether he, or anybody else, ought to be blamed for the failure of the receipt of early intelligence of the attack of the French upon the Prussian Army on the morning of the 15th at five o'clock; and whether

there was delay or mistake on his part in giving orders for the march of the troops after he had obtained knowledge of the exact state of affairs at the point of attack.

These are the facts referable to the charge that His Grace was surprised.

It is true and well known that the Duke went to a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's at Bruxelles, after he had given his orders for the march of the troops, as well to those at a distance as to those cantoned in that town and the neighbourhood of Bruxelles. Those cantoned in the town having been ordered to assemble in the Park at midnight.

In respect to this Ball having been the cause or a symptom of the military surprise upon the Commander-in-Chief, it may be as well to remind the Historian of another well-known fact.

The Duchess of Richmond, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, a great admirer of the Highland troops (and the 42nd and 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders, of which Her Grace's father, the Duke of Gordon, was Colonel), being cantoned in Bruxelles, invited some of the non-commissioned officers, and even privates, to her Ball, wishing to show her Bruxelles friends the *real Highland dance*, and some of the soldiers danced at this ball. These two regiments were engaged on the next day at Quatre Bras, and it is well known¹ that some of the dancers were killed.

¹ Ney's advanced guard attacked the Nassau troops at Frasnes, some twenty-three miles from Brussels, at 5.30 on the 15th, the day of the ball.

So much for the surprise occasioned by the Commander-in-Chief's presence at the Ball.

It is well known that he quitted Bruxelles on horseback at daylight¹ in the morning of the 16th of June, and he must have been in person on the field at Quatre Bras before mid-day.

He went immediately, accompanied by his Aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon, to the Headquarters of the Prussian Army, at that time assembling on the heights in the rear of the villages of St Amand and Ligny, distant from six to eight miles from the Quatre Bras.

He returned to Quatre Bras in the afternoon, having quitted the Prussian Headquarters before the attack by the French Army commenced. He reached the position at Quatre Bras before the French attack upon it commenced, *and it is well known that* he in person reconnoitred the French Army in the wood, formed in columns preparatory to the attack.

It is not true, as stated by Captain Siborne, that at night he was ignorant of what had occurred on the Prussian field of battle, and was not informed till the following morning.²

It is well known that the Duke of Wellington employed a Staff-Officer, Col. Sir Henry Hardinge, at Marshal Blücher's Headquarters, who sent him repeated Reports during the battle—one Report,

¹ Ropes gives the hour as 7.30 a.m., Houssaye as 6 a.m., Greig as "about 8," and Lady Hamilton Dalrymple as 8 a.m.

² But compare a passage on p. 229, where it is stated that "the exact result of the battle was not known"—"the Duke was informed of some of the details at night."

the last written after he was himself wounded, which was brought to the Duke by his brother, Captain Hardinge of the Royal Artillery, with a verbal message given after nightfall.

The Duke, moreover, could see, and saw what passed on the Prussian field of battle, until darkness put an end to all further movements and observations on either side.

But he sent his Aide-de-Camp, Lieut.-Col. Gordon, who had been on the Prussian field of battle with the Duke on the preceding day, the 16th, at daylight on the morning of the 17th, with two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, in order to communicate with the rear-guard of the Prussian Army, and to ascertain what was their position and design.

The Colonel found the field of battle deserted, excepting by a few French *vedettes*. These were driven in, and the Colonel with his squadrons crossed the field of battle unmolested, and having communicated verbally with General Ziethen, commanding the Prussian rear-guard at Sombref,¹ on the road to Namur, where the Prussian left had rested in the battle of the preceding day, and having ascertained that the Army had retired upon Wavre, he returned across the Prussian field of battle to the position at Quatre Bras.

Let the reader of the History compare this, the true account of the transaction, with the account in the History.

If Colonel Gordon had lived, probably Captain

¹ It is probable that Col. Gordon found Ziethen at Tilly, not at Sombref.

Siborne might have learnt the truth from him, and he must have known that the Colonel brought back the most positive accounts of the state and position of the Prussian Army, instead of *bringing back word* that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre.

It must be observed throughout the fifth chapter that the statements recorded by the author as facts and matter of historical truth were the reports of individuals of their own actions, and of conversations which they held with each other.

It is undoubted and well known that the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington, was on the field of battle from the commencement to the termination of the battle, that he reconnoitred the enemy in the wood, and indeed was the first to discover that the attack was about to be made by a very large body of troops. That he was on the field till after dark as long as any contest lasted, and that, as was his uniform practice, he posted all the troops himself, and that no movement was made but by his orders. Yet the perusal of this history, as it is called, would inspire the belief that he was not in the field at all, and had not given a single order.

As soon as Colonel Gordon returned with his patrol, it is well known that the Duke of Wellington gave orders for the army to occupy the position in front of Waterloo, of which he had a perfect knowledge, having seen it frequently, and of which no knowledge could have been had by any other officer in the Army. The road to and through Genappe having been cleared of all hospital and

store carriages, and of every impediment, the Infantry and Artillery were put in march, in broad daylight, in different columns, to cross the different bridges over the Dyle. These movements were as regular as on a parade.

The outposts, particularly those held by the Riflemen, were kept standing, and movements were made by the British Cavalry so as to attract the enemy's attention, and conceal the retrograde movement of the Infantry.

The Infantry having marched, the cavalry remained on the ground, the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington, with them till between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the History of the transactions of the 17th, there is another example of the mode of writing Histories founded on the Reports of private individuals of their own conduct and their conversation with others.

It is well known that the Duke of Wellington was on the ground till the last moment ; that he saw all the movements on the Prussian field of battle, the detachment of Grouchy's corps towards Wavre, following the march of the Prussian Army, and the march of the great body of the French Army along the great road from Sombref. *It is well known* that no movement was made on his part, and that in fact he did not order the commencement of the retreat of the Cavalry till their advanced patrols touched the *vedettes* on the high road on their left.

He had before ordered off the Riflemen from the front, with directions to halt in the first houses

of Genappe, in order to facilitate the retreat through the Town of the Cavalry, in case they should be pressed.

There were several bridges over the Dyle which the separate columns of the Cavalry might cross, and eventually did cross, and in point of fact there was no difficulty as to the retreat of the Cavalry, no part of which was pressed. Lord Edward Somerset formed the Brigade on the high ground behind Genappe, within the distance of cannon-shot from the entrance of the village.

A violent storm had commenced at nearly about the moment at which the retreat of the Cavalry commenced, which in a very short time rendered the country impassable by troops, excepting on the roads. This event certainly facilitated the retreat.

When the troops had retired through Genappe, followed by the French Cavalry, the 7th Hussars charged the head of the French Cavalry as it was coming out of the village. This charge failed, and Colonel Elphinstone and Major —— being at the head of the column, were taken prisoners. Lord Edward Somerset's Brigade, posted as above stated, charged, and protected the retreat of the 7th.

This was the only event of this retreat, which, in the afternoon and evening of the 17th was made with as much facility and security by the Cavalry as the retreat of the Infantry had been made early in the day.

It is curious that the Historian of the Battle of Waterloo, Captain Siborne, having discovered that in his capacity of artist he had failed in producing

an accurate, and even intelligible, representation of the Battle of Waterloo, on his beautiful and accurate model of the ground, by having listened to every hero of his own tale, and by having introduced into the model the action represented by each individual to have been performed, without regard to time, order of time, or circumstances,—the consequences of which have been to render ridiculous and useless that beautiful work, so that it is more like the picture of five (Acts) of a play, and its termination represented on canvas as one scene, than it is to anything else that can be imagined—should in his History of this great military event, have fallen into the same error, so far at least as to have listened to every individual who chose to tell his own tale, to insert into his work as facts, and as operations performed, the reports made by others of what was related to the person who reported, in conversation with third parties; while he lays aside and unnoticed the authentick reports by the General Commanding-in-Chief, and by the Generals and others employed at his Headquarters, made to their respective Sovereigns; the letters written by the General on the morning of that day, and all the well-known circumstances of the Battle, known to all the Officers about the Headquarters, and to all particularly whose duty placed them near the Commander-in-Chief on that day. It is well known that, however unfavourable the weather, the Commander-in-Chief was on the field at day-break, after having written his letters to the King of France and others. He was perfectly acquainted

with the ground which he had taken up, and himself posted the troops upon it. He visited the posts in Hougomont, and gave orders for the defensive musketry works which were formed in the Garden and in La Haye Sainte, and beyond the road leading from Bruxelles to Genappe, Charleroi, Sombref, and Namur, and on to the extreme left occupied by his Army, and it is a curious circumstance, not mentioned by the historians, that having throughout the night from the 17th to the 18th communicated by patrols through Ohain with the Prussian corps at Wavre, he saw the Prussian Cavalry collected in a mass on the high ground on the Waterloo side of the Défilé of St Lambert at an early hour of the day, at least an hour before the commencement of the Battle, which Cavalry is the same represented to have been seen by the French Headquarters, in a letter written by Marshal Duc de Dalmatie to Marshal Grouchy, dated at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, which letter is published by Marshal Grouchy in a pamphlet printed in the United States. The same letter is in a note to page 400 of Captain Siborne's first volume.

The perusal of the account of this battle will show where the historian collected the facts which he narrates. But some of the most important facts of the battle are omitted; because the only authorities from whom information was never required were the Commander-in-Chief himself, and the Officers of the General Staff, and those acting under his immediate orders in the Field.

It is well known that the Nassau Dutch troops were withdrawn from Hougoumont and relieved by British Guards. Neither the fact nor the reason is stated.

When the formidable attacks were made by the Enemy upon the Centre of the Line, that is between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, first by cavalry, then by large masses of infantry, and at last, by large masses of infantry supported by cavalry, and each attack was defeated, no statement is made of the operations carried on, or of the mode in which the defeat was effected; because such statement did not promote the object of any Individual Narrator.

In the first attack the French Cavalry was undoubtedly in possession of the first line of the Allied Artillery, the Artillery-men having retired into the squares of the infantry, and the horses and limbers of the guns being retired to the rear.

A sufficient body of cavalry, particularly of the Heavy Cavalry, including the Horse Guards, having been collected in rear of the Centre attacked, the squares of infantry were moved forward, supported by the British Cavalry. The French Cavalry retired, leaving the guns behind them on the ground; the British Cavalry charged through the intervals of the squares and did great execution.

Where masses of the French Infantry alone attacked this same centre, advantage was taken of the continued possession of Hougoumont to

(throw?) forward Sir Frederick Adam's Brigade of the Division *en potence* with its left joining the line of the centre of the Army, and its rear and right defended by Hougoumont and the sharp-shooters in the wood in its front, to make an attack on the left and rear of the masses engaged in the attack of the infantry of the Centre.

This attack had been preceded by the enemy's attack and possession of the Ferme de la Haye on the left of the Centre.

The cause of this loss has not been stated, for the same reason. It was occasioned by the want of ammunition of the troops engaged in its defence. There was but one communication with the farm, and that was by a gateway on the road from Bruxelles to Genappe, which communication was under the command of the fire of the enemy's artillery from their position for a considerable distance between the line occupied by the British Army, and the gateway into the farm, and was of course impracticable. An easy remedy might have been, but unfortunately was not, adopted, which was to break out a communication through the back wall¹ of the farm-house, through which a practicable communication might have been made, not alone for the introduction of ammunition, but for the relief and reinforcement of the Garrison itself.

The enemy, however, obtained possession of the post, established their sharp-shooters in the

¹ Colonel Shaw-Kennedy states from his own personal observations that such a door did exist.

roof of the building, and, there is no doubt, did from thence much of the injury done to the British Army on that day; and at all events their possession of this farm enabled them to make these repeated attacks on the centre of the Allied Army.

After the repulse of the great attack made by the infantry alone, a former attack of cavalry having been repulsed, it was obvious that the next attack was to be combined of the three, cavalry, infantry, and artillery. It was obvious that the troops would require extension of line to engage with the infantry, and solidity to engage with the cavalry. But they could not have the necessary extension if formed in squares, as before, to receive the attack of the cavalry, nor the necessary solidity if formed in line in their usual order, two deep, to engage the enemy's infantry.

They were therefore formed four deep, by which formation they enjoyed the advantage of sufficient extension, and of solidity to stand the attack of any cavalry.

The troops of the Third Division were again formed *en potence* on the flank of Hougoumont, with their rear to that farm.

This formidable attack was again repulsed.

It was after these attacks that the Commander-in-Chief, having perceived the confusion in the enemy's ranks upon their repulse, and having ascertained that a corps of the Prussian Army was in immediate communication, if not joined to the left of the army, ordered the advance of the whole line to attack the enemy.

If the historian had enquired, he would have ascertained the exact place at which the smoke of the fire of the Prussian Artillery was first seen in the British line in the attack of the enemy's extreme right.

It is well known that the report was brought to the Commander-in-Chief at about six o'clock in the evening.¹

It is not true that Lord Uxbridge was wounded before the Army was ordered to advance.

After the first advance, the Army was halted by order of the Commander-in-Chief, in order to enable the troops to get into the best order to attack the enemy, some of which were still posted on the height, and it was during this halt that his Lordship was wounded by a grape-shot while he was in conversation with the Commander-in-Chief.

N.B.—There are passages in the foregoing which seem to me founded on a misapprehension of Captain Siborne's language, and I have some doubts whether in one or two instances there is not some confusion between him and Alison. I find that I felt this so strongly at the time, that I wrote a letter, dated 18th May 1845, to Arbuthnot, in which I deprecated the Duke's severity towards Siborne. I took occasion also to ask a question respecting the passage in the above Memorandum, which states that the Duke saw from Quatre

¹ The Prussians opened fire on the French right at 4.30 p.m. The smoke and fog which hung heavily may account for the late hour at which the Prussian firing was observed by our troops (*cf.* p. 233).

Bras important passages of what happened at Ligny. Arbuthnot sent me back my letter, with the following docqueted upon a corner of it in the Duke's hand :—

“I think that Lord Francis is quite right. I mentioned Siborne's model only as an illustration of the manner in which he had made up his work. That is to say, he took down every man's story as true and certainly correct, as he had before represented his act and supposed position in his model, of which beautiful work he had made a scene of confusion, such as would be a drawing or representation in one view of all the scènes and acts of a play in five acts.

“With a glass from Quatre Bras I positively saw the principal events on the field of Ligny. That is to say, the charge and failure of the charge of the Prussian Cavalry, Blücher's personal situation, and the retreat of the Prussians from the field of battle. I was besides frequently informed by reports from Hardinge; the last brought by his brother after he was wounded.”

I once spoke to Lord Fitzroy Somerset on this subject, who fully and positively confirmed this statement of the Duke.

The following is a Memorandum, by the Duke, on the Battle of Waterloo, the original of which was returned to him :—

“In discussing the Battle of Waterloo and the military movements previous thereto, it is necessary to advert to the state of Europe at the moment, to the military position of the Allies,

on the one hand, and of Buonaparte and France on the other.

“The Powers of Europe had, in 1814, made peace with France governed by Louis XVIII. A Congress was assembled at Vienna, composed of Ministers from the principal Powers engaged in the previous war, and from His Most Christian Majesty, to regulate and settle various points left unsettled by the treaties of peace, not only as between France and the Powers engaged in the war, but questions affecting the relative interests of all, arising out of the long and extensive warfare, the consequence of the French Revolution.

“Buonaparte, having abdicated his power, and having retired to the Island of Elba under the sanction of a Treaty, returned to France early in March 1815, with a detachment of his Guard which had attended him to the Island of Elba, and arrived at Paris on the 20th of March, and overturned the Government of King Louis XVIII., who fled to Lille, and subsequently to Ghent in the Netherlands, and Buonaparte usurped the Government of France.

“Whatever we may think of the settlement of the Government of France, of the state of the possession of the different parts of Europe, and of the world, as fixed by the treaties of peace, and by the subsequent diplomatic transactions at Vienna at that moment completed, they constituted at that time the public law of Europe, and the state of possession of the several Powers under authority thereof. This must never be lost sight of in the consideration of this subject.

“From the moment at which Buonaparte drove Louis XVIII. from Paris and usurped his throne, it was obvious that the war would be renewed; and the first thing that was done by the Ministers

of the Allies at Vienna upon learning the invasion of France by Buonaparte, his march upon Paris, and his usurpation of the Government, was to renew and to render applicable to the circumstances of the moment the former treaty of alliance concluded at Chaumont in March 1814.

“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington being the Plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty at the Congress of Vienna at this period; having concluded and signed the Treaty of Alliance on the 25th of March, and all the arrangements connected with that instrument, and having been appointed to command the Allied Army assembled in the Netherlands, set out from Vienna and reached Bruxelles in the first days of April.

“The Treaty of Peace of 1814 had rendered necessary the occupation of the provinces, commonly called the Belgian Provinces, by an army composed of British, Hanoverian and Dutch troops under the command of H.R.H. The Hereditary Prince of Orange. The German provinces, on the left bank of the Rhine with the Meuse, extending from the province of Lorraine to the junction of the Rhine with the Meuse, by Prussian troops. The Italian provinces forming what had been called the Kingdom of Italy, by the Austrian Army. Indeed, this Austrian Army was at about this time engaged in active operations of war with Murat, King of Naples. The provinces in Poland, forming the Kingdom of Saxon Poland, by the Russian Army.

“Thus then the Armies of the Allies were distributed in different parts of Europe, while the greater part of that of England had been detached to North America, and notwithstanding that the Treaty of Peace had been concluded at

Ghent, on the 24th of December 1814, between His British Majesty and the United States, sufficient time had not elapsed to enable His British Majesty's Ministers to bring back the Troops to Europe.

"On the other hand, Buonaparte found an Army in France completely organised, consisting of not less than 250,000 men, with cannon and all that was required to render them efficient for the field.

"There were besides in the country many old soldiers available for the service, who had been prisoners of war in England, in Russia, and elsewhere, besides the men discharged from the Corps of the Imperial Guard.

"It is obvious that the first measures which the Generals commanding the Armies of the Allies could take must have been defensive. Those in the Belgian Provinces, and those on the left bank of the Rhine, must have been strictly and cautiously formed on these principles. Their forces were weak in comparison with the French force opposed to, or which might be brought against, them. The latter enjoyed other advantages in the nature and strength of their frontier.

"These Allied Troops were at the outpost. They were destined to protect the march of the other Armies of the Allies to the countries which were intended to be the basis of the operations to be carried on against the enemy, for which the Treaty of the 25th of March had made provision.

"The Army in the Belgian Provinces under the command of the Duke of Wellington, from the first days of April had particular interests to attend to, as each of the other armies had

in the districts under its charge besides the general operations of the war. That Army composed of British, Dutch, and Hanoverian Troops had to preserve the communications with England, Holland, and Germany. It was connected with the Prussian Army by its left, the communication of which with Germany was absolutely necessary.

“The Prince Sovereign, afterwards King of the Netherlands, to whose Government the Belgian Provinces had been ceded by the Congress of Vienna, had fixed its seat at Brussels, and the King, Louis XVIII., having found himself under the necessity of withdrawing from France altogether, had fixed his residence at Ghent.

“Buonaparte had great advantages, whether for an offensive operation on the position of the Allies, or for the defence of his own, in the number, the position, and the strength of the fortresses on the N.E. frontier of France. He might fix and organise his armies within these, out of sight, and almost without the knowledge of the Allied Generals, even to the last moment previous to an attack, and it was impossible for the Allies to carry on an offensive operation against the French position which should not include the means of carrying on one or more sieges possibly at the same moment.

“The inconveniences, difficulties, and disadvantages of this defensive system were aggravated by the uncertainty of the length of time during which it might last. That is to say, till the Austrian Armies, having terminated their operations in Italy against Murat, should have reached the upper Rhine, and there formed

a junction with the Armies of Bavaria and Würtemberg, and the Russian Armies should have retrograded from Poland, should have crossed Germany, and formed upon the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Moselle.

“It is complained of by the Prussian historian, Clausewitz, that he had never been able to obtain the sight of a return of the Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington, made up in the form of what is called ‘a line of Battle.’ This, at best, is the complaint of the want of a return made up in a particular form, and it would not have been noticed here, were it not desirable to draw the attention of the reader to the general temper and tone of this history.

“The reputation of its army, and above all, of the Generals commanding the same, is an object of the greatest importance to every nation, and we find the historians of all nations, not excepting, as we see, those of the British nation, too ready to criticise the acts and operations of not only the Generals and Armies of the enemies of their nation, but likewise of those of the best friends and allies of their nation, and even of those acting in co-operation with the Armies of their own nation.

“This observation must be borne in mind throughout the perusal of Clausewitz’s history.

“In respect to the return mentioned, it is forgotten by General Clausewitz that the Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington was not, like that under the command of Marshal Prince Blücher, composed of the troops of all arms and establishments of and belonging to one nation; that they belonged to several nations, the infantry, cavalry and artillery, in some cases, belonging each to different nations. That the

several corps of troops composed the Allied Army in question were not of uniform strength of numbers, whether considered by nations, by battalions, by brigades, or by divisions. That the discipline and military qualities of the several corps of troops, and, above all, their efficiency and military experience in the field were very various. The greatest part of some of the corps composing the Army was formed of men lately recruited. The whole of the Hanoverian army was of Militia, excepting some battalions of the Hanoverian Legion which probably belonged to the British Army, and had served under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in Spain.

“ It was necessary to organise these troops in brigades, divisions, and *corps d'armée* with those better disciplined and more accustomed to war, in order to derive from their numbers as much advantage as possible. But these arrangements in Allied Armies, formed as this one was, are not matters of course. The same national feeling respecting its armies, even in the least powerful nation, which has been adverted to as having an influence over the critical morality of the historian, is not without its influence in the formation of such arrangements of organisation. No troops can be employed in an allied army, excepting each corps and detachment be under the immediate command of its own national officer. The organisation and formation of corps to serve together and under command and superior direction of *what* officer, becomes therefore, and became in this case, a matter which required great attention and labour, and was of great difficulty. To these considerations was to be added that some of the troops were fit only for garrison duties ; while, on the

other hand, the importance of the fortresses was so urgent as to require for their garrisons a proportion at least of the very best troops.

“ This statement may serve to show that the formation of a return of the Army, under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, as a ‘ line of battle ’ was not very easy.

“ The two Allied Armies, the one in the Netherlands, the other in the provinces on the left bank of the Rhine, were, as has been already shown, necessarily on the defensive ; they were waiting for the junction of other large armies, to attain by their co-operation a common object.

“ But their defensive position and immediate objects did not necessarily preclude all idea and plan of attack upon the enemy. Their enemy might have so placed his army as to render the attack thereof desirable or even necessary. In that case the Allied Generals must, and in all probability would, have taken the initiative. But in the case existing in 1815, the enemy did not take up such a position as is thus supposed. On the contrary, he took a position in which his numbers, his movements, and his designs could be concealed, protected, and supported by his formidable fortresses on the frontier up to the last moment previous to their being carried into execution. The Allied Generals could not attack this position without being prepared to attack a superior army so posted.

“ They could not therefore have the initiative of the operations in the way of attack. They had the option of taking the initiative in the way of the defensive movement, but each defensive movement or alteration of the well-considered original positions taken up by each of the Allied Armies must have been founded on a conviction that such

positions were faulty and might be improved ; or upon an hypothesis of the intended movements of attack by the enemy. There was no reason to believe that the first was the case ; and it must never be lost sight of, that to found upon an hypothesis, which might and probably would prove erroneous, considering what the advantages were of the position of the enemy on the frontier, the alteration of the defensive position of the Allied Armies, might have occasioned what is commonly called a false movement ; and it must be observed that whatever may be thought of Buonaparte as a leader of troops, in other respects there certainly never existed a man in that situation, in any times, in whose presence it was so little safe to make what is called a false movement.

“ The *initiative*, then, rested with the enemy, and the course to be pursued by the Allied Generals respectively was, to be prepared in all directions, to wait till it should be seen in what direction the attack should be made, and then to assemble the armies as quickly as possible to resist the attack, or to attack the enemy with the largest force that could be collected.

“ There is a good deal of discussion in the history of General Clausewitz upon the expediency of the maintenance of the defensive position taken up by the Allied Armies, particularly by that under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, and that even for the attainment of the objects in view for the position of the last mentioned, it would have been best to occupy a position in the country, having for its sole object the early junction of the two Allied Armies, with a view to fight a great battle with the enemy under the command of Buonaparte.

“ It is not difficult to criticise the particular

positions occupied by any army, which positions, as in this case, were never the object of actual attack. It is not so easy a task, first to define precisely a particular object for the operation of a definite nature for any army, excluding from the consideration not only political objects and views, but likewise those of a merely technical and military nature, such as in this case the preservation of the communications of this army with England, with Holland, and with Germany; and next to define the positions to be occupied by two armies, in order to carry on such operations.

“Bruxelles, Ghent, the communications with England, Holland, and Germany, were to be given up, and the armies were to unite, or to be prepared to unite, in order to fight a great battle with the enemy, as the best mode of securing all the objects of their respective defensive positions. But it is not stated or even hinted where each was to be posted, nor where they were to unite, nor where was to be the great field of battle on which the contest should be decided.

“It is obvious that the historian could not indicate such position; he was too wise to make the attempt.

“He could not but be aware that when the Allies should have abandoned their defensive positions in the Netherlands, and should have left it in the power of the enemy to occupy, with his hussars and light troops, Bruxelles and Ghent, the communication with England through the towns on the Lys and Ostend, they would not have been nearer the attainment of the object of fighting a general battle, than while in the positions having for their objects to maintain and secure these advantages.

“The initiative for such general battle must

still have been in the hands of Buonaparte. He might have avoided it only by remaining with his main body within the French frontier, while with his hussars and light troops he would have possessed Bruxelles and Ghent, and the communications with England, Holland, and with Germany through Holland.

“ The historian shows, in more than one passage of his history, that he is not insensible of the military and political value of good moral impressions resulting from military operations. He is sensible of the advantage derived by the enemy from such impressions. But he cannot calculate the advantage on the one hand, or the disadvantage on the other, resulting from such impressions in cases in which it is the object to blame the course of operations, directed by a General supposed to be a rival in reputation to one of the Prussian nation.

“ He is aware of the object of Buonaparte to create throughout Europe, and even in England, a moral impression against the war, and to shake the power of the then existing administration in England. He is sensible of, and can contemplate the effect of the moral impression upon the other armies of Europe, and upon the Governments in whose service they were, resulting from the defeat, or even want of success of the Allied Armies under the command of the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blücher. But he is not sensible and cannot calculate upon or even consider of the effect of the moral impression resulting from the loss of Bruxelles and Ghent, the flight of the King of the Netherlands and of the King Louis XVIII., the creatures of the treaties of peace and of the Congress at Vienna, and this with the loss of the communications of the Army under the Duke of Wellington with England, Holland, and Germany,

without making the smallest effort to save any of those objects.

“If this historian had, however, inquired, whether in England or elsewhere, he would have found that the feeling upon such events would have been as strong, as he admits it would in case of the want of success of the operations of the Allied Armies whose operations are under discussion.

“In England, in particular, these supposed events would be severely felt.

“But let us consider whether the abandonment of all the objects which the Allies had in view in maintaining any position in the Netherlands would have enabled the Generals of the Allied Armies the better to fight a great battle with the enemy. The enemy would have had the option to fight the battle or not, and the initiative of the movements preparatory to it, after having acquired all the advantages placed in his hands, and the Allied Generals, having thus given up those objects, the protection of which, in a political or even a military view, could alone justify their fighting a battle at all, at least till they should be in a state of co-operation with the other armies of Europe.

“The enemy, having the initiative, would have moved across the communications of the army under the command of the Duke of Wellington. In possession of the great towns, of all the roads, and of the resources of the Belgian provinces, he would have had to decide whether he would or not force the two Allied Armies to retire from the Meuse.

“But in the hypothesis that the enemy would fight a battle for such an object, why should the Allies? The Duke of Wellington would have lost all for which, as the Commander of an Army, he

ought to desire to contend, and neither his position, nor that of the Army under Prince Blücher, would have been improved by a great battle, even under the hypothesis that the result would have been a great victory.

“ Such an one would not have restored to the Duke of Wellington the advantages which he enjoyed in the state of preparation of the Army under his command, for the advance into France in co-operation with the other Allied Armies, when they should have taken their stations, and should have been prepared to advance.

“ The restoration of the communications with Holland, England, and Germany, which would have been the result of such successful battle, would not immediately have restored and replaced his magazines not located in fortresses, and which would have fallen into the enemy's hands by the supposed change of position with a view to fight this great battle.

“ After all, the initiative of this battle must have rested with the enemy, and there could be no military reason for fighting it, or political reason, excepting the usual impression throughout the world of its successful results.

“ It is useless to speculate upon supposed military movements which were never made, and operations which never took place, and the objects of the several Chiefs or Generals opposed to each other.

“ But although it was not desirable that the Duke of Wellington should break up his defensive position in the Belgian provinces, with a view to take one with the Army under his command, having solely in view the object of fighting a great battle in co-operation or in conjunction with the Prussian Army, it was still desirable that he should occupy

this defensive position in such manner, and take such precautionary measures as would enable him to assemble at the earliest period of the largest force at his disposition, after providing for the defence and security of his communications with England, Holland, and Germany, and of the objects entrusted to his care and protection under the Treaty of Peace and Acts by the Allied Ministers in Conference at Vienna.

“ He accordingly, from the moment at which he arrived in the Netherlands, in the beginning of April, turned his attention to the strengthening the posts on the frontier, and works were constructed at Ostend, Nieuport, Ypres, Menin, Courtrai, Oudenarde, Tournay, Ath, Mons, Charleroi, and Namur. It is true these were field-works generally on the site of the ancient works, by which these towns were defended, the defence of which was aided by the ancient ditches and means of inundation.

“ His orders at that time to the Quarter-Master General and the General Officers, show what his instructions were in the various hypothetical cases therein stated.

“ There are several great roads leading from the Northern Departments of France, and the great French fortresses therein situated, by each of which these provinces might have been invaded, and which it was necessary, at least, to observe.

“ One from Lille ; upon Menin, Courtrai, and Ghent.

“ One from Lille ; upon Tournay and Ghent, or upon Ath and Brussels.

“ One from Condé ; upon Tournay, Ath, Eng-hien, and Bruxelles.

“ One from Condé and Valenciennes, upon Mons and Bruxelles.

“ Each of these was a great paved road, upon which there was no obstacle of a defensive nature, excepting the field-works, of which it appears the Duke of Wellington ordered the construction.

“ The historian Clausewitz has detailed the positions of the Prussian Army, the distances of each part from the other, and the length of time which would elapse for the completion of the assembly of the whole. It cannot be stated that the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington could have been assembled in an equally short period of time, but if it is considered that the objects for the protection of the Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington were extended over a tract of country of greater length than were those protected by the Allied Army under the command of Prince Blücher, it will be found that this part of the country, contiguous in its whole extent to the French frontier, and traversed in all parts by excellent paved roads, leading from some one or other of the French fortresses required for its protection, a system of occupation quite different from that adopted by the Prussian Army under Marshal Prince Blücher.

“ But what follows will show that, notwithstanding the extension of the Allied Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington, such was the celerity of communication with all parts of it, that in point of fact his orders reached all parts of the army in six hours after he had issued them, and that he was in line in person, with a sufficient force to resist and keep in check the enemy's corps which had first attacked the Prussian corps under General Ziethen at daylight on the 15th June; having received the intelligence of that attack only at three o'clock in the afternoon

of the 15th, he was at Quatre Bras before the same hour on the 16th, with a sufficient force to engage the left of the French Army. It was certainly true that he had known for some days of the augmentation of the enemy's force on the frontier, and even of the arrival of Buonaparte at the army. But he did not deem it expedient to make any movement, excepting for the assembly of the troops at their several alarm-posts, till he should hear of the decided movement of the enemy.

“The first account received by the Duke of Wellington was from the Prince of Orange, who had come in from the outposts of the Army of the Netherlands to dine with the Duke at three in the afternoon. He reported that the enemy had attacked the Prussians at Thuin, that they had taken possession of, but had afterwards abandoned Binche, that they had not yet touched the position of the Army of the Netherlands. While the Prince of Orange was with the Duke, the Staff-Officer employed by Prince Blücher at the Duke's Headquarters, General Müffling, came to the Duke to inform him that he had just received intelligence of the movement of the French Army, and the attack upon the Prussian troops at Thuin.

“It appears by the statement of the historian that the posts of the Prussian Corps of General Ziethen were attacked at Thuin at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 15th, and that General Ziethen himself with a part of his Corps retired and was at Charleroi at about 10 o'clock on that day. Yet the report thereof was not received at Bruxelles till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Prussian Cavalry of the Corps of Ziethen was at Fleurus on the evening and night of the 15th.

“Orders were forthwith sent for the march of the whole of the army to its left.

“The Reserve, which had been encamped in the neighbourhood and cantoned in the town and in the neighbourhood of Bruxelles, were ordered to assemble in, and in the neighbourhood of, the park at Bruxelles, which they did on that evening, and they marched in the morning of the 16th upon Quatre Bras, towards which post the march of all the troops, consisting of the left and centre of the army and of the cavalry in particular, was directed.

“The Duke went in person at daylight in the morning of the 16th to Quatre Bras, where he found some Netherland troops, cavalry, infantry and artillery which had been engaged with the enemy, but lightly, and he went on from thence to the Prussian army which was in sight, formed on the heights between Ligny and St Amand. He there communicated personally with Marshal Prince Blücher and the Headquarters of the Prussian Army.

“In the meantime the Reserve of the Allied Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington arrived at Quatre Bras. The historian asserts that the Duke of Wellington had ordered these troops to halt at the point at which they quitted the Forêt de Soignies. He can have no proof of this fact, of which there is no evidence. The troops, forming the Reserve, having arrived from Bruxelles, were soon joined by the First Division of Infantry and the Cavalry. And notwithstanding the criticism of the Prussian historian on the positions occupied by the Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington, and on the march of the troops to join with the Prussians, it is a

fact appearing on the face of the history, that the Allied British and Netherland army was in line at Quatre Bras, not only twenty-four hours sooner than one whole corps of the Prussian Army under General Bülow, which is attributed by the historian to accidental mistake, but likewise before the whole of the corps under General Ziethen, which had been the first attacked on the 15th, had taken its position in the line of the Army assembled on the heights behind Ligny, and having their left on Sombref.

“It was perfectly true that the Duke of Wellington did not at first give credit to the reports of the intention of the enemy to attack by the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse.

“The enemy had destroyed the roads leading through these valleys, and he considered that Buonaparte might have made his attack upon the Allied Armies in the Netherlands, and in the provinces on the left of the Rhine by other lines with more advantage. But it is obvious that when the attack was made, he was not unprepared to assist in resisting it, and in point of fact, did in the afternoon and in the evening of the 16th of June repulse the attack of Marshal Ney upon his position at Quatre Bras which had been commenced by the aid of a portion of another *corps d'armée* under General Reille. These were the troops which had attacked on the 15th at daylight the Prussian Corps under General Ziethen, which the Allied troops under the Duke of Wellington relieved in resistance to the enemy.

“The Prussian Army, after a contest of some hours' duration upon the heights of Ligny, having been under the necessity of retiring, that part of the Allied Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington, which was engaged at

Quatre Bras, maintained its position at Quatre Bras, and even gained ground upon the enemy.

“The fields of battle were in sight of each other, and a report was received. Although the exact result of the battle was not known, it was judged that it had not been successful to the Prussian Army. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington was informed of some of the details at night, but still he considered that, his own position being untouched, and the continued march of the troops under his command giving him an increase of strength at every moment, he felt the utmost confidence in the final result of the operation in progress.

“The Prussian Army retreated towards Wavre. It must be observed in the historian’s account of these battles that the corps of Reille¹ was at the commencement of the battle of Quatre Bras joined with the corps of Ney. In point of fact it was seen on the field. That corps was, during the battle, ordered, and did march to its right, towards the main body of the French Army. It was then halted and countermarched towards its original destination. The reasons for these eccentric movements are not known. Certain it is that the corps of Reille did not fire a shot after the commencement of the battle of Quatre Bras. That which it is reasonable to suppose is that Marshal Ney had required that the corps of Reille should be sent back to him, upon finding that he could make no impression upon the position of the Duke of Wellington at Quatre Bras, whose army was at every moment receiving reinforcements of cavalry, infantry, and artillery from Nivelles and the places on its right.

¹ This is perhaps a slip of the pen. Here and elsewhere in this paragraph it is probably d’Erlon’s corps that is meant.

“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington’s Aide-de-camp, Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon, with two squadrons of hussars, shortly after daylight on the evening of the 17th, drove in the enemy’s *vedettes* upon the ground of the Prussian contest of the 16th of June. These retired into the villages of Ligny, St Amand, etc., on the stream. Colonel Gordon communicated with General Ziethen, and ascertained exactly the line of retreat of the army under Marshal Prince Blücher upon Wavre. As soon as the exact position of the Prussian Army was ascertained, and the intentions of its General were known to the Duke of Wellington, he broke up from the position of Quatre Bras shortly before mid-day, in presence of the whole army of the enemy, without interruption or molestation, and ordered the march of the infantry of the Army under his command to the ground in front of Waterloo, with the exception of the Light Troops at the outposts, with which and the cavalry the Duke remained on the ground at Quatre Bras.

“The Duke saw throughout the day of the 17th the movements of the Prussian Army upon the field of battle of the preceding day. No pursuit was made of the Prussian Army, or movement of any kind made by the French Army, till the afternoon of the 17th, and, indeed, the account given by Marshal Grouchy, in a pamphlet in his own defence, published in the United States, shows that the account given in the History is as nearly as possible an accurate representation of what passed on the 17th.

“According to the reports in the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington, would it not have been a fair conclusion for the historian to draw, that the position occupied by the Allied Army

under the Duke of Wellington at Quatre Bras, and the successful resistance of that Army on the preceding day, might have had some effect in producing the unusual tranquillity of the French Army throughout the day of the 17th, the morrow of a successful attack upon the position of an enemy's army which had retired.

“ The enemy did not move till between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour large masses of troops appeared on the Prussian field of battle. One body marched in the direction of Namur, another in the direction of Wavre, which last is supposed to have been the corps under the command of Marshal Grouchy. The largest body and the great mass of the cavalry moved down the high road leading from Sombref to Quatre Bras, towards the left of the British troops of the army of the Duke of Wellington, which still remained on the ground. These were put in motion and retired as soon as their outposts were touched by those of the enemy, and joined the main body of the army, at that time posted in front of Waterloo.

“ Here were assembled all the troops comprising the army under the Duke of Wellington, excepting a small *corps de réserve* still remaining at Hal, on the high road from Bruxelles to Mons. All the remainder, whether engaged at Quatre Bras on the 16th, or who had joined in the evening of the 16th, or had turned off from Nivelles to Waterloo, and the troops falling back from the position at Quatre Bras, were in the position at Waterloo on the 17th in the evening.

“ The whole of the Prussian Army was, at the same time, in the position at Wavre.

“ The two Allied Armies communicated with each other throughout the night of the 17th of

June, and the cavalry of General Bülow's corps of Marshal Prince Blücher's army was on the ground in front of Ohain, through the defile between the positions of the two armies, at daylight on the morning of the 18th.

"Thus, then, it appears, by the report of this historian, that after the affairs at Ligny and Quatre Bras, the two Allied Armies were collected, each on its own ground, in the presence of the enemy, and between the enemy and Bruxelles; all their communications with England, Holland, and Germany, and all the important political interests committed to their charge being secure.

"It has been stated always, and believed, that the cavalry of Bülow's corps was seen on the heights in Ohain, between the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington and the defile leading to Wavre, at an early hour of the morning of the 18th.

"It is a curious fact in elucidation of the movements of the Allied Army under Marshal Prince Blücher that M. Grouchy has published in his defence, printed in the United States, a letter from Marshal Soult, addressed to him, dated the 18th June, at one o'clock P.M., in which Marshal Soult states, 'Nous apercevons la cavalerie Prussienne,' which was the very cavalry seen by the Duke of Wellington, as stated, shortly after daylight in the morning of that day.

"It is a curious circumstance that this cavalry should not have been observed by the French Army at an earlier hour than one o'clock in the afternoon. It must be concluded that at that hour no knowledge existed in the French Headquarters that other troops had passed the defile, or had been engaged with the enemy on the left of the Army under the command of the Duke of Wellington.

“The first heard of the operations of Marshal Blücher’s army was a report brought from the left of the army under the command of the Duke of Wellington at six o’clock in the evening that at that moment the smoke of the fire of Artillery perceived at a great distance beyond the right of the enemy’s army, which firing was supposed to be at that time at Planchenoit.

“The report of the battle, made at the time by the Duke of Wellington to the British and the Allied Governments of Europe, has long been before the public. In that report he does full justice to the exertions made by his colleague the Prussian Commander-in-Chief, and by the General Officers and troops, to aid and support him, and to the effectual aid which they gave him.

“He states no detail, except that the battle was terminated by an attack which he determined to make upon the enemy’s position, in which he does not report that any Prussian troops joined, because in fact none were in that part of the field of battle. He states, however, that the enemy’s troops retired from the last attack on his position in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow’s corps by Frischermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, and as he could perceive the fire of his (General Bülow’s) cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, he determined upon the attack, which succeeded on every point.

“He added that he continued the pursuit long after dark, and then discontinued it on account of the fatigue of the troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because he found himself on the same road with Marshal Blücher, who assured him of his intention to follow the enemy

throughout the night. He then adds, 'I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blücher and the Prussian Army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bülow's upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one, and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.'

"When the two Field-Mmarshals met on the same road, it is well known that they embraced in the presence of their troops, and were cordial friends up to the day of the death of Prince Blücher. Surely the details of the battle might have been left as in the original official Reports. The battle, possibly the most important single military event of modern times, was attended by advantages sufficient for the glory of many such armies as the two great allied armies engaged. The enemy never rallied. Buonaparte lost his empire for ever. Not a shot was fired afterwards, and the peace of Europe and the world was settled on the basis on which it rests at this moment.

"It is impossible to close this paper without observing that Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington's letters, published by Colonel Gurwood, afford proofs that he was convinced that the enemy ought to have attacked by other lines, rather than by the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse; and that even up to the last moment, previous to the attack on the position at Waterloo, he conceived that they would endeavour to turn it by a march upon Hal.

“ He states this in letters to the Duc de Feltre on the 15th, and to the Duc de Berri and King Louis XVIII., dated 3½ A.M. 18th June; and there are orders to his patrols of cavalry on the night of the 16th and 17th of June, to observe particularly the enemy’s movements towards Nivelles.

“ It might be a nice question for military discussion, whether Buonaparte was right in endeavouring to force the position at Waterloo, or the Duke right in thinking that, from the evening of the 16th, he would have taken a wiser course if he had moved to his left; have reached the high road leading from Mons to Bruxelles, and have turned the right of the position of the Allies by Hal. It was obvious that the Duke was prepared to resist such a movement.”

N.B.—The above Memorandum is the one which the Duke supplied me with for the Article headed “ Life of Blücher,” in the September number of the *Quarterly* of 1842; parts of which Memorandum I incorporated into the Article in question. The following letters from Mr Arbuthnot refer to the subject:—

“ APSLEY HOUSE, 22nd July 1842.

“ DEAR LORD F——,

“ Last night the Duke read out to me your paper, which I had given him,¹ and said, ‘ Oh, this will do exactly, but I will make some additional remarks.’ . . . I had written this far when the Duke came into my room with his 12th volume² in his hand, and said, ‘ I have it all here,’

¹ The first rough draft of my Article.

² Gurwood’s first edition of the Despatches, I think.

—said it with high delight. He stayed with me for some time, and read to me various parts from page 375 to 476. I took down the pages by his desire and send them to you. You never saw a man so delighted as the Duke is, and saying that he would go and write his Memorandum, and make out Alison to be a *d——d rascally Frenchman* This between ourselves. C. A.”

“APSLEY HOUSE, 25th July 1842.

“I send you the paper which the Duke has drawn up, and I return the one you gave to me for him to read. The Duke's paper contains a complete narrative of all that has happened from Napoleon's quitting Elba till the battle of Waterloo, and I think you will find it conclusive against a surprise. It details all that he had ordered, which proves that he had good reason for not collecting his troops until Napoleon had committed himself to the place of attack upon which he had determined. At the conclusion of the paper the Duke represents Alison as a Whig. Whether so or not I don't know, but you do probably. I think you will make a capital article from your own notions, and from the Duke's information. When written, you had better send it straight to the Duke, as I might not be returned to London. C. A.”

“P.S.—Alison states his numbers from those which were to have been collected. The actual numbers were nothing like what had been intended, and the Duke had not more than 50,000 men on the field of battle.”

*Memorandum enclosed in a Letter of Mr Arbuthnot, of
10th October 1842, in the Duke's hand.*

“ I don't know that I can suggest any alteration of this. There is in some of my papers an argument upon the inconvenience and danger of taking up a false position, and of making a false movement, in front of such a Captain as Buonaparte, having an Army in such a position as that of the French frontier of the Department of the North covered (*hérissée*) with fortresses, in which he might cover and protect, and through which he might in safety and secrecy move hundreds and thousands of troops; while the Allies, whether to correct or improve their position erroneously taken up, must have moved along the frontier, and confronted with this formidable position of the enemy, no part of which could be attacked by us, we should have been exposed to be attacked by each part in detail.

“ A common inspection of the map will show this. Place our right at Ostend, and the left at Namur on the Meuse, and take any central position you please. Then take the French position, with its right at Givet and Charleroi, by Le Quesnoi, Valenciennes, Courtrai, Lisle, Dunkirk, on the sea. And the folly and danger of a central position will be seen, we being, *par force* on the defensive, and, moreover, we could not move without being attacked.

“ Even my position . . . as it was in comparison, could not have been taken up if I had not fortified and rendered defensible against a *coup de main*, Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Ostend, and Nieuport.

“ WELLINGTON.”

Copy of Memorandum in the Duke's hand, dated 18th October 1842, which he wrote on reading a Letter of mine upon the subject of Clausewitz's History of the Moscow Campaign.

“I have been much interested by the perusal of this letter. When I go to London I will look for the papers which I wrote on the Campaign in Russia, of which I gave a copy to Walter Scott, which he used in his ‘Life of Napoleon.’

“Lord Francis is right! The Russians nearly lost themselves by an ill-applied imitation of our operations which saved Portugal;¹ and they would have been lost, if Buonaparte had not always, and particularly at that time, found himself under the necessity of seeking to fight a general battle. With this view he quitted the basis of his operations up to that moment successful, adopted a new line, which after all he never completely established, and ultimately abandoned. That which the Russians did well was their dogged refusal to treat.

“Buonaparte having fought his battles, and obtained possession of the authentic and real territorial capital of the country, intended to record his triumph as usual in a Treaty of Peace, by one of the Articles of which he would have obtained a sum of money to replenish his coffers, according to his usual practice, and he would then have made a peaceable and triumphant retreat from Russia, across Poland and Germany supported by the resources of the Russian Government,

¹ I had stated my belief that the Russian camp at Orissa had been suggested by, and was a defective imitation of the Lines of Torres Vedras.—E. E.

so long as his armies should have remained within the Russian territory.

“ In the meantime, he had made no preparations for the military retreat which he would have to make, if his diplomatic efforts should fail, as they did.

“ We see that he was distressed for want of communications, even before he thought of retreat. His hospitals were not supplied, nor even taken care of, and were at last carried off; and when he commenced a real movement of retreat, he was involved in difficulties without number. The first basis of his operations was lost; the second was not established, and he was not strong enough to force his way to the only one which would have been practicable, and by the use of which he might have saved his army, by the sacrifice, however, of all those corps which were in the Northern line of operation. I mean the line from Kaluga through the southern counties; but instead of that, he was forced to make his retreat by the line of the Beresina, which was exhausted, and for which he had made no preparations whatever. This is, in a few words, the history of that disaster.

“ It is not true that the cause of it was the frost. It is my opinion that the loss of the French Army would have been accelerated, more disastrous and disgraceful, if the season had been wet instead of having been frosty. In truth, the Army could not, in that case, have moved at all, in the state to which all its animals were reduced at that time.”

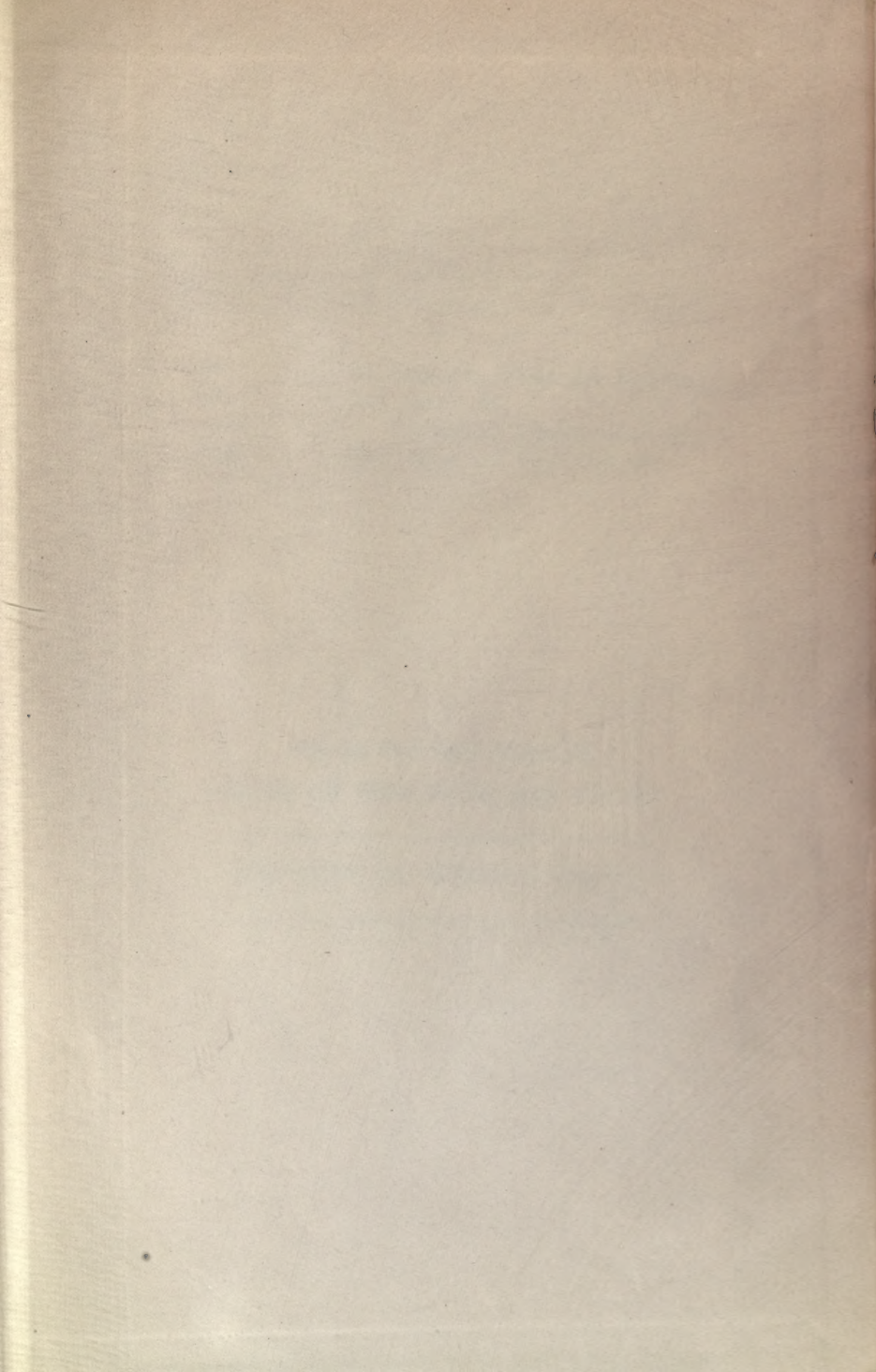
The following two letters relate to the Article on Marmont, Siborne, and Alison, which I wrote for the *Quarterly*.

From Mr Arbuthnot.

“ 17th June 1845.

“ I have told the Duke that I have your sheets. He has not seen them, but will to-morrow, to-day being a busy one. Though indeed to-morrow will be a more importantly busy one in the Commemoration of the 30th Anniversary since the great day of Waterloo. I am glad to give my opinion of your work, nothing worth, however, before the Duke gives his. I think it admirable. There is not a point that I would alter. You are right in the 16th page. I have heard the Duke say that Napoleon tried to gain the victory at Waterloo in the same way he gained other victories, by moving upon the enemy immense bodies of Cavalry at a slow pace, and then following up advantages gained by furious attacks of Infantry. It is a capital review, and so the Duke will think it, I am sure. C. A.”

“ 17th June 1845.—The Duke brought the enclosed to me soon after you had gone. He said that it was admirable, and that there were only one or two little mistakes, which he had set right. C. A.”



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Ellesmere, Francis Egerton,
1st Earl of
Personal reminiscences of
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